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IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

LADY MARESFIELD had given her son a push in his plump back and had said to him, "Go and speak to her now; it's your chance." She had for a long time wanted this scion to make himself audible to Rose Tramore, but the opportunity was not easy to come by. The case was complicated. Lady Maresfield had four daughters, of whom only one was married. It so happened, moreover, that this one, Mrs. Vaughan-Vesey, the only person in the world her mother was afraid of, was the most to be reckoned with. The Honorable Guy was, in appearance, all his mother's child, though he was really a simpler spirit. He was large and pink; large, that is, as to everything but the eyes, which were diminishing points, and pink as to everything but the hair, which was comparable, faintly, to the hue of the richer rose. He had also, it must be conceded, very small, neat teeth, which made his smile look like a young lady's. He had no wish to resemble any such person, but he was perpetually smiling, and he smiled more than ever as he approached Rose Tramore, who, looking strikingly, to his mind, as a pretty girl should, and wearing a soft white opera cloak over a softer black dress, leaned alone against the wall of the vestibule at Covent Garden, while, a few paces off, an old gentleman engaged her mother in conversation. Madame Patti had been singing, and they were all waiting for

their carriages. In their ears at present was a vociferation of names and a rattle of wheels. The air, through banging doors, came in damp, warm gusts, heavy with the stale, slightly sweet taste of the London season when the London season is overripe and spoiling.

Guy Mangler had only three minutes to reestablish an interrupted acquaintance with our young lady. He reminded her that he had danced with her the year before, and he mentioned that he knew her brother. His mother had lately been to see old Mrs. Tramore, but this he did not mention, not knowing it. That visit had produced, on Lady Maresfield's part, a private crisis; she had her ideas. One of them was that the grandmother in Hill Street had really forgiven the willful girl much more than she admitted. Another was that there would still be some money for Rose when the others should have theirs. Still another was that the others would have theirs at no distant date, the old lady was so visibly going to pieces. There were several more besides, as for instance that Rose had already fifteen hundred a year from her father. The figure had been betrayed in Hill Street; it was part of the proof of Mrs. Tramore's decrepitude. Then there was an equal amount that her mother had to dispose of, and on which the girl could absolutely count, though of course it might involve much waiting,

as the mother evidently would n't die of cold-shouldering; she seemed positively to live on it. Equally definite, to do it justice, was the conception that Rose was in truth awfully good looking, and that what she had undertaken to do showed, and would show even should it fail, cleverness of the right sort. Cleverness of the right sort was exactly the quality that Lady Maresfield prefigured as indispensable in a young lady to whom she should marry her second son, over whose own deficiencies she flung the veil of a maternal theory that his cleverness was of the wrong sort. Those who knew him less well were content to wish that he might not conceal it for such a scruple. This enumeration of his mother's views does not exhaust the list, and it was in obedience to one too profound to be uttered even by the historian that, after a very brief delay, she decided to move across the crowded lobby. Her daughter Bessie was the only one with her; Maggie was dining with the Vaughan-Veseys, and Fanny was not of an age. Mrs. Tramore the younger showed only an admirable back — her face was to her old gentleman — and Bessie had drifted to some other people; so that it was comparatively easy for Lady Maresfield to say to Rose, in a moment, "My dear child, are you never coming to see us?"

"We shall be delighted to come if you'll ask us," Rose smiled.

Lady Maresfield had been prepared for the plural number, and she was a woman whom it took many plurals to disconcert. "I'm sure Guy is longing for another dance with you," she rejoined, with the most unblinking irrelevance.

"I'm afraid we're not dancing again quite yet," said Rose, glancing at her mother's exposed shoulders, but speaking as if they were muffled in crape.

Lady Maresfield leaned her head on one side and looked almost wistful. "Not even at my sister's ball? She's

to have something next week. She'll write to you."

Rose Tramore, on the spot, looking bright but vague, turned three or four things over in her mind. She remembered that the sister of her interlocutress was the ponderously rich Mrs. Void, a bankeress or a breweress or something like that, who had so big a house that she couldn't fill it, as she liked, unless she was rather miscellaneous. Rose had learnt more about London society during these lonely months with her mother than she had ever picked up in Hill Street. The younger Mrs. Tramore was a mine of *commérage*, and she didn't need to go out to bring home the latest intelligence. At any rate, Mrs. Void might serve as the end of a wedge. "Oh, I dare say we might think of that," Rose said. "It would be very kind of your sister."

"Guy'll think of it, won't you, Guy?" asked Lady Maresfield.

"Rather!" Guy responded, with an intonation as fine as if he had learnt it at a music hall; while at the same moment the name of his mother's carriage was bawled through the place. Mrs. Tramore had parted with her old gentleman. She turned again to her daughter. Nothing happened but what always happened, which was exactly this absence of everything — an instantaneous dissolution. She didn't exist, even for a second, for any recognizing eye. The people who looked at her — of course there were plenty of those — were only the people who didn't exist for hers. Lady Maresfield surged away on her son's arm.

It was this noble matron herself who wrote, the next day, inclosing a card of invitation from Mrs. Void, and expressing the hope that Rose would come and dine and let her ladyship take her. She should have only one of her own girls. Gwendolen Vesey was to take the other. Rose handed both the note and the card in silence to her mother; the latter bore

only the name of Miss Tramore. "You would much better go, dear," her mother said; in answer to which Miss Tramore slowly tore up the documents, looking with clear, meditative eyes out of the window. Her mother always said, "You would better go" — there had been other incidents — and Rose had never even once taken account of the observation. She would make no first advances, only plenty of second ones, and condoning no discrimination would treat no omission as venial. She would keep all concessions till afterwards; then she would make them discreetly. Fighting society was quite as hard as her grandmother had said it would be; but there was a tension in it which made the dreariness vibrate — the dreariness of such a winter as she had just passed. Her companion had cried at the end of it, and she had cried all through; only her tears had been private, while her mother's had fallen once for all, at luncheon, on the bleak Easter Monday — produced by the way a silent stare out of the dim window brought home to her that every creature but themselves was out of town and having tremendous fun. Rose felt that it was useless to attempt to explain simply by her mourning this severity of solitude; for if people did n't go to parties (at least some did n't) for six months after their father died, this was the very time that other people took for coming to see them. It was not too much to say that, during this first winter of Rose's period with her mother, she had no communication whatever with the world. It had the effect of making her take to reading the new American books; she wanted to see how girls got on by themselves. She had never read so much before, and there was a legitimate indifference in it when topics failed with her mother. They often failed after the first days, and then, while she bent over a suggestive volume, this lady, dressed as if for an impending function, sat on the sofa and

watched her. Rose was not embarrassed by such an attitude, for she could reflect that, a little before, her companion had not even a girl who had taken refuge in American fiction to look at. She was, moreover, used to her mother's air by this time. She had her own description of it: it was the air of waiting for the carriage. If they did n't go out, it was not that Mrs. Tramore was not in time, and Rose had even an alarmed prevision of their some day always arriving first. Mrs. Tramore's conversation at such moments was abrupt, inconsequent, and personal. She sat on the edge of sofas and chairs and glanced occasionally at the fit of her gloves (she was perpetually gloved, and the fit was a thing melancholy to see wasted), as people do who are expecting guests to dinner. Rose used almost to fancy herself at times a perfunctory husband on the other side of the fire.

What she was not yet used to — there was still a charm in it — was her mother's extraordinary tact. During the years they lived together they never had a discussion; which was remarkable, considering that if the girl had a reason for sparing her companion (that of being sorry for her) Mrs. Tramore had none for sparing her child. She only showed in doing so a happy instinct — the happiest thing about her. She took in perfection a course which represented everything and covered everything; she utterly abjured all authority. She testified to her abjuration in hourly ingenious, touching ways. In this manner nothing had to be talked over, which was a mercy all round. The tears on Easter Monday were merely a nervous gust, to help show she was not a Christmas doll from the Burlington Arcade; and there was no lifting up of the repentant Magdalen, no uttered remorse for the former abandonment of children. Of the way she could treat her children her demeanor to this one was an example: her attitude was an unin-

interrupted appeal to her eldest daughter for direction. She took the law from Rose in every circumstance, and if you had noticed these ladies without knowing their history you would have wondered what tie was fine enough to make maturity so respectful to youth. No mother was ever so filial as Mrs. Tramore, and there had never been such a difference of position between sisters. Not that the elder one fawned, which would have been fearful; she only renounced — whatever she had to renounce. If the amount was not much, she at any rate made no scene over it. Her hand was so light that Rose said of her secretly, in vague glances at the past, "No wonder people liked her!" She never characterized the old element of interference with her mother's respectability more definitely than as "people." They were people, it was true, for whom gentleness must have been everything, and who didn't demand a variety of interests. The desire to "go out" was the one passion that even a closer acquaintance with her parent revealed to Rose Tramore. She marveled at its strength, in the light of the poor lady's history: there was comedy enough in this unquenchable flame on the part of a woman who had known such misery. She had drunk deep of every dishonor, but the bitter cup had left her with a taste for lighted candles, for squeezing up staircases and wooing the human elbow. Rose had a vision of the future years in which this taste would grow with restored exercise — of her mother, in a long-tailed dress, jogging on and on and on, jogging further and further from her sins, through a century of the *Morning Post* and down the fashionable avenue of time. She herself would then be very old — she herself would be dead. Mrs. Tramore would cover a span of life for which such an allowance of sin was small. The girl could laugh indeed now at that theory of her being dragged down. If one thing were more present

to her than another, it was the very desolation of their propriety. As she glanced at her companion, it sometimes seemed to her that if she had been a bad woman she would have been worse than that.

The lonely old lady in Hill Street — Rose thought of her that way now — was the one person to whom she was ready to say that she would come to her on any terms. She wrote this to her three times over, and she knocked still oftener at her door. But the old lady answered no letters; if Rose had remained in Hill Street it would have been her own function to answer them; and at the door, the butler, whom the girl had known for ten years, considered her, when he told her his mistress was not at home, quite as he might have considered a young person who had come about a place, and of whose eligibility he took a negative view. That was Rose's one pang, that she probably appeared rather heartless. Her aunt Julia had gone to Florence with Edith for the winter, on purpose to make her appear more so; for Miss Tramore was still the person most scandalized by her secession. Edith and she, doubtless, often talked over in Florence the destitution of the aged victim in Hill Street. Eric never came to see his sister, because, being full both of family and of personal feeling, he thought she really ought to have stayed with his grandmother. If she had had such an appurtenance all to herself, she might have done what she liked with it; but he could not forgive such a want of consideration for anything of his. There were moments when Rose would have been ready to take her hand from the plough and insist upon readmission to the old house, if only the dominant spirit there had allowed people to look her up. But she read, ever so clearly, that her grandmother had made this a question of loyalty — loyalty to her seventy years. Mrs. Tramore's forlornness did not prevent her drawing-room from

being a very public place, in which Rose could hear certain words reverberate: "Leave her alone; it's the only way to see how long she'll hold out." The old woman's visitors were people who did not wish to quarrel, and the girl was conscious that if they had not let her alone — that is, if they had come to her from her grandmother — she might perhaps not have held out. She had no friends quite of her own; she had not been brought up to have them, and it would not have been easy in a house which two such persons as her father and his mother divided between them. Her father disapproved of crude intimacies, and all the intimacies of youth were crude. He had married at five-and-twenty, and could testify to such a truth. Rose felt that she shared even Captain Jay with her grandmother; she had seen what he was worth. Moreover, she had spoken to him, at that last moment in Hill Street, in a way which, taken with her former refusal, made it impossible that he should come near her again. She hoped he went to see his protectress: he could be a kind of substitute and administer comfort.

It so happened, however, that the day after she threw Lady Maresfield's invitation into the waste-paper basket she received a visit from a certain Mrs. Donovan, whom she had occasionally seen in Hill Street. She vaguely knew this lady for a busybody, but she was in a situation which even busybodies might alleviate. Mrs. Donovan was poor, but honest — so scrupulously honest that she was perpetually returning visits she had never received. She was always clad in weather-beaten sealskin, and had an odd air of being prepared for the worst, which was borne out by her denying that she was Irish. She was of the English Donovans.

"Dear child, won't you go out with me?" she asked.

Rose looked at her a moment and then rang the bell. She spoke of something

else, without answering the question, and when the servant came she said, "Please tell Mrs. Tramore that Mrs. Donovan has come to see her."

"Oh, that'll be delightful; only you mustn't tell your grandmother!" the visitor exclaimed.

"Tell her what?"

"That I come to see your mamma."

"You don't," said Rose.

"Sure I hoped you'd introduce me!" cried Mrs. Donovan, compromising herself in her embarrassment.

"It's not necessary; you knew her once."

"Indeed and I've known every one once," the visitor confessed.

Mrs. Tramore, when she came in, was charming and exactly right; she greeted Mrs. Donovan as if she had met her the week before last, giving her daughter such a new illustration of her tact that Rose again had the idea that it was no wonder people had liked her. The girl grudged Mrs. Donovan so fresh a morsel as a description of her mother at home, rejoicing that she would be inconvenienced by having to keep the story out of Hill Street. Her mother went away before Mrs. Donovan departed, and Rose was touched by guessing her reason — the thought that since even this circuitous personage had been moved to come, the two might, if left together, invent something. Rose waited to see what Mrs. Donovan had in fact invented.

"You won't come out with me, then?"

"Come out with you?"

"My daughters are married. You know I'm a lone woman. It would be an immense pleasure to me to have so charming a creature as yourself to present to the world."

"I go out with my mother," said Rose, after a moment.

"Yes, but sometimes when she's not inclined?"

"She goes everywhere she wants to go," Rose continued, uttering the biggest

fib of her life, and only regretting it should be wasted on Mrs. Donovan.

"Ah, but do you go everywhere you want?" this lady asked sociably.

"One goes even to places one hates. Every one does that."

"Oh, what *I* go through!" this social martyr cried. Then she laid a persuasive hand on the girl's arm. "Let me show you at a few places first, and then we'll see. I'll bring them all here."

"I don't think I understand you," replied Rose, though in Mrs. Donovan's words she perfectly saw her own theory of the case reflected. For a quarter of a minute she asked herself whether she might not, after all, do so much evil that good might come. Mrs. Donovan would take her out the next day, and be thankful enough to annex such an attraction as a pretty girl. Various consequences would ensue and the long delay would be shortened; her mother's drawing-room would resound with the clatter of teacups.

"Mrs. Void's having a big thing next week; come with me there and I'll show you what I mean," Mrs. Donovan pleaded.

"I see what you mean," Rose answered, brushing away her temptation and getting up. "I'm much obliged to you."

"You know you're wrong, my dear," said her interlocutress, with angry little eyes.

"I'm not going to Mrs. Void's."

"I'll get you a kyard; it'll only cost me a penny stamp."

"I've got one," said the girl, smiling.

"Do you mean a penny stamp?"

Mrs. Donovan, especially at departure, always observed all the forms of amity. "You can't do it alone, my darling," she declared.

"Shall they call you a cab?" Rose asked.

"I'll pick one up. I choose my horse. You know you require your start," her visitor went on.

"Excuse my mother," was Rose's only reply.

"Don't mention it. Come to me when you need me. You'll find me in the Red Book."

"It's awfully kind of you."

Mrs. Donovan lingered a moment on the threshold. "Who will you have now, my child?" she appealed.

"I won't have any one!" Rose turned away, blushing for her. "She came on speculation," she said afterwards to Mrs. Tramore.

Her mother looked at her a moment in silence. "You can do it if you like, you know."

Rose made no direct answer to this observation; she remarked instead, "See what our quiet life allows us to escape."

"We don't escape it. She has been here an hour."

"Once in twenty years! We might meet her three times a day."

"Oh, I'd take her with the rest," sighed Mrs. Tramore; while her daughter recognized that what her companion wanted to do was just what Mrs. Donovan was doing. Mrs. Donovan's life was her ideal.

One Sunday, ten days later, Rose went to see one of her old governesses, of whom she had lost sight for some time, and who had written to her that she was in London, unoccupied and ill. This was just the sort of relation into which she could throw herself now with inordinate zeal; the idea of it, however, not preventing a foretaste of the queer expression in the excellent lady's face when she should mention with whom she was living. While she smiled at this picture she threw in another joke, asking herself if Miss Hack could be held in any degree to constitute the nucleus of a circle. She would come to see her, in any event, and the more the farther she was dragged down. Sunday was always a difficult day with the two ladies — the afternoons made it so apparent that they were not frequented.

Her mother, it is true, was comprised in the habits of two or three old gentlemen — she had for a long time avoided male friends of less than seventy — who disliked each other enough to make the room, when they were there at once, seem tightly packed. Rose sat for a long time with Miss Hack, doing conscientious justice to the conception that there could be troubles in the world worse than her own; and when she came back her mother was alone, but with a story to tell of a long visit from Mr. Guy Mangler, who had waited and waited for her return. "He's in love with you; he's coming again on Tuesday," Mrs. Tramore announced.

"Did he say so?"

"That he's coming back on Tuesday?"

"No, that he's in love with me."

"He did n't need to, when he stayed two hours."

"With you? It's you he's in love with, mamma!"

"That will do as well," laughed Mrs. Tramore. "For all the use we shall make of him," she added in a moment.

"We shall make great use of him. His mother sent him."

"Oh, she'll never come!"

"Then he sha'n't," said Rose. Yet he was admitted on the Tuesday, and after she had given him his tea Mrs. Tramore left the young people alone. Rose wished she had n't — she herself had another view. At any rate, she disliked her mother's view, which she had easily guessed. Mr. Mangler did nothing but say how charming he thought his hostess of the Sunday, and what a tremendously jolly visit he had had. He did n't remark in so many words, "I had no idea your mother was such a good sort;" but this was the spirit of his simple discourse. Rose liked it at first — a little of it gratified her; then she thought there was too much of it for good taste. She had to reflect that one does what one can, and

that Mr. Mangler probably thought he was delicate. He wished to convey that he desired to make up to her for the injustice of society. Why should n't her mother receive gracefully, she asked, not audibly, and who had ever said she did n't? Mr. Mangler had a great deal to say about the disappointment of his own parent over Miss Tramore's not having come to dine with them the night of his aunt's ball.

"Lady Maresfield knows why I did n't come," answered Rose at last.

"Ah, now, but I don't, you know; can't you tell me?" asked the young man.

"It does n't matter, if your mother's clear about it."

"Oh, but why make such an awful mystery of it, when I'm dying to know?"

He talked about this, he chaffed her about it, for the rest of his visit: he had at last found a topic after his own heart. If her mother considered that he might be the emblem of their redemption, he was an engine of the most primitive construction. He stayed and stayed; he struck Rose as on the point of bringing out something for which he had not quite, as he would have said, the cheek. Sometimes she thought he was going to begin: "By the way, my mother told me to propose to you." At other moments he seemed charged with the admission: "I say, of course I really know what you're trying to do for her," nodding at the door: "therefore would n't we better speak of it frankly, so that I can help you with my mother, and more particularly with my sister Gwendolen, who is the difficult one? The fact is, you see, they won't do anything for nothing. If you'll accept me they'll call, but they won't call without something down." Mr. Mangler departed without their speaking frankly, and Rose Tramore had a hot hour during which she almost entertained, vindictively, the project of "accepting" the limpid youth until after she should have got her mother into circulation. The cream of the

project was that she might break with him then. She could read that this was what her mother would have liked, but the next time he came the door was closed to him, and the next and the next.

In August there was nothing to do but to go abroad, with the sense on Rose's part that the battle was still all to fight; for a round of country visits was not in prospect, and English watering-places constituted one of the few subjects on which the girl had heard her mother express herself with disgust. Continental autumns had been, indeed, for years, one of the various forms of Mrs. Tramore's atonement, but Rose could only infer that such fruit as they had borne was bitter. The stony stare of Belgravia could be practiced at Homburg; and somehow, it was, inveterately, only gentlemen who sat next to her at the *table d'hôte* at Cadenabbia. Gentlemen had never been of any use to Mrs. Tramore for getting back into society; they had only helped her effectually to get out of it. She once dropped, to her daughter, in a moralizing mood, the remark that it was astonishing how many of them one could know without its doing one any good. Fifty of them — some very clever ones — represented a value inferior to that of one stupid woman. Rose wondered at the offhand way in which her mother could talk of fifty clever men; it seemed to her that the whole world could n't contain such a number. She had a sombre sense that mankind must be dull and mean. These cogitations took place in a cold hotel, in an eternal Swiss rain, and they had a flat echo in the transalpine valleys, as the lonely ladies went vaguely down to the Italian lakes and cities. Rose guided their course, at moments, with a kind of aimless ferocity; she moved abruptly, feeling vulgar and hating their life, though destitute of any definite vision of another life that would have been open to her. She had

set herself a task and she clung to it; but she appeared to herself despicably idle. She had succeeded in not going to Homburg waters, where London was trying to wash away some of its stains; that would be too staring an advertisement of their situation. The main difference in places to her now was the difference of being more or less pitied, at the best an intolerable danger; so that those she preferred were the indifferent ones. She wanted to triumph with contempt, not with submission.

One morning in September, coming with her mother out of the marble church at Milan, she perceived that a gentleman who had just passed her on his way into the cathedral, and whose face she had not noticed, had quickly raised his hat, with a suppressed ejaculation. She involuntarily glanced back: the gentleman had paused, again uncovering, and Captain Jay stood saluting her in the Italian sunshine. "Oh, good-morning!" she said, and moved on, pursuing her course; her mother was a little in front. She overtook her in a moment, with an unreasonable sense, like a gust of cold air, that men were worse than ever, for Captain Jay had apparently passed into the church. Her mother turned as they met, and suddenly, as she looked back, an expression of peculiar sweetness came into this lady's eyes. It made Rose's take the same direction and rest a second time on Captain Jay, who was planted just where he had stood a minute before. He immediately came forward, asking Rose with great gravity if he might speak to her a moment, while Mrs. Tramore went her way again. He had the manner of a man who wished to say something very important; yet his next words were simple enough, and consisted of the remark that he had not seen her for a year.

"Is it really so much as that?" asked Rose.

"Very nearly. I would have come,

but in the first place I have been very little in London, and in the second I believed it would n't have done any good."

"You should have put that first," said the girl. "It would n't have done any good."

He was silent over this a moment, in his customary considering way; but the view he took of it did not prevent him from inquiring, as she slowly followed her mother, if he might not walk with her now. She answered, with a laugh, that it would n't do any good, but that he might do as he liked. He replied, without the slightest manifestation of levity, that it would do more good than if he did n't, and they strolled together, with Mrs. Tramore well before them, across the big, amusing piazza, where the front of the cathedral makes a dazzle. He asked a question or two and he explained his own presence: having a month's holiday, the first clear time for several years, he had just popped over the Alps. He inquired if Rose had recent news of the old lady in Hill Street, and it was the only tortuous thing she had ever heard him say.

"I have had no communication of any kind from her since I parted with you under her roof. Has n't she mentioned that?" said Rose.

"I have n't seen her."

"I thought you were such great friends."

Bertram Jay hesitated a moment. "Well, not so much now."

"What has she done to you?" Rose demanded.

He fidgeted a little, as if he were thinking of something that made him unconscious of her question; then, with mild violence, he brought out the inquiry, "Miss Tramore, are you happy?"

She was startled by the words, for she on her side had been reflecting — reflecting that he had broken with her grandmother, and that this pointed to

a reason. It suggested, at least, that he would n't now be so much like a mouthpiece for that cold ancestral voice. She turned off his question — said it never was a fair one, as you gave yourself away however you answered it. When he repeated, "You give yourself away?" as if he did n't understand, she remembered that he had not read the queer American books. This brought them to a silence, for she had enlightened him only by another laugh, and he was evidently preparing another question, which he wished carefully to disconnect from the former. Presently, just as they were coming near Mrs. Tramore, it arrived in the words, "Is this lady your mother?" On Rose's assenting, with the addition that she was traveling with her, he said, "Will you be so kind as to introduce me to her?" They were so close to Mrs. Tramore that she probably heard, but she moved away, with her graceful step, not, with the delay of her daughter's answer, turning round. It was a striking exhibition of the famous tact, for Rose delayed some instants, which was exactly what might have made her mother wish to turn; and indeed, when at last the girl spoke, she only said to her companion, "Why do you ask me that?"

"Because I desire the pleasure of making her acquaintance."

Rose had stopped, and in the middle of the square they stood looking at each other. "Do you remember what you said to me the last time I saw you?"

"Oh, don't speak of that!"

"It's better to speak of it now than to speak of it later."

Bertram Jay looked round him, as if to see whether any one would hear; but the bright foreign air gave him a sense of safety, and he unexpectedly exclaimed, "Miss Tramore, I love you more than ever!"

"Then you ought to have come to see us," declared the girl, quickly walking on.

"You treated me the last time as if I were positively offensive to you."

"So I did, but you know my reason."

"Because I protested against the course you were taking? I did, I did," asserted the young man, as if he still, a little, stuck to that.

His tone made Rose say gayly, "Perhaps you do so yet?"

"I can't tell till I've seen more of your circumstances," he replied, with eminent honesty.

The girl stared; then her light laugh rang out. "And it's in order to see more of them and judge that you wish to make my mother's acquaintance?"

He colored at this and he evaded; then he broke out with a confused "Miss Tramore, let me stay with you a little!" which made her stop again.

"Your company will do us great honor, but there must be a rigid condition attached to our acceptance of it."

"Kindly mention it," said Captain Jay, staring at the façade of the cathedral.

"You don't take us on trial."

"On trial?"

"You don't make an observation to me — not a single one, ever, ever! — on the matter that, in Hill Street, we had our last words about."

Captain Jay appeared to be counting the thousand pinnacles of the church. "I think you really must be right," he remarked at last.

"There you are!" cried Rose Tramore, and walked rapidly away.

He caught up with her, he laid his hand upon her arm to stay her. "If you're going to Venice, let me go to Venice with you!"

"You don't even understand my condition."

"I'm sure you're right, then: you must be right about everything."

"That's not in the least true, and I don't care a fig whether you're sure or not. Please let me go."

He had barred her way, he kept her

longer. "I'll go and speak to your mother myself!"

Even in the midst of another emotion she was amused at the air of audacity accompanying this declaration. Poor Captain Jay might have been on the point of marching up to a battery. She looked at him a moment; then she said, "You'll be disappointed."

"Disappointed?"

"She's much more proper than grand-mamma, because she's much more amiable."

"Dear Miss Tramore — dear Miss Tramore!" the young man murmured helplessly.

"You'll see for yourself. Only there's another condition," Rose went on.

"Another?" he cried, with discouragement and alarm.

"You must understand thoroughly, before you throw in your lot with us, even for a few days, what our position really is."

"Is it very bad?" asked Bertram Jay artlessly.

"No one has anything to do with us, no one speaks to us, no one looks at us."

"Really?" stared the young man.

"We have no social existence, we are utterly despised."

"Oh, Miss Tramore!" Captain Jay remonstrated. He added quickly, vaguely, and with a want of presence of mind of which he as quickly became ashamed, "Do none of your family" — The question collapsed; the charming girl was looking at him.

"We are extraordinarily happy," she declared.

"Now that's all I wanted to know!" he exclaimed, with a kind of exaggerated cheery reproach, walking on with her briskly to overtake her mother.

He was not dining at their inn, but he insisted on coming that evening to their table d'hôte. He sat next Mrs. Tramore, and in the evening he accompanied them gallantly to the opera, at a third-rate theatre where they were

almost the only ladies in the boxes. The next day they went together by rail to the Charterhouse of Pavia, and while he strolled with the girl, as they waited for the homeward train, he said to her candidly, "Your mother's remarkably pretty." She remembered the words and the feeling they gave her, for they were the beginning of something. The feeling was somewhat that of an anxious, gratified matron who has "presented" her child and is thinking of the matrimonial market. Men might be of no use, as Mrs. Tramore said, yet it was from this moment Rose dated her first absolute confidence that her *protégée* would go off; and when later, in crowded assemblies, the phrase, or something like it, behind a hat or a fan, fell repeatedly on her anxious ear, "Your mother is in beauty!" or "I've never seen her look better!" she had a faint vision of the yellow sunshine and the afternoon shadows on the dusty Italian platform.

Mrs. Tramore's behavior, at this period, was a revelation of her native understanding of delicate situations. She needed no account of this one from her daughter — it was one of the things for which she had a perception; and there was a kind of loyalty to the rules of a game in the silent grace with which she smoothed the path of Bertram Jay. It was clear that she was in her element in fostering the exercise of the affections, and if she ever spoke without thinking twice it is probable that she would have exclaimed, with some gayety, "Oh, I know all about love!" Rose could see that she thought their companion would be a help, in spite of his being no dispenser of patronage. The key to the gates of fashion had not been placed in his hand, and no one had ever heard of the ladies of his family, who lived in some vague hollow of the Yorkshire moors; but none the less he might administer a muscular push. Yes, indeed, men in general were broken reeds, but

Captain Jay was exceptionally respectable. Respectability was the woman's maximum, as honor was the man's, but this distinguished young soldier inspired more than one kind of confidence. Rose had a great deal of attention for the use to which his respectability was put; and there mingled with this attention some amusement and much compassion. She saw that after a couple of days he decidedly liked her mother, and that he yet didn't in the least know he liked her. He thought his faith in her would n't take him any distance, but in reality he would have trusted her with almost anything except Rose herself. His trusting her with Rose would come very soon. He never spoke to the girl about her qualities of character, but two or three of them (and indeed these were all the poor lady had, and they made the best show) were what he had in mind in praising her appearance. When he remarked, "What attention Mrs. Tramore seems to attract everywhere!" he meant, "What a beautifully simple nature it is!" and when he said, "There's something extraordinarily harmonious in the colors she wears," it signified, "Upon my word, I never saw such a sweet temper in my life!" She lost one of her boxes at Verona, and made the prettiest joke of it to Captain Jay. When Rose saw this she said to herself, "Next season we shall have only to choose." Rose knew what was in the box.

By the time they reached Venice (they had stopped at half a dozen little old romantic cities in the most frolicsome æsthetic way) she liked their companion better than she had ever liked him before. She did him the justice to recognize that if he was not quite honest with himself he was at least wholly honest with her. She thought over everything he had been since they first met, and put upon it all an interpretation so favorable to his devotion that, catching herself in the act of glossing over one or two episodes that had not

struck her at the time as disinterested, she exclaimed, beneath her breath, "Look out — you're falling in love!" But if he liked correctness, wasn't he quite right? Could any one possibly like it more than she did? And if he had protested against her throwing in her lot with her mother, this was not because of the benefit conferred, but because of the injury received. He exaggerated that injury, but this was the privilege of a lover perfectly willing to be selfish on behalf of his mistress. He might have wanted her grandmother's money for her, but if he had given her up for a while when he found she was throwing away her chance of it (oh, this was her doing, too!) he had given up her grandmother as much: not keeping well with the old woman, as some men would have done; not waiting to see how the perverse experiment would turn out, and placating her, if it should promise tolerably, with a view to future operations. He had a simple-minded, evangelical, lurid view of what the girl he loved would find herself in for. She could see this now — she could see it from his present bewilderment and mystification, and she liked him, and pitied him, with the kindest smile, for the original *naïveté* as well as for the actual meekness. No wonder he had n't known what she was in for, since he now did n't even know what he was in for himself. Were n't there moments when he thought his companions almost unnaturally good, almost suspiciously safe? He had lost all power to verify that sketch of their isolation and *déclassement* to which she had treated him on the great square at Milan. The last thing he noticed was that they were neglected, and he had never, for himself, had such an impression of society.

It could scarcely be enhanced even by the apparition of a large, fair, hot, red-haired young man, carrying a lady's fan in his hand, who suddenly stood before their little party as, on the third

evening after their arrival in Venice, it partook of ices at one of the tables before the celebrated Café Florian. The lamplit Venetian dusk appeared to have revealed them to this gentleman as he sat with other friends at a neighboring table, and he had sprung up, with unsophisticated glee, to shake hands with Mrs. Tramore and her daughter. Rose recalled him to her mother, who looked at first as though she didn't remember him, but presently bestowed a sufficiently gracious smile on Mr. Guy Mangler. He gave, with youthful candor, the history of his movements and indicated the whereabouts of his family — he was with his mother and sisters; they had met the Bob Veseys, who had taken Lord Whiteroy's yacht and were going to Constantinople. His mother and the girls, poor things, were at the Grand Hotel, but he was on the yacht with the Veseys, where they had Lord Whiteroy's cook. Was n't the food in Venice filthy, and would n't they come and look at the yacht? She was n't very fast, but awfully jolly. His mother might have come if she would, but she would n't at first, and now, when she wanted to, there were other people, who naturally would n't turn out for her. Mr. Mangler sat down; he alluded with artless resentment to the way, in July, the door of his friends had been closed to him. He was going to Constantinople, but he did n't care — if they were going anywhere; meanwhile his mother hoped awfully they would look her up.

Lady Maresfield, if she had given her son any such message, which Rose disbelieved, entertained her hope in a manner compatible with her sitting for half an hour, surrounded by her little retinue, without glancing in the direction of Mrs. Tramore. The girl, however, was aware that this was not a good enough instance of their humiliation; inasmuch as it was rather she who, on the occasion of their last contact, had made light of Lady Maresfield. She

was a little ashamed now of not having answered the note in which this affable personage ignored her mother. She could n't help perceiving, indeed, a dim movement on the part of some of the other members of the group; she made out an attitude of observation in the high-plumed head of Mrs. Vaughan-Vesey. Mrs. Vesey, perhaps, might have been looking at Captain Jay, for as this gentleman walked back to the hotel with our young lady (they were at the Britannia, and young Mangler, who clung to them, went in front with Mrs. Tramore) he revealed to Rose that he had some acquaintance with Lady Maresfield's eldest daughter, though he did n't know, and did n't particularly want to know, her ladyship. He expressed himself with more acerbity than she had ever heard him use (Christian charity so generally governed his speech) about the young donkey who had been prattling to them. They separated at the door of the hotel. Mrs. Tramore had got rid of Mr. Mangler, and Bertram Jay was in other quarters.

"If you know Mrs. Vesey, why did n't you go and speak to her? I'm sure she saw you," Rose said.

Captain Jay replied even more circumspectly than usual: "Because I did n't want to leave you."

"Well, you can go now; you're free," Rose rejoined.

"Thank you. I shall never go again."

"That won't be civil," said Rose.

"I don't care to be civil. I don't like her."

"Why don't you like her?"

"You ask too many questions."

"I know I do," the girl acknowledged.

Captain Jay had already shaken hands with her, but at this he put out his hand again. "She's too worldly," he murmured, while he held Rose Tramore's a moment.

"Ah, you dear!" Rose exclaimed, almost audibly, to her mother, as they turned away together.

The next morning, upon the Grand Canal, the gondola of our three friends encountered a stately barge which, though it contained several persons, seemed pervaded mainly by one majestic presence. During the instant the gondolas were passing each other it was impossible either for Rose Tramore or for her companions not to become conscious that this distinguished identity had markedly inclined itself—a circumstance commemorated the next moment, almost within earshot of the other boat, by the most spontaneous cry that had issued for many a day from the lips of Mrs. Tramore: "Fancy, my dear, Lady Maresfield has bowed to us!"

"We ought to have returned it," Rose answered; but she looked at Bertram Jay, who was opposite to her. He blushed, and she blushed, and during this moment was born a deeper understanding than had yet existed between these entangled spirits. It had something to do with their going together that afternoon, without her mother, to look at some out-of-the-way pictures as to which Ruskin had inspired her with a desire to see sincerely. Mrs. Tramore expressed the wish to stay at home, and the motive of this wish—a finer shade than any that even Ruskin had ever found a phrase for—was not translated into misrepresenting words by either the mother or the daughter. At San Giovanni in Bragora Rose and her companion came upon Mrs. Vaughan-Vesey, who, with one of her sisters, was also endeavoring to do the earnest thing. She did it to Rose, she did it to Captain Jay, as well as to Gianbellini; she was a handsome, long-necked, aquiline person, of a different type from the rest of her family, and she did it remarkably well. She secured our friends—it was her own expression—for luncheon, on the morrow, on the yacht, and she made it public to Rose that she would come that afternoon to invite her mother. When the girl returned to the hotel, Mrs. Tra-

more mentioned, before Captain Jay, who had come up to their sitting-room, that Lady Maresfield had called. "She stayed a long time — at least it seemed long!" laughed Mrs. Tramore.

The poor lady could laugh freely now; yet there was some grimness in a colloquy that she had with her daughter after Bertram Jay had departed. Before this happened Mrs. Vesey's card, scrawled over in pencil and referring to the morrow's luncheon, was brought up to Mrs. Tramore.

"They mean it all as a bribe," said the principal recipient of these civilities.

"As a bribe?" Rose repeated.

"She wants to marry you to that boy; they've seen Captain Jay and they're frightened."

"Well, dear mamma, I can't take Mr. Mangler for a husband."

"Of course not. But ought n't we to go to the luncheon?"

"Certainly we'll go to the luncheon," Rose said; and when the affair took place, on the morrow, she could feel for the first time that she was taking her mother out. This appearance was somehow brought home to every one else, and it was really the agent of her success. For it is of the essence of this simple history that, in the first place, that success dated from Mrs. Vesey's Venetian *déjeuner*, and in the second reposed, by a subtle social logic, on the very anomaly that had made it dubious. There is always a chance in things, and Rose Tramore's chance was in the fact that Gwendolen Vesey was, as some one had said, awfully modern, an immense improvement on the exploded science of her mother, and capable of seeing what a "draw" there would be in the comedy, if properly brought out, of the reversed positions of Mrs. Tramore and Mrs. Tramore's diplomatic daughter. With a first-rate managerial eye she perceived that people would flock into any room — and all the more into one of hers — to see Rose bring in her dreadful mother.

She treated the cream of English society to this thrilling spectacle later in the autumn, when she once more "secured" both the performers for a week at Brimble. It made a hit on the spot, the very first evening — the girl was felt to play her part so well. The rumor of the performance spread; every one wanted to see it. It was an entertainment of which, that winter in the country, and the next season in town, persons of taste desired to give their friends the freshness. The thing was to make the Tramores come late, after every one had arrived. They were engaged for a fixed hour, like the American imitator and the Patagonian contralto. Mrs. Vesey had been the first to say the girl was awfully original, but that became the general view.

Gwendolen Vesey had with her mother one of the few quarrels in which Lady Maresfield had really stood up to such an antagonist (the elder woman had to recognize in general in whose veins it was that the blood of the Manglers flowed), on account of this very circumstance of her attaching more importance to Miss Tramore's originality ("Her originality be hanged!" her ladyship had gone so far as unintelligently to exclaim) than to the prospects of the unfortunate Guy. Mrs. Vesey actually lost sight of these pressing problems in her admiration of the way the mother and the daughter, or rather the daughter and the mother (it was slightly confusing) "drew." It was Lady Maresfield's version of the case that the brazen girl (she was shockingly coarse) had treated poor Guy abominably. At any rate, it was made known, just after Easter, that Miss Tramore was to be married to Captain Jay. The marriage was not to take place till the summer; but Rose felt that before this the field would be practically won. There had been some bad moments, there had been several warm corners and a certain number of cold shoulders and closed doors and

stony stares ; but the breach was effectually made — the rest was only a question of time. Mrs. Tramore could be trusted to keep what she had gained, and it was the dowagers, the old dragons with prominent fangs and glittering scales, whom the trick had already mainly caught. By this time there were several houses into which the liberated lady had crept alone. Her daughter had been expected with her, but they could n't turn her out because the girl had stayed behind, and she was fast acquiring a new identity, that of a parental connection with the heroine of such a romantic story. She was at least the next best thing to her daughter, and Rose foresaw the day when she would be valued principally as a memento of one of the prettiest episodes in the annals of London. At a big official party, in June, Rose had the joy of introducing Eric to his mother. She was a little sorry it was an official party — there were some other such queer people there ; but Eric called, observing the shade, the next day but one.

No observer, probably, would have been acute enough to fix exactly the moment at which the girl ceased to take out her mother and began to be taken out by her. A later phase was more distinguishable — that at which Rose forbore to inflict on her companion a duality that might become oppressive. She began to economize her force, and went only when the particular effect was required. Her marriage was delayed by the period of mourning consequent upon the death of her grandmother, who, the younger Mrs. Tramore stated, was killed by the rumor of her own new birth. She was the only one of the dragons who had n't been tamed. Julia Tramore knew the truth about this, and she was

determined such things should not kill *her*. She would live to do something — she hardly knew what. The provisions of her mother's will were published in the *Illustrated News* ; from which it appeared that everything that was not to go to Eric and to Julia was to go to the fortunate Edith. Miss Tramore makes no secret of her own intentions as regards this favorite. Edith is not pretty, but Lady Maresfield is waiting for her ; she is determined Gwendolen Vesey shall not get hold of her. Mrs. Vesey, however, takes no interest in her at all. She is whimsical, as befits a woman of her fashion ; but there are two persons she is still very fond of, the delightful Bertram Jays. The fondness of this pair, it must be added, is not wholly expended in return. They are extremely united, but their life is more domestic than might have been expected from the preliminary signs. It owes a portion of this peculiar intensity of quietude to the fact that Mrs. Tramore has now so many places to go to that she has almost no time to come to her daughter's. She is, under her son-in-law's roof, a brilliant but a rare apparition, and the other day he remarked upon the circumstance to his wife.

"If it had n't been for you," she replied, smiling, "she might have had her regular place at our fireside."

"Good heavens, how did I prevent it?" cried Captain Jay, with all the consciousness of virtue.

"You ordered it otherwise, you goose!" And she says, in the same spirit, whenever her husband commends her (which he does, sometimes, extravagantly) for the way she launched her mother, "Nonsense, my dear : practically it was you!"

Henry James.

JOSEPH SEVERN AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

THE following letters have been selected from the unpublished correspondence of the late Joseph Severn, a name familiar to all lovers of Keats. The first three have been chosen for a special reason, though written by different persons and at wide intervals; for they have this in common, that each is the first letter written in Venice, respectively, by a notable sculptor, an eminent painter, and the foremost art writer of our time.

Westmacott, the first in order, the son of Sir Richard Westmacott, was then a young man, as he was born in 1799. He went to Italy in 1820 to study at Rome, where he became acquainted with Severn shortly before the death of Keats; and from that time forward their friendship was an intimate one. Severn never actively sought academical honors, and to the day of his death was an outsider, though, long before, Westmacott, Thomas Uwins, Charles Eastlake, Sir George Hayter, and others of his "circle" obtained ample official recognition. Westmacott, who became Associate in 1838, R. A. in 1849, and Professor of Sculpture in 1857, died seven years before his older friend. He is now perhaps best known by his excellent Handbook on the Schools of Sculpture; for his finest works in his particular art are mostly in private hands, as notably in the instance of The Cymbal Player, his *chef-d'œuvre*, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

In the early part of the century visitors were fortunate in having to approach Venice from the Paduan mainland by water, — a route, however, as Westmacott adds in a postscript to his letter, "not to be recommended to ladies."

I. FROM RICHARD WESTMACOTT.

VENICE, May 20, 1824.

MY DEAR SEVERN, — *Eccomi quà* at last, full of wonder and admiration of the

famed though fallen spouse of the Adriatic. I have always studiously avoided looking at views or reading or listening to descriptions of Venice, wishing to come upon it at once without any prejudice, and if possible to save myself a disappointment upon seeing the original after reading some account of it like Eustace's and Piranesi's of Rome, which we all agree are humbugs, and only lead one astray. I have been well repaid for waiting for the reality, — any description must fall short of it. My imagination sometimes gets upon stilts, and I had of course *fancied* a sort of city in the water, with latticed windows, orange-trees, gondolas, etc., but I had not neared the original. I came from Ferrara by water, and I think few things can be more beautiful than the scene that presented itself as soon as we entered the principal canal of Venice. It was about four o'clock in the evening, and the weather, though the sky was not quite Italian, very fine. I can't tell you how I felt as we cut through the water. I was full of Desdemona, Shylock, Pierre, Belvidera, old Dandolo, and fifty other delightful and interesting associations; but you have seen it all, and are just the sort of chap to enjoy it, so I need not tease you with any details of the *what* nor the *why* I admired. As soon as I could I saw the Rialto, then S. Mark, then the Bridge of Sighs, "on either side a Palace and a Prison;" in fact, from the time of my arrival I have been running about devouring whatever came in my way. I am now driven in by darkness and fatigue, and before going to my couch have resolved to keep my promise of writing to my dear Giuseppe.

Mr. Brown told me he had written to you. I suppose he told you of my having proceeded almost immediately on

my arrival at Florence to Carrara. I returned in a few days, and was glad to avail myself of his kind offer of an introduction to Mr. Leigh Hunt. I saw but little of him, unfortunately for me, but that little made me regret that our acquaintance was so lately made and so soon to be interrupted. I spent much of my last day in Florence with him and Mr. Brown in the Vale of the Belle Donne, which we all enjoyed very much. Could I have remained longer in dear Tuscany we should have spent many pleasant days together, I dare say, for Mr. Brown is just the man to be happy with, and I feel I should have liked Mr. Hunt more and more every time I met him.

I saw the Brunino, and think him a very fine little fellow; your miniature is certainly very like him. He speaks nothing but Italian, and his papa, like all papas, is not a little proud of him. I thought our old plague Johnny Hunt looked very ill. I think he must be improved, for although he tried to bolt up to me with his taking, innocent-sounding "Ah! how d'ye do, sir!" I saw he made himself scarce as soon as possible. Poor child! or rather, poor parents! I suspect a bad child is a curse of which we single gentlemen can't even *imagine* the bitterness. God save us from it if ever we become Benedicts. . . .

I meant to stay here seven or eight days, in which time they tell me I may see Venice pretty well. I am still with Mr. Critshell, and it is probable we may make a long journey together. I wish I had a brother artist here, such as yourself or Kirkup. A sculptor ought not to go picture-hunting alone; he loses half the things worth seeing, or frequently passes by a *non ce male* work just for want of knowing where and how to take it. I however think myself very fortunate in having found so gentlemanly and agreeable a companion as Mr. Critshell. I never could feel happy nor enjoy anything alone, *solus*. Had I not had companions from Rome

I don't know what I should have done. You recollect what a weeping, miserable, mourning day we had to start on by way of helping me to recover my *spirits*, Gesu Maria! but Mr. Brown made us all merry, after a fashion, in spite of ourselves.

Well, I won't imagine I am not to return to Rome next year. A letter lately received from my father is neither one thing nor the other, but in my mind full of *unintelligibles*. *Sto sperando*. . . .

God bless you. Yours truly,

RICHARD WESTMACOTT.

Some seven or eight months earlier Severn had himself made his first visit to Venice, in company with the friend who was his most intimate and loyal comrade, as well as of Keats, — Charles Armitage Brown, the Mr. Brown of the foregoing letter. The visit had a material effect upon his practice in painting, and then and afterwards he held the beautiful city on the Adriatic to be the true Mecca for the painter.

Though nominally resident in Rome from the time when he went thither with Keats till he left it, for a prolonged period, in 1841, Severn went to England on a short visit in 1837. When in London he made the acquaintance of a young artist of rare accomplishment as well as promise, the late George Richmond, R. A. All readers of *Præterita* (vol. ii. chap. ii.) will remember Mr. Ruskin's tribute to Mr. Richmond, and how the writer first stumbled upon the two artists as he was ascending the stairs of Severn's house in the Via Rasella, on his way to present a letter of introduction to the elder. After his stay in Rome George Richmond went on to Venice, in July, 1839. Shortly thereafter Severn received the following letter from him. The Lord Clifford alluded to at the close of the letter was a remarkable man. As a Roman Catholic and the nephew of Cardinal Weld, he was *persona grata* at the papal court. The story of his

devotion to the people during the frightful visitation of cholera earlier in the thirties is one of dauntless heroism.

II. FROM GEORGE RICHMOND.

VENICE, *July 24, 1839.*

MY DEAR SEVERN, — I promised you a letter, so here goes; but you must not expect a fine critique on Venetian art, ravings about their glazing, or any wonderful discoveries about gray grounds, for I am sorry to say I have made none, but have looked, when I have not been at work (which has been seldom), with much such eyes as others, I expect, bring, quite willing to be pleased, and therefore have not been disappointed. Here nature has triumphed over art, or rather nature and art have combined, in the evening of every fine day, to beat everything that ever was or will be for splendor and gorgeousness of effect in the view from the water, at sunset, of S. Mark's and all the rich accompaniments about it. I pay you an honest compliment in saying it has often reminded me of the beautiful sketch you made of this as a background to your picture of Venice.

Well, I must say I have not been so surprised as I expected by the works I have yet seen, for the Palazzo S. Marco I have not yet visited. In Rome I was thunderstruck at the first view of its treasures; in Venice I have been less astonished than delighted, and I find its treasures grow on me daily. One thing is to be said in explanation of this: that out of Rome one can hardly know Raffaello or Michael Angelo at all, but out of Venice one may be perfectly acquainted with Titian and Paolo Veronese. Tintoretto is the man whom one sees for the first time here, and truly I have been astounded by the magnificence and daring character of his works, both in design and color. He puts me often in mind of Rembrandt, but he is immensely stronger in invention; indeed, some of the works in the Scuola of San

Rocco rank him with the great designers of the Roman and Florentine schools. What a group of women that is, in the great picture of the Crucifixion, at the foot of the cross! I very much doubt if Volterra's so much celebrated one in S. Trinità di Monte surpasses it. Art seems but a plaything in his hands, and this overboldness has often betrayed him into errors, not to say signal failures, for such a man. The Assumption of Titian's is a surprising picture, full of greatness of intention and in the execution; but the figures strike me as no more or less than picturesque books, excepting the children and angels, some of which equal anything I have seen. But the picture of pictures, to my taste, is the large Paolo Veronese, which for vivacity and freeness of execution united to a most enchanting tone over the whole is one of the wonders of art. I don't think anything can be finer or more simply painted. It strikes me as a far more agreeable whole than the large picture in the Louvre.

I have just begun a copy of two figures the size of the originals. They stand before a pillar something such [sketch follows], and I think for intensity of character nothing I ever saw surpasses them. The great fat fellow with the hanging-looking Moor beside him is worthy of Michael Angelo. Do you not think, for style, that Paolo is even better to study than Titian? By the bye, what curious works the later ones of Titian! They put me something in mind of old Northcote's painting, they look so muddled and pottered over, just what one would look for as the result of extreme old age. A work they show of his early youth gives promise of all that followed.

To have been in order, I should have told you that we stayed a whole day at Bologna, so that I had at least one hearty good look at the gallery there, which surprised me by its riches; although small, it is very perfect. All the pictures are good, and many of them are first-rate

specimens of the masters. What a sober, subdued, and grand tone pervades the works of their school! I certainly think they went very far towards achieving their object of uniting to the tone and color of Venice the gusto in design of Rome and Florence. I made a number of little sketches while I stayed, just taking the plan of some of the finest works, and I shall do this now wherever I go. Since I came here I have made ten water-colors of the best pictures in the Belle Arti, which I think will be of use to me. I am sure you are right in recommending a sketch whenever it may be got, for it remains, while mere impressions are fugitive as the day. What rascally cheats these Venetians are! and yet very good people in their way, wonderfully civil, and at the galleries (oh, what a contrast to Rome!) they are perfection; one has but to apply, and entrance to study is obtained instantly.

Pray give my love to the illustrissimo blackguard Agricola when you see him. I speak of his maldirection wherever I can, for such a man ought to be removed from his post. As I did not see Lord Clifford when I called the last day I was in Rome, will you be so kind as to present my most respectful remembrance to him, and offer my very best thanks for the many favors I received at his hands? . . .

Ever your truly obliged and faithful friend,

GEORGE RICHMOND.

Some four years later Severn was the fortunate recipient of a long letter giving Mr. Ruskin's first impressions of Venice. The allusion in the second sentence is to Severn's having gained one of the premiums at the Westminster Hall Cartoons Competition, and in reply, also, to a long letter concerning his hopes for fresco-painting in England, and his own determination to succeed in this *genre*, if success could be obtained at any cost. At a later date, I may add, he gained his wish in a commission from

the dowager Countess of Warwick to paint a series of frescoes at her beautiful place in Surrey, which was presented to her by her son. It is doubtful, for reasons unnecessary to go into here, whether fortune would have further favored him in this. All his artistic projects in England were arrested when, in 1860, he applied for and ultimately gained the vacant office of British consul at Rome. This post he held till 1872, seven years before his death;¹ and it was in the second year of his tenure (1863) that he wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* his now famous article *On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame*.

This letter from Mr. Ruskin is psychologically significant as well as interesting in other respects, for it shows that the writer was in 1843 essentially the same man that we know to-day.

III. FROM JOHN RUSKIN.

VENICE, *September 21, 1843.*

MY DEAR SIR, — I am sure you will excuse my not having answered your kind letter before when I tell you that I have been altogether unhinged by the condition in which I have found Venice, and that every time I stir out-of-doors I return too insensible to write or almost to speak to any one. But I cannot longer defer expressing my sincere gladness at your well-deserved success, and my sympathy in all the enthusiasm of your hopes so far as regards your own aims and prospects; and I am also glad, for the sake of our national honor, that you are to be one of its supporters. But with your hopes for the elevation of English art by means of fresco I cannot sympathize. I have not the remotest hope of anything of the kind. It is not the material nor the space that can give us thoughts, passions, or powers. I see on our Academy walls nothing but what is ignoble in small pictures, and would be

¹ And nine years before he was laid by the side of Keats, to be in death, as in life, "immortally associated with his illustrious friend."

disgusting in large ones. I never hear one word of genuine feeling issue from any one's mouth but yours and the two Richmonds'; and if it did, I don't believe the public of the present day would understand it. It is not the love of *fresco* that we want: it is the love of God and his creatures; it is humility, and charity, and self-denial, and fasting, and prayer; it is a total change of character. We want more faith and less reasoning, less strength and more trust. You neither want walls, nor plaster, nor colors, — *ça ne fait rien à l'affaire*; it is Giotto and Ghirlandaio and Angelico that you want, and that you will and must want until this disgusting nineteenth century has — I can't say breathed, but steamed its last. You want a serious love of art in the people and a faithful love of art in the artist, not a desire to be R. A. and to dine with the Queen; and you want something like decent teaching in the Academy itself, good training of the thoughts, not of the fingers, and good inpouring of knowledge, not of knocks. Never tell, or think to tell, your lank, cockney, leaden-headed pupil what great art is, but make a great man of him and he'll find out. And a pretty way, by the bye, Mr. Eastlake takes to teach our British public a love of the right thing, going and buying a disgusting, rubbishy, good-for-nothing, bad-for-everything Rubens and two brutal Guidos, when we have n't got a Perugino to bless ourselves with! But it don't matter, not a straw's balance. I see what the world is coming to. We shall put it into a chain armor of railroad, and then everybody will go everywhere every day, until every place is like every other place; and then when they are tired of changing stations and police they will congregate in knots in great cities, which will consist of club-houses, coffee-houses, and newspaper offices; the churches will be turned into assembly rooms; and people will eat, sleep, and gamble to their graves.

It is n't of any use to try and do any-

thing for such an age as this. We are a different race altogether from the men of old time: we live in drawing-rooms instead of deserts, and work by the light of chandeliers instead of volcanoes. I have been perfectly prostrated these two or three days back by my first acquaintance with Tintoret; but then I feel as if I had got introduced to a being from a planet a million of miles nearer the sun, not to a mere earthly painter. As for our little bits of R. A.'s calling themselves painters, it ought to be stopped directly. One might make a mosaic of R. A.'s, perhaps, with a good magnifying-glass, big enough for Tintoret to stand with one leg upon if he balanced himself like a gondolier. I thought the mischief was chiefly confined to the architecture here, but Tintoret is going quite as fast; the Emperor of Austria is his George Robins.

I went to the Scuola di San Rocco the other day, in heavy rain, and found the floor half under water, from large pools from droppings *through* the pictures on the ceiling, — not through the sides or mouldings, but the pictures themselves. They won't take care of them, nor sell them, nor let anybody take care of them.

I am glad to hear that the subjects for our frescoes are to be selected from poets instead of historians; but I don't like the selection of poets. I think in a national work one ought not to allow any appearance of acknowledgment of irreligious principle, and we ought to select those poets chiefly who have best illustrated English character, or have contributed to form the prevailing tones of the English mind. Byron and Shelley I think inadmissible. I should substitute Wordsworth and Keats or Coleridge, and put Scott instead of Pope, whom one does n't want with Dryden. I think *The Ancient Mariner* would afford the highest and most imaginative method of touching on England's sea character. From Wordsworth you get her pastoral and patriarchal character; from Scott her chival-

resque; I don't know what you would get from either Dryden or Pope, but I suppose you must have *one* of them. However, anything is better than history, the most insipid of subjects. One often talks of *historical* painting, but I mean *religious* always, for how often does one see a picture of history worth a straw? I declare I cannot at this instant think of any one historical work that ever interested me.

I beg your pardon very much for this hurried sully scrawl; but conceive how little one is fit for when one finds them covering the marble palaces with stucco and painting them in *stripes*!

Allow me again to thank you exceedingly for your kind letter and to express my delight at the good news it contains, and believe me, with compliments to Mrs. Severn,

Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

In a short article which appeared recently, it was asserted that, with all his good qualities, Severn was singularly lacking in common sense. The writer could have known little of Severn, and still less of his correspondence. A remarkably acute and straightforward common sense was, as it happens, one of his most characteristic traits. Scores of his letters, from youth to old age, might be selected to bear out this counter-assertion, but a single one will suffice. It is taken from his correspondence with his friend Uwins, and was written in his thirty-third year, a time when, though by temperament and habit youthful in aspect and tastes to a remarkable degree, his character was developed. Thomas Uwins was his elder by about ten years, and, like himself, began his art life as an engraver's apprentice. In 1824 he went to Italy, and stayed there till 1831. He gained his position both as an Associate and Royal Academician as a painter in water-colors; nevertheless, when, in 1850, he began to paint in

oils, it was with marked success. He was elected surveyor of the Queen's pictures in 1845, and two years later was appointed keeper of the National Gallery. One of his best works in water-colors is *The Hay Harvest*, now in the South Kensington Museum, and in oils *The Vintage in the Claret Vineyards*, in the Dundee Gallery. After some preliminaries Severn proceeds:—

I think it is a most important defect in any one to be entirely without vanity, because there is nothing brings out and applies so well all the inner man. I mean all the grasping and achieving comes of this; for, you see, a man with this feels his own importance (he overfeels it, but what of that?), and tries grand things and succeeds, when another may have the greatest talents, but nothing to bring them out. I know you will call this by some fine name, as laudable ambition, aspiring virtue, and so forth; but, as the preacher says, "all is vanity" at bottom, so we will be honest and let it stand as vanity. The Germans are a people making little figure and doing little good in the world, on this account. They have the highest talents and morals, but pursue their intellectual aims only as solitary pleasures, and so society is nothing the better for them. Then your English, who have the vanity to seek perpetual notice, are always benefiting the world with useful intuitions or innocent pleasures, and all this with but a small part of the talent of the Germans. When a man underates himself he blunts his talents and minces his steps in life; and, on the contrary, if he overrates, although it may make his manners displeasing at the moment, yet if there is genuine talent in his matter he will sink into that at last, with his first presumption modified into something useful or pleasing. Such a man as —, for instance, would never have done anything but from his vanity; his talents are very mediocre,

but he has humbugged himself into the same high notion of his genius with which he has humbugged others, and produced works of some stamp, whereas his energy is all he has. Now I would contrast you with him. You have the finest talents, and even advantages of gentlemanlike accomplishments, but withal such a shameful way of underrating yourself that I always doubt if you have ever truly exercised your powers to their true extent in anything; nor can you while you have not the vanity of an aim. I can well remember the days (some three or four years back) when I thought myself a very poor creature; but yet I was too vain to tell it to all, and my little vanity kept up a show, even in abortions, and even lost more than putting my shoulder to the wheel; and now I have persuaded myself into my fancied capability, like one who, loving an untruth and telling it oft, makes such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own lie. Here lies the mystery: *you will consider yourself the "wax taper," and not the gaslight, when you can say that you have turned on your gas to the full.*

Now all this means that you should undertake a work to the full extent of your power; not a great ugly mess, but something dictated by your own feeling of beauty and splendor. Let us have some of your magnificent Neapolitan background, with equally magnificent groups upon it, — only one picture as a trial, and then you'll see.

I must tell you that I don't quite estimate your praises about my talent in painting, since you judge so ill of your own; for a true taste would also extend to the judging its own productions, *or how do they come forth?* Now take up your brush and answer all this, and prove me right, and truly your friend and admirer,

J. SEVERN.

The following letters are not only readable in themselves, but are further inter-

esting as coming from so distinguished a man as Seymour Kirkup. He was for long the most notable English resident in Florence, and even in earlier days ranked only second to Walter Savage Landor, with whom and the Brownings and many others, from first to last, he was intimate. He was a painter of singular delicacy, and as a student of art was as thorough and conscientious as his lifelong friend Charles Eastlake. In his later years he devoted much time to literary studies, and in particular to occult problems and speculations. No doubt he is best known to the present generation as the discoverer of the now famous youthful portrait of Dante, — a discovery for which, as he tells us in one of these letters, he was created a baron (count?) of the Italian kingdom.

These letters may be read as representative examples of his long-continued correspondence with Severn. The second was written after an interval of a year's silence on the part of Severn, which was broken at last by a letter narrating the circumstances of Mrs. Severn's death, in April, 1862. Late in the fifties Kirkup turned his attention to Spiritualism, and ere long became a confirmed believer in the actuality of spiritualistic phenomena. The Miss Ironsides to whom he alludes as a medium was a young American artist of great promise, whose early death prevented her making a name as a painter, like Kirkup's "old friend William Blake," or as a more conventional illustrator of "worn-out Bible subjects." It is strange to learn that, in the early part of our century, not only William Blake, but Flaxman, Fuseli, and even artists such as Stothard and Varley, were looked upon as in some degree mad.

IV. FROM SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

FLORENCE, August 18, 1861.

My DEAR SEVERN, — I never thought Overbeck a *fine intellectual creature*, but an ignorant humbug. Gibson de-

scribed his great picture to me with admiration and equal ignorance. The subject was a bad one, a collection of portraits of old painters, taken, as you say, from prints, — all the schools, — the English represented by an infant. This dauber of brick dust and pewter, without drawing, presumed in his ignorance to despise such giants compared to him as Reynolds, Opie, Stothard, West, Lawrence, Fuseli, Turner, Flaxman, etc., etc., — ignorance and vanity. As for his imitation of the ancients, he should have looked at the works of Giotto here for color, and he would not have abounded in such detestable lead-color as I have seen. In fact, he has only copied the defects of the old time, namely, hardness, meagreness, and sameness. Nay, he may look at the Florentine M. Angelo in the Sistine, and he will see effects of color worthy of Venice, — the Jerome, Daniel, Zechariah, Sibyls, etc. You say he is devout to the political church. So is many a solemn ass and many a Jesuitic knave.

What *is* your Gothic or Christian treatment of *The Marriage*? What would you call that of Paul Veronese? Neither, but the princely magnificence and worldly splendor of Venice, eclipsing even the story itself. Wealth, luxury, palaces, concerts, and a blaze of color, so fine in its way as to make the subject commonplace, and leave it beyond the reach of any follower. You have no chance, nor Miss Ironsides, who is all wrong, and has mistaken her vocation. Scripture subjects are worn out. They make no impression, like old-fashioned music or sermons. The public sleep over them, like the bedstead of Baucis that was turned into pews,

“ Which still their old employment keep
Of lodging folks disposed to sleep.”

The Venetians sacrificed their Christianity, if they had any, to worldly magnificence. That fine picture of Bonifazio, Dives and Lazarus, is another

example of it. Lazarus is disgusting, and therefore eclipsed by the prevailing wealth of Dives pervading all the scene, but *The Marriage at Cana* has one contradiction beyond this. Here is a wedding dinner of poor country people, so poor that even the wine falls short. Then think of the scene of Paul Veronese! An absurdity, but such execution conquers all. Who can hope to surpass that? I do not like sacred subjects in general, nor costume painters. David was a failure, but the classic is not exhausted by him. There is still a field open: drawing from nature, with the help of the antique, and color like Titian's. Our Bacchus and Ariadne and the Spanish Sleeping Ariadne are the models of a new school, which somebody will find out. We are too old. There are other specimens and hints even in Rome (the Borghese). Etty might have done much if he had hit on it, or Haydon. A combination of great talents in those two elements, and then a genius of imagination worthy of the rest. Who can bear to think of the poor child's-play of the solemn Mr. Overbeck, and you, coming from England, and I suppose Paris! But I am in the dark about them in the present day. I fear they are wofully gone down. Eastlake had better have stuck to his palette than the study of after-dinner speechifying! Detestable! By the bye, they said that you had been *favoured* by *him* at the expense of Haydon in the affair of the cartoons. . . . Take care of yourself. You talk a *new Jerusalem of art*, and speak of breathing in company of “its *immortal spirits*.” Now, real Spiritualism is a science that requires the greatest exercise of reason. You are afraid of being *carried off your feet*.

I hate the cant about *art* and artists, So-and-So's art and my art, artistic gossip of art and artists, and early art and primitive art, etc., etc. I never called myself an artist. I said *painter* at once.

I had rather have added "glazier" than "artist." All the tea-drinking old maids were full of their pretty artists, and all the little drawing-masters, daubers, and parasites of *art* were full of the name, while "the great" were always sneering at it. One told me he had a clever artist traveling with him. It was his cook. A lady bestowed the title on her hairdresser. It is not that I care for such classification, for I am very democratic; but I am sick of the vulgar cant, and find that others are so too. So if you publish anything avoid it. The word is prostituted and black-balled.

Your "pergola" is better than columns [that is, in the composition of Severn's picture of *The Marriage at Cana*], and your idea of the water in the act of changing is new, but I fear it is not enough to be "the making of it," even if it can be done, which is difficult.

I have a drawing of Miss Ironsides' of an angel and a child which she saw in a crystal of mine. It is not much, but it is enough to prove that she has the faculty, a rare one, and more valuable than worn-out Bible pictures! I have some wonderful and curious drawings of visions. I have only wished to succeed, myself, as has been done in America, but I have not the power; I have only that of bringing it out in others.

I know no one to carry books to Rome. They won't do it,—they are afraid; and I have lost so many books that I have lent, or commissions sent, that I have long refused, and have a paper pasted in my library many years ago to say so. I am a collector, and have many thousand. I have a hundred and more of Dante, and seven manuscripts of his; many on our English Round Table, in all languages; a great many on occult sciences, literature, antiquities, painting, etc. They amuse me more than painting. . . .

Yours sincerely, S. KIRKUP.

V. FROM THE SAME.

FLORENCE, *April 12, 1863.*

MY DEAR SEVERN, — Your sad news is the history of a great affliction, and I condole with you most sincerely. I suppose the illness must have been a long one for a landlord to claim so large an indemnity. Time is the great consoler, and your children. Have you none of them with you? Your continual occupation is now a benefit, if it is not too much for your health. That is the first thing. All the benevolence that you are engaged in will be a comfort to you. I supposed you were too busy to be able to write. You must have an immense deal to do in your present difficult and unusual station, and more than unusual; it is what has never happened till now.

You say the Roman finances are tottering to a close. What will be the consequence? Will there be a great number of innocent and ignorant people ruined by a national bankruptcy? Will it affect the finances of the kingdom of Italy? I have put all the money I could raise into these funds to provide for my little Italian daughter, and they give a good interest,—about double what the English funds afford.

I found an old letter of yours of forty years ago. The handwriting is the same as now, and so are the thoughts. Strange it is, for your whole carcass has been renewed thirteen times in that period. I look on that as a greater sign of the immortality of the soul than all the nonsense of an old Jewish book of forgeries and falsifications. But I have more positive proofs than either. You should see the life of my friend Daniel Home, just published. Books are no proof, for they lie as much as living men; but I know that a part of that book is true. If you had the means of knowing the truth that Home has, I make no doubt you would see, hear, and feel with joy that your poor wife is often with you. A satisfaction of that sort I have often had, and it continues.

You say your letter is egotistic. It is its greatest merit. Real friends wish for such letters only. I know nobody else in Rome but Gibson and Miss Ironsides. Oh, yes, little Ewing, if he is still alive? All our little clique are dispersed, and the greatest part of them in the land of spirits, freed from this temporary exile called life, which leaves not a wreck behind, — or a few pictures to be soon destroyed by cleaners, etc. ! Vanitas vanitatum ! Alas, poor Titian, etc. !

I don't know any person alive who can even remember either of my grandfathers, and they were remarkable men. One was the first Latin scholar in England, and the other had a museum of arts and antiquities, — all dispersed and gone, like their dust. But we never really die; twenty minutes of insensibility in a trance is all. We awake and find ourselves in the midst of our dearest old friends. The bad man avoids them from an instinct of shame, and seeks his equals, by whom he is persecuted until he is saved and relieved by good spirits. We are all sons of God, even the worst assassin. We are not responsible for our constitutions or our education, and there are no eternal pitchforks, brimstone, or hell, nor any such successful rival to God as Monseigneur le Diable. This rests on better authority than any book. It is curious that Moses, in all his books, never says one word about a future state. Of what use is religion without it ?

I am writing you a sermon instead of a letter. A *nap* will do you good. Do you remember Dean Swift's pews, in his Baucis and Philemon? — and I often laugh at the remembrance of Dennis Brulgruddery, the pew-opener, who was turned away because he snored so loud that he woke all the congregation.

I remember how that old Westmacott used to retail his good things at Rome, — is he always the same? — and you at Torlonia's masquerades, and the farces

you used to play on dear old Gibson,¹ and his tortoisés, and my adventures at Poli in the midst of the brigands with Mary Graham, *née* Dundas, afterwards Lady Callcott. Lord and Lady Normanby were a good deal here and had grown detestable, — he with his black ringlets, and she a porpoise; and detestably he has signalized his hatred of Italy. The Jockey Club of Florence has expelled him, and his prating twaddle goes on in that House of Humbug, temporal and spiritual.

We have the King here at the Pitti. I expect to see Sir J. Hudson. He generally comes here with the King. One can't judge from portraits, but I should think that our new princess will wear the breeches. The Guelph face is not promising, — jowl and goggle eyes; but our Queen has been an exception to the vile race. The melancholy sight of her at the marriage would have given me more pain than the pleasure of all that procession. I suppose she was not acting a part. There is many a waiting-woman knows more than we do. She does not part with her son as she was obliged to do with her daughters. That was one comfort for her.

Trelawny used to say, "There are but two passions of love, the mother's and the lover's. By God, they'll go through fire for you; all the rest is humbug."

My affection for my little girl is much increased. She is nine and a half, and more of a friend. At first she was only a baby. You have had more experience. They want me to send her to England, but I won't part with her, and she knows not a word of the language. She would be as bad as deaf and dumb, and with none but strange faces, *tropo trista* ! I want to secure her here with a good guardian after me. She goes to school daily. I care less for learning than happiness.

Adieu, my dear old friend.

Yours ever,

S. KIRKUP.

¹ John Gibson, the sculptor.

VI. FROM THE SAME.

FLORENCE, PONTE VECCHIO 2,

June 23, 1864.

MY DEAR SEVERN, — Your last letter was answered so long ago that I don't remember what it contained. I should have written again, but supposed that you were so engaged in diplomacy that you would find me troublesome. I wanted to recommend to you my friend Daniel Home, but I was sure if he wanted protection he would be sure to find it in you, who have done so much good to your countrymen and others, and I foresaw he would need it to defend him against the Jesuits and priests, who are, of course, omnipotent in Rome; and so it turned out, and I saw from the newspapers that you had done all you could for him. I can answer for his being neither an impostor nor a sorcerer (which is absurd), and I have found him a man of honor, by actions, not by words of his or hearsay of others, and I know him to be very generous though poor, and good-hearted. All which is in his favor, and so likewise are the phenomena that spontaneously accompany him, and of which I have had sufficient experience in my own house, watched and guarded with the most suspicious incredulity, which is stronger with me than with most people, as perhaps you may remember, for I was always so.

My own proofs of our existence after death are entirely independent of Home, and began before I knew him or the works of Judge Edmonds, which confirmed them, and they settled my creed, very far from a canonical one, either Roman or Calvinistic, which, *entre nous*, are about equally blasphemous and Jewish. But I will not write all I could, for fear this should never reach you. I doubt if all your letters have come to me, and the one I have just received was left for me (I was out) by a priest!

I know the Frescobaldis and Mr. Hart.

Do you ever see Miss Ironsides? A

friend of hers lately came to see me. Miss Ironsides was gifted as a medium, but her weak vulgar mother extinguished her, and encouraged her in commonplace studies under the direction of snobs when she might have been a painter of the imagination, like my old friend William Blake, who I thought was mad, though I don't think so now.

Flaxman, Stothard, and Fuseli were all suspected, and so were Danby, Varley, and even Martin. Anyhow they were original, and showed mind; and even old West was sometimes a mystic, and Barry and Louthenburg.

After I proved the truth of Spiritualism, which I scouted for a long time, I was induced to follow up my experiments in hopes of some day seeing something worthy to paint. I longed for a good vision, and do still, but I am not enough of a medium. I have only seen, heard, and felt enough to be sure of the existence of spirits. Neither books nor men were enough for me, and I sought witnesses of my experience, and would not rely on my own impressions alone, which might have been effects of imagination, waking dreams!

But when half a dozen people were present, they could not all be dreaming of the same thing. A lady wrote to me the other day that Home had been raised in the air a hundred times since he came to London, and had been seen by a thousand people. *Basta!* you have doubtless heard enough about it, and I have seen enough in my own house.

What are you doing in painting? Bible subjects are worn out, and were never interesting to me. I have an Italian book that says the Madonna ought to be painted ugly, as she was sixty when she died. Young John lived to a hundred, and was buried, but never died; his grave moves. He is waiting for the last day to fulfill the prophecies. Read Sir John Mandeville's travels in the East in 1345, — an orthodox Englishman!

I have been long an admirer of Dante,

but I think Shakespeare a greater poet. Dante has been much with me in this room. His poem is not true, and Beatrice was not a Portinari, as it has proved. The Pope has forbid the title of "*La Divina Commedia*."

Here is too long a yarn for a busy man like you. I wonder if you could get for me the report of a trial in Rome, printed about fifteen years ago, of a Count Alberti, for forging and selling some manuscripts of Tasso. If you could secure me a copy, I will take care to repay you and let you have the reading of it before you send it me, either by the post or private hand. It is very curious and would amuse you. Tasso was in favor with good spirits like Socrates. Adieu, dear Severn.

Yours affectionately,

S. KIRKUP.

VII. FROM THE SAME.

FLORENCE, 2, PONTE VECCHIO,
primo pº, April 4, 1868.

MY DEAR SEVERN, — The sight of your handwriting gave me great pleasure. I knew it again directly. After so many years that I have known you, — about fifty, I think! How strange it is that the writing and the mind remain the same, though our carcasses have been *entirely* changed and renewed above sixteen times in that period! So says Liebig, the greatest physiologist of the age. I have been following that study lately, having been too long engrossed by that of psychology, and I have found them both full of wonders.

Have you heard that the King has made me a knight and a baron? For some discoveries I made in Florence respecting Dante, so I suppose; all that is said in my diploma and other papers is, "*In considerazione di particolari benemerenze.*" I never knew more, and the minister who recommended me to him died of the cholera in Sicily. He was a Sicilian, and I had never heard his name till then (Natoli), or knew any of

his friends. It was a perfect surprise to me, always the same poor devil of a painter, — on which account I only call myself chevalier. I am not rich enough to live in baronial state. Poor knights are common enough, even at Windsor! Painters never get beyond the rank of knight, — Sir Peter Paul, Sir Anthony, Sir Peter, Sir Godfrey, down to Sir Joshua, etc., etc.

In Paris I knew three painters in 1816 whom Napoleon I. had created barons, David, Gros, and Gérard, whose sons are now senators, diplomats, etc. Marochetti, who lately died in England, was an Italian baron, and there is a landscape painter, whose name I forget.

I have no news to tell you. The government and the chambers are all engrossed by the reform of the finances. They have a difficult task, and have neglected it too long. If they don't succeed now it will soon be too late. What think you of Bonaparte's *dodge* to keep Italy divided, by offering the Venetians their ancient *republic*, and their refusal of it in order to join Italy? We live in strange times. I have always observed Monseigneur Bonaparte, now his Eminence, next his Sanctity. That is what they are aiming at. Besides that, a king of Rome is looming in the distance, and at one time a King Murat was in view for Naples. A friend of yours said the other day, You have only changed masters, — French instead of Germans. *Basta!* one must not talk politics to you. Your position is delicately neutral, and you have enough to do in your official capacity with your benevolence.

I was very sorry to hear of Miss Ironsides' death. Her mother came to me on her way to England. I showed her a drawing of a vision she (Miss I.) had drawn in my house, which vision she saw in a crystal ball. The mother kissed it and shed tears. It was remorse for taking her from Florence to

Rome, to paint vulgar, worn-out Bible subjects that nobody cares for any longer, they are so commonplace in Catholic churches, and excluded in Protestant ones; whilst the Catholics forbid the Bible, of which they are afraid, and perhaps ashamed, like our poor friend Charles Brown, whose son is, I believe, alive. Do you know? I heard a long time ago that he was very prosperous in New Zealand. Brown had been a good friend of Keats. They wrote a tragedy together (*Otho*).¹

I hear that Keats's monument is already in ruin. The English in Rome might subscribe a trifle to restore it. Shelley's is in fine preservation. We were together at his funeral. I should have attended Keats's, but I was in bed with the fever. Old Morgan died here not long ago. He was near ninety, Landor ditto, and one old English painter, Giacomo Smith, one hundred and sixteen.

If you see Mrs. Trelawny, remember me to her. She is a very superior woman, and her daughter a fine creature. Is Desoulavy alive and in Rome? An excellent fellow, sincere and unaffected. What became of Ewing, Evans, Lane, Renny, McDonald, Tenerani, Agricola, Minardi, Snetz, and all the Frenchmen? I met Madame Terlink the other day, and the Genoese miniature-painter, whose name I forget. I think he married Moschi's sister.

I am living now with a little daughter. She is now fourteen. Her maid is an ex-nun, — very good, and glad to be

free. They are both mediums, the former ever since she was two years old. If you have ever been photographed, send me one. I shall value it. Adieu, my dear old friend.

Yours very sincerely,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

Seymour Kirkup first met Severn at the interment of Shelley's ashes in the old cemetery of Monte Testaccio, in Rome, and he died before his friend was laid beside the other great poet with whom his name is so closely associated. Charles Brown, who died at Taranaki, New Zealand, in 1842, was not "ashamed" of the Bible; but he was a deist, and to the last refused to have anything to do with official exponents of Christianity. Though he died at that then remote settlement, his burial was attended by two men of a different stamp from his fellow pioneer-colonists: John George Cooke, an intimate friend of Trelawny's, and the late Alfred Domett, so much better known, doubtless, by the name of "Waring," conferred upon him by Robert Browning. Among the Severn manuscripts is a long letter from Mr. Domett, in which he states that he purchased at Buffalo, N. Y., so long ago as 1826, an American edition of Keats's and Shelley's poems. This was about the same time that the youthful poet Browning tried in vain to obtain a copy of Shelley's writings in his part of London, where no booksellers kept such an unsalable book as the poems of unknown John Keats.

William Sharp.

¹ I have come across more than one statement to this effect. But the mistaken idea is probably due to the fact that Trelawny used to say that most of the mottoes heading his chapters in *The Adventures of a Younger*

Son (written in great part during his stay with Brown in Florence) were "from Brown's and Keats's drama, *Otho*." The manuscript belonged to Brown after Keats's death, but he was not joint author.

LONDON AND OXFORD : THREE SONNETS.

I.

Fog.

LIKE bodiless water passing in a sigh,
 Thro' palsied streets the fatal shadows flow,
 And in their sharp disastrous undertow
 Suck in the morning sun and all the sky ;
 The towery acres sink upon the eye
 As if they heard the Hebrew bugles blow,
 Sullen and black ; nor could the founders know
 How what was built so bright could daily die.

Thy heart with man's is broken and blent in,
 City of Stains ! and ache of thought doth drown
 The natural light in which thy life began :
 Great as thy dole is, smirched with our sin,
 Greater and elder yet the love of man
 Full in thy look, tho' the dark visor's down.

II.

Rooks in New College Gardens.

THRO' rosy cloud and over thorny towers,
 Their wings with all the autumn distance filled,
 From Isis' valley border hundred-hilled
 The rooks are crowding home as evening lowers.
 For their coequal session and for ours
 By battled walls did lovely Wykeham build
 These dewy spaces early sown and stilled,
 These dearest inland melancholy bowers.

Blest birds ! A book held open on the knee
 Below is all they know of Adam's blight.
 With surer art the while, and simpler rite,
 They live and learn in some monastic tree,
 Where breathe against their innocent breasts by night
 The scholar's star, the star of sanctity.

III.

On First Entering Westminster Abbey.

THABOR of England ! since my light is short
 And faint, oh, rather by the sun anew

Of timeless passion set my dial true,
 That with thy saints and thee I may consort,
 And wafted in the calm Chaucerian port
 Of poets, seem a little sail long due,
 And be as one the song of memory drew
 Unto the saddle void since Agincourt!

Not now for secular love's unquiet lease
 Receive my soul, who rapt in thee erewhile
 Hath broken tryst with transitory things;
 But seal with her a marriage and a peace
 Eternal on thine Edward's holy isle,
 Above the stormy sea of ended kings.

A TORCH BEARER.

To the lover of ancient learning and the classical spirit, who looks forward from the fast-fading twilight of the fifth or backward from the dazzling sunrise of the fifteenth century, there seems at the first glance to lie between these two epochs a period of perfectly impenetrable blackness. Like most dark places, however, this murky millennium proves to him who has once found the courage to plunge in and explore it less blind and impassable than it looked from without. To the eye that steadily confronts them the shadows lighten; a glimmering pathway is first discerned, then landmarks, and finally footprints of more than one traveler. The life of the race is after all continuous. The customs and institutions which served mankind under one order of things are found reparable after seeming ruin, and capable of being adapted, with certain modifications, to wholly new conditions of existence. Take the case of life in a mediæval abbey and its dependencies. It was Châteaubriand, perhaps, who first suggested the notion that it was, at least on its material side, only a natural development or adaptation of life within the precincts of a great Roman

villa. The abbot corresponded to the proprietor. The monks were like the freedmen of the great patrician, who cultivated letters, art, and science under the shelter of the villa proper. In both cases the property comprised a more or less extensive area of outlying territory, the inhabitants of whose farms and villages were, to all intents and purposes, attached to the glebe, lived by supplying the central establishment with the fruits of their industry, and expected protection from it in times of common peril.

The great Roman overlord had indeed, in most cases, other and richer sources of revenue than the labor of these humble tenants, and so had the mediæval abbot in the voluntary offerings of pious pilgrims to whatever saintly shrine or shrines might lie within his jurisdiction. The Benedictine abbey of St. Riguier, near Abbeville, for example, possessed and governed, at its most flourishing period, fourteen towns, thirty villages, and an "infinite number" of farms, while the offerings at the tomb of the holy Richiarius amounted to about four hundred thousand dollars yearly.

This was in Gaul under the Merovingian kings. A hundred years later,

under Charlemagne, certain of the more famous and venerable abbeys, like those of St. Martin at Tours and St. Hilary at Poitiers, had considerably declined in wealth and importance; but the monastic establishments of the kingdom, taken collectively, were at the height of their dignity and influence. The great abbots occupied a singularly independent position. They were bound by the terms of their tenure of landed property to give a certain material support to their temporal masters; but they stoutly resisted any assumption of authority by the local bishops, against whose claims they were beginning to appeal to the high and general court of Christendom at Rome. At that time and for many succeeding years a monastic life opened one of the shortest roads to court favor, such as it then was, and afforded absolutely the only chance for the cultivation of letters under conditions of peace and comparative refinement. The number of those who affected such conditions and yearned for such culture was not large, but among them — one might almost say foremost among them, at his own particular epoch — was a certain abbot of Ferrières, in central France, by name Servatus Lupus. Some hundred and twenty of this man's private letters have been saved from the wreckage of his time. They reveal a mobile and inquisitive mind, athirst from its first conscious hour for the springs of human learning, and with an inherent attraction toward pagan antiquity which would have caused him to revel in the thought that his cloister life was but an evolution or adaptation of that of a Roman senator in retreat. These letters reflect at the same time so vivid a light on some of the more important actors and stirring events of the writer's chaotic period that the only wonder is they should have been so generally neglected.

¹ The epithet *Servatus*, the *Saved*, is supposed to have been bestowed or assumed to commemorate his recovery from a dangerous

Lupus¹ was born during the last decade of the reign of Charles the Great, probably in the year 805 or 806. Of his birthplace we only know that it was somewhere in Gaul, of his rank that it was noble, of his kindred that two of his brothers were successively bishops of Auxerre, while a certain learned and saintly Marquard, abbot of the cloister of Prüm, not far from Treves, was a near relation of Lupus as well as a devoted friend.

Lupus received his early training in the monastery of which he was afterwards to be the head, and Ferrières was a place with a history. The cloister occupied a commanding site between the Seine and the Loire, at the point where these two rivers approach nearest to each other in the modern department of Loiret. Dense forests, cleft by wild and all but impassable valleys, encircled the spot, and the conventual stronghold probably owed to its exceptional position the immunity which it long enjoyed from the incursions of those Norse pirates whose descendants triumphed at Hastings two centuries later.

The church of Ferrières was an extremely ancient building, dating, it was believed, from the first introduction of Christianity into Gaul; and in the later days of Lupus's own rule it became a labor of love with him to restore, or rather replace, the venerable structure, and furnish it with a leaden roof, the material for which he secured in Britain. The ties between Ferrières and the Church in England were numerous and strong. The abbey had even been held for the years between 782 and 796 by the celebrated Alcuin, who came from that centre of light and learning the great monastery at York to open what was known as the School of the Palace in the house of Charlemagne.

It is plain that the young Lupus soon

illness, or perhaps his escape from death at the battle of Toulouse, where he was taken prisoner in 844.

came to the end of what he could learn at Ferrières, where there was no such complete and systematic course of instruction as that for which the ambitious pupil pined. Such he found, however, at Fulda, in the diocese of Treves, — the *Primat* of the German abbeys, founded by St. Boniface, and the resting-place of his dust, where the most important school of the ninth century was then flourishing under the headship of the Abbot Rabanus Maurus.

From Fulda, where he seems to have passed the active and animated years between twenty-five and thirty, and where he formed the chief friendships of his life, Lupus wrote the first letter of the collection which we possess. It is addressed to one of the most interesting men of that or of any time, — to no less a person than that Einhard, or Eginhard, the secretary and exceedingly graphic biographer of Charlemagne, who had shared with the children of the emperor the advantages of Alcuin's palace-school, and was possibly also the son-in-law of Charlemagne. Every one knows the romantic story of the young scribe to whom the Princess Emma accorded her favors, who lingered too late one winter night in his lady's turret chamber, until the courtyard of the palace had been whitened by a stealthy snowfall, sure to betray the footprints of the returning lover; and how, to avoid discovery, the vigorous young princess — who was evidently a "menschful maiden of might," like Brunehild — lifted him upon her shoulders and bore him to his own quarters. But Charlemagne was wakeful that night, and pacing and peering about, as an anxious monarch may do, he witnessed this extraordinary transit "by the cold, white light of the moon." The mixture of shrewdness and magnanimity which led the emperor first to exact a full confession from his *protégé*, and then to offer him the hand of his daughter in honorable marriage, is no more than might have been ex-

pected of the great Charles. But alas for romance! only one monkish chronicler has preserved the tale in this artistic and symmetrical form, while in the list carefully given by Eginhard himself of Charlemagne's children, legitimate and illegitimate, there is no mention of any Emma or Imma. The name of Eginhard's dearly loved wife is usually written in the latter way. They lived long and happily together as a married pair; as neighbors, evidently, and with frequent and tender fraternal intercourse, even after Eginhard became the lay abbot of the monastery which he himself had founded at Seligenstadt.

It is to this place that Lupus writes a modest and graceful letter of self-introduction; praying for the privilege of Eginhard's acquaintance, expressing admiration of his *Life of Charlemagne*, and asking, after an apt quotation or two from the *Satires of Horace* and the *Tusculan Disputations*, for the loan of some of the abbot's worldly books.

"Having once overpassed the limits of modesty, I make bold to pray that you will entrust me, while I am staying here, with certain of your texts, though to be sure I have asked a far greater favor in your friendship than I could receive from your books. These, however, are the ones which I should like: first, Tully on Rhetoric, of which I possess only a very imperfect copy; . . . then, under the general head of Rhetoric, by the same author, three books of discussions or dialogues on the Orator. I think you must have these, because I found written in the catalogue of your library, after a mention of the book to Herennius and some other alien matter, Cicero on Rhetoric, and then *Commentary on the Books of Cicero*. I should also like the *Attic Nights of A. Gellius*; and there are a great many others in the same catalogue which, if God give me grace with you, I should most particularly desire to have, after these are sent back, and to copy while I am here.

By complying with my request you will show that you pardon my presumption, and you will fill with the sweetest fruit of learning one who has long been digging at its bitter roots."

In the next letter the vanities of scholarship are forgotten in a heartfelt expression of simple human feeling: —

"Lupus to Eginhard, his dearly beloved preceptor.

"I have been unspeakably shocked by the sad news of the death of your venerable wife, and I wish more than ever that I could be with you now to lighten your sorrow by my sympathy, or else perhaps to assuage it through earnest discourse concerning the thoughts which are suggested by many an eloquent passage of Holy Writ. Meanwhile, until God suffers me to join you, I beseech you to be mindful of that universal lot which sinful humanity has deservedly incurred, and to endure your calamity in a brave and collected spirit. Do not you cower before misfortune, who presented so steadfast a front to the insidious temptations of prosperity. Rally that manly fortitude to which you would incite any one you truly loved who might be stricken by a like misfortune, and call upon the name of the Lord. And may all good be with you."

Eginhard's answer is long and affecting. He appreciates his young friend's sympathy, and is far from resenting that clarion call to heroic endurance which he finds himself too old and too broken to obey.

"Eginhard to his Lupus, greeting.

"My overwhelming sorrow for the loss of her who was once my most faithful wife, and afterward for long my dearest sister and companion, has well-nigh killed in me all interest and care whether for my own affairs or those of my friends. . . . I have by me the writings of noble and learned men, teachers never to be despised, but worthy of all attention and obedience, — such as the glorious martyr Cyprian, and those most illustrious ex-

positors of the divine word Augustine and Jerome; and I have endeavored to take heart from their wise and bracing counsels, to rise up under the load of my sorrow, and earnestly to consider what I ought to feel concerning the departure of my most dear companion, having seen 'the end of her mortality rather than her life.'¹ I have tried even to force upon myself, by the exercise of reason, what is wont to come only after a long lapse of years; I mean the closing of the wound which my spirit received through the sudden calamity of that most grievous loss, — the beginning of cure by the remedy of spontaneous consolation. But the stab was too deep for such easy methods. . . . Perchance you may marvel at me, and say that grief of this kind was not meant to endure forever, as if it were in the mourner's power to set limits to that whose beginnings he could neither foresee nor control. . . . Nay, nay; my belief is, and your arguments will not shake it, that my anguish for the death of my best beloved will last until the appointed end of that space of time which God has allotted me in this sad and transitory world. . . . It cannot be, methinks, that I shall long survive, and yet I do not at all know how long. But this one thing is sure: 'a babe may die soon; an old man cannot last long.'"

It will be perceived that the learned abbot has again fallen — unconsciously, as it would seem — into quotation. This time it is the rather stinging reply of St. Jerome's friend Marcella to her importunate old suitor which he wrests to his own sorry comfort.

Lupus wrote Eginhard another long letter upon the same subject, but the reader will hardly need to be informed that he found nothing new to say. He also arranged to pay the sad old man a visit on his way back from Fulda to Ferrières, and apparently carried out his

¹ He is quoting Pliny's beautiful remark on the death of his old friend Virginius Rufus.

purpose early in 836. This was the year, also, of his first appearance at the Frankish court, for in 837 we find him writing to his brother Reginbert: —

“Last year, through the influence of friends, I was presented to the emperor, and also to the queen, by whom I was most graciously received; . . . and now, on the 22d of September, I am about starting for the palace, the queen herself having earnestly pressed me to come; so that many think some special honor will soon be conferred upon me.”

The royal pair with whom Lupus thus made acquaintance were Louis the Debonair, — more properly the Pious, — the son of Charlemagne, and his second wife, Judith, “whom,” says Eginhard, “he chose after an inspection of almost all the maidens of the realm who were of noble birth.” Louis must have been attracted, one would think, in this high-spirited and unscrupulous woman, by qualities the very reverse of his own. She schemed boldly and successfully, against tremendous odds, to secure the succession of her own son, Charles the Bald, to that portion of the vast empire of his grandfather which corresponds most nearly to the France of to-day; but she did not at this time fulfill the pleasant dreams of Lupus, who had some years yet to wait for his preferment.

He carried back with him, however, to the forest solitude of Ferrières a reputation for learning which caused him to be received with deep respect by Odo, the abbot, and he was immediately made rector of the convent school. He thought he discerned among the denizens of his old monastery a reviving interest in the things of the mind which bade fair to lighten his labors as an instructor, and there is a very interesting fragment extant of a sort of report which Lupus appears to have addressed some years later to the members of a synod convened in the diocese of Sens, in which he says that though he has had to deplore the untimely death of some of his brightest

pupils, yet others have come to take their places who are either full of early promise, or who, “being already proficient, desire still further to increase their attainments.”

There is also a curious letter of the time immediately succeeding Lupus's return to Ferrières addressed to one Immo, Bishop of Noyon, who was afterward murdered by the Norman pirates. Immo would seem to have cautioned Lupus against intellectual pride, and perhaps even hinted at the ungodly nature of some of his literary pursuits, for the latter replies with a suspicion of warmth:

“I do not quite understand why you should be so anxious to know what books I read or wrote in Germany, unless you wish to make an example of me by proposing a difficult dilemma, and so convicting me either of ostentation or of youthful rashness. I can only say quite simply that I passed my time there chiefly in reading, and in the preparation of certain small textbooks which might serve as aids to learning and *remedies for oblivion*; and it was by no means for love of the German tongue, as has been ridiculously suggested, that I underwent the burden of so severe a daily labor.

“However,” he adds with his wonted sweetness, “I thank you for reminding me, on divine authority, that I ought to be watchful and preserve my humility of mind.”

Singularly enough, we have the means of judging for ourselves how far Lupus was justified in this disrespectful mention of the nascent German tongue, for the date of the letter in question corresponds almost exactly with that of a very important philological monument, one which has often been taken as a point of departure for histories of the modern European dialects, — the famous oath of Strasburg.

Certain expressions in the beginning of the letter to Immo refer it conclusively to the autumn of 841. Now Louis

the Debonair had died the year before, and war was then raging between his son Lothaire and his grandson Pepin on the one side and his sons Louis the German and Charles the Bald on the other. Lothaire had already suffered a severe defeat at Fontenoy,¹ but during the campaign of 842 he had recovered sufficiently to press very hard the armies of Louis and Charles, who finally concentrated their forces on the borders of the Rhine near Strasburg, and swore, in the presence of their legions, a new oath of alliance for mutual defense. By way of making this covenant at once more binding on themselves and more intelligible to their hosts it was taken in the popular language of the two peoples. Louis the German, as he was called, swore in Romance, and Charles the Bald in the Alemannish of the period, and the rude, stammering, inchoate syllables were written down phonetically, together with their translation into monkish Latin. "*Pro Don amur, et pro Christiano populo*," began Louis, and "*In Godes minna ind um tes Christianes folches*," echoed Charles.

The Church in general inclined to the side of Charles and Louis, for the reason that Lothaire had sought heathenish alliances with Saxons and with Saracens; but none the less did Abbot Odo, who was obliged by the terms of the charter of Ferrières to lead his contingent of troops into the field, espouse the cause of Lothaire and Pepin, of whom the latter kept up the struggle in Aquitaine for several years longer. It was a time of great anxiety and suspense for Lupus, who was personally loyal to Charles the Bald, but who was left in charge of the cloister when Odo took the field for Lothaire, and who, as early as 841, had written several letters in the name of the latter, in one of which he says, "We fluctuate in a strait betwixt two, not knowing in the least who will make

good his claim to this most important region of ours."

It was Charles the Bald who did so, as we know, whereupon Odo was deposed without loss of time, and Lupus was made abbot in his stead. The office was theoretically elective, but Charles had no need to do more than suggest a candidate to the monks of Ferrières, for those were not days in which the royal advice on such a matter could safely be disregarded. Lupus accepted his promotion with equal docility, but did not hesitate, in the candor of his spirit, to place the responsibility for the change exactly where it belonged. Shortly after his elevation he wrote a letter to the Bishop of Orléans, deploring the destruction (probably by the Norman freebooters) of sundry farms and vineyards in that diocese, whose revenues were a perquisite of the abbey of Ferrières, and then proceeded as follows:—

"I know not what sort of lying report has reached you concerning our former abbot; but that you may give it no further credence allow me to offer your sanctity a veracious account of what did really happen. Our lord the king gave orders that he should be dismissed from the monastery, prefacing the command by certain remarks concerning Odo which it may be as well not to repeat. On my return to the monastery I communicated the tidings to the abbot as gently as possible; men were told off to escort him, and horses, clothes, and money supplied him for his journey. I myself, being under orders from our lord the king, had to quit the monastery on the last day of November, but I left instructions that he should be out of it before the 3d of December, on which day I expected to appear before our lord the king. This I did; and he, after according me a ceremonious reception, inquired what I had done with the aforesaid abbot. I, who supposed that the abbot had kept faith with me, replied that I had executed his [the king's]

¹ Not the Fontenoy of Maurice de Saxe's great victory, but Fontenoy near Auxerre.

orders concerning him. I then got leave to depart, but as I drew near the monastery, on the 12th of December, I learned that the oft-mentioned abbot was still there. Much disturbed at the discovery that I had been fibbing to our lord, I dispatched a messenger to the abbot by night, telling him squarely that he must be out before break of day; that it was unpardonable of him to be staying on in defiance of the king's command, and preventing me from coming in. He replied that he had always intended to leave the next day, and I, in order to afford no handle whatever for calumny, answered that I would not enter until he was out. So at last he departed from the community, I allowing him the same abundant provision as before, and some other things beside. I lost no time in laying the matter before my friends at court, and also, at the earliest opportunity, I confessed that inadvertent falsehood of mine to the king, and they all agreed in thinking that I had done perfectly right. Let those who have spread other stories see whether they have been justified in so doing. I have most assuredly had a single eye in the whole business, whence I trust that, under Providence, my whole body will be found full of light.

"And so farewell, and may all good attend you."

Lupus entered upon his new duties at the close of 842, devoting himself heart and soul to the welfare of the monastery both in temporal and spiritual things. We have already seen him taking measures to restore the hoary church, and looking after his humbler dependencies in the neighborhood of Orléans. But there was a far more precious and important appanage of Ferrières, which had been severed from the domain of the abbey during the brief period of Lothaire's ascendancy in central France, and given to one of his creatures. This was the so-called Cell of St. Judocus, now St.-Josse-sur-Mer, then a basilica

with a small cloister attached, in the diocese of Amiens. The holy Judocus was an Armorican prince who had renounced the world and his claims to the throne of his father, and built this fair church in the wilderness about two hundred years before Lupus's day. The monastery had been given by Charlemagne to the English Alcuin, at the time when the latter was abbot of Ferrières, to be used as a house of entertainment for pilgrims; chiefly, no doubt, for those who came from the British Isles. Some objections had been made at the time on the ground of the law against pluralities, but these were overruled, and Louis the Debonair confirmed the union of the two establishments. The Cell retained its humble name, but it was richly endowed and its lands were highly cultivated. The extraordinary beauty of the site and surroundings once inspired a monkish poet with so sweet a strain of elegiac verse that one hastens to cull it like some rare flower of the wilderness. It may be freely rendered thus:—

"Home of my heart, beloved Cell,
Farewell, dear dwelling, a last farewell!
Farewell to the shade of blossoming boughs,
The whispering forests that gird the house;
Healing simples and herbs of balm,
Culled by the leech in meadows calm;
Flower-sown borders of winding streams
Where the nets are spread and the fisher
dreams;
Fragrant fruits of the garden-close,
White of lily and red of rose!
Here, for aye, shall the birds upraise
A matin-song in their Maker's praise,
But the word of truth shall fall no more
From the lips of the master, gone before."

In that final division of territory among the descendants of Charles the Great which was effected by the treaty of Verdun this beautiful bit of ecclesiastical property was included in the portion of Charles the Bald, who presently bestowed it upon a layman named Odulf. But Lupus was resolved to have it back. He appreciated its loveliness, prized its associations, and needed its revenues; and he forthwith began to besiege the

monarch in a series of vivacious letters, some extracts from which may be found interesting.

He reminds his sovereign that "the most pious Emperor Louis, author of your nobility," at the request of "Judith Augusta, your mother of all-glorious memory," had confirmed by a charter the union of St. Josse and Ferrières, "to the end that the monks of this monastery might serve the Lord in easy circumstances and entertain pilgrims in the aforesaid Cell with godly hospitality, and comfortably pray to God for the health and security of them both [Louis and Judith]. This their deed of charity you at first most graciously approved, and even confirmed it by fresh enactments; but later you were induced by certain persons, who care not how they offend God so only they get rich, to make null and void this double benefaction. . . . The consequence is that the servants of God in this place, who do always pray for you, have failed now for three years to receive their accustomed allowance of clothing; and that which they are compelled to wear is worn to rags and very much patched. They subsist upon market vegetables, with *exceedingly rare consolation* of fish or cheese; and even the servants are not paid the wages which are justly their due: because all these things used to accrue to us from the aforesaid Cell, for whose present state of dilapidation and its neglect of strangers from beyond the sea may God not hold you responsible."

Again he writes:—

"Even while we held [our possessions intact] we had no harmful superfluity, nor were we tempted to dally in the lap of luxury; for the entire resources of the monastery barely sufficed to provide us with what our rule allows. Now, however, for a long time, we have had to put up with much less. We cannot keep warm, and we abstain when we would not; and the sick and children and the aged are uncared for."

"If you desire to know," he says bluntly in another letter, "what they [the brothers] really say about you, it is this: that it is most unfair for you to exercise them with cold and hunger while they are under bonds to pray without ceasing for your temporal and eternal welfare; and they do not think you will ever attain the felicity to which you aspire so long as you make not your peace with our little St. Peter [the patron of Ferrières]. And you need not fancy that they speak in jest; for our old men say that they had it from their fathers, when they were boys, and can confirm it by their own experience, that whoever inflicts any marked injury upon our house incurs thereby great peril of his own health and life, unless he do quickly repent."

After a half dozen years or so of unwearyed and undaunted importunity on the part of our abbot the king succumbed, and St. Josse was reunited to Ferrières. The precise date of the formal restitution is not known; but the first allusion to it in the correspondence of Lupus occurs in a letter to the Archbishop of York, written from the Cell itself, and praying for a renewal of the relations with England which had subsisted in the days of Alcuin. Lupus also takes advantage of the comparatively easy communication with England which he now enjoys to request of a certain abbot in the city of York the loan of sundry books which he wishes to have copied, namely, Bede on the Old and New Testament, the Disputations of St. Jerome, the books of Jerome on Jeremiah after the first six which he already possesses, and the twelve books of the Institutions of Quintilian. King Ethelred of England had married a daughter of Charles the Bald, and it was to him, therefore, that Lupus applied for the lead which was wanted for the new church roof at Ferrières. The request appears to have been readily granted; and accordingly rafts of

especial strength were built for the conveyance of the unwieldy metal up the rivers Seine and Cléry. Their construction was all the more necessary because Lupus had had the misfortune to lose ten of the convent horses, when making a tour of inspection among the monasteries of Burgundy in company with the Bishop of Troyes. Lupus had also his military service to perform, like Odo before him; and in June of 844, the detachment of troops with which his contingent was marching to the support of Charles the Bald under the walls of Toulouse having been cut off by a raid of Pepin's men, the abbot was taken prisoner. He says in one of his letters that he "lost everything;" but his captivity was at least a brief one, for we find him writing that "by the signal grace of God, and the intercession of his saints, and the intervention of one Count Turpio" (of Angoulême), he was back again in his cloister, "safe and sound, on the 5th of July."

Before the close of the same year we find him drawing up the twelve canons of the Council of Verneuil; and very curious some of them are, as, for example:—

No. 6. "A maiden who has been married by one man, and then seized and appropriated by another, must, according to the tenth statute of the Council of Ancyra, be restored to the man by whom she was first espoused, even though she have suffered violence. But it is recommended that the ravager be threatened with the penalties of the secular law, since criminals of this class make very light of ecclesiastical excommunication."

No. 7. "If any nuns, from what they falsely deem a religious motive, do either adopt male attire or shave the head, since we hold this to be a sin of ignorance rather than of perversity, it is ordained that they be [merely] admonished and whipped."

Lupus is almost always found at the

synods from this time on, and there is a letter of his, of the year 849, which shows pretty plainly what he himself thought of the relative cogency of his civil and ecclesiastical obligations:—

"Lupus to Pardulus, the bishop, his dearly and singularly beloved, greeting in the Lord.

"I did not attend the synod, because I was not summoned by our lord the king. I have taken care that his letter should be exactly copied, so that if by chance my name is mentioned you may be able to show that I was justified in remaining away. However, since you have been so good as to admit me to your friendship, I do beseech you that now and always, as God gives you opportunity, you will intercede in my behalf. You know very well that I was never instructed in the principles of attack and defense, nor how to fulfill any of the duties, whether of infantry or cavalry service; nor is it warriors only of whom our lord the king stands in need. I entreat you, therefore, to use your influence, and if possible also that of Hinemar,¹ to induce him [the king] to consider my [sacred] profession and assign me some duty less inconsistent with it: the rather since he really holds my [military] services very cheap. If you truly love me, you will manage this thing in such a way that I shall not only incur no odium, but may even get a little credit thereby."

Lupus probably refers, in this letter, to the preparations for the last expedition of Charles the Bald against Nomenoius, the rebellious king of Brittany. If so, our abbot was not wholly excused from service, as he desired, but he came safely home, after a brief campaign; while Nomenoius, who had declared his independence on the death of Louis the Debonair, maintained the same successfully until his sudden and rather mysterious death in 851. He had disposed in the most high-handed manner of the

¹ The famous Bishop of Rheims.

bishoprics within his province, altering the bounds of sees, pulling down one ecclesiastic and setting up another. His arbitrary arrangements, strange to say, subsisted almost unchanged until the time of the great revolution, but they were regarded as acts of heinous aggression in his own day; and it seems to have been for the purpose of protesting against some of these enormities that Lupus was sent on a mission to the head of Christendom at Rome some time in the later forties. This journey was a very great event; and how anxiously and assiduously the abbot made his preparations for departure will appear from the following naïve letter to his friend the saintly Marquard:—

“For purposes of prayer and the transaction of certain church business, which, God willing, I will explain more fully to your paternity on my return, I am about starting for Rome. And since I cannot succeed in these affairs without the apostolical [that is to say, the papal] good will, and I know well that this can be won only by means of gifts, I hie me to you, as to my father’s—nay, my mother’s—bosom; begging that you, who have never yet failed me in any time of need, will deign to assist me now. Be so good, therefore, as to forward me—if possible by the messengers whom I send—two cloaks of dark blue woolen cloth, and the same number of those linen ones which the Germans call *glizza*,¹ which I understand that he [the Pope] greatly admires. If you are unable to execute the whole of this commission, don’t fancy that I shall despise the half; for I have learned from my worldly books always to ask for more than I expect to get.

“Lest, however, you should imagine that I am at the end of my desires, I will add that, should you choose to facilitate my journey by the gift of a trot-

ting nag or any other beast of uncommon strength, I should consider it a great favor. Seriously, though, I shall not take it amiss if I get nothing, provided only you read this letter to our dear Egil,² and you and he keep to yourselves the good laugh I trust it will give you.”

Lupus also applied to an Italian bishop, bearing the exceedingly Gothic name of Regenfried, to have gold of the country ready for him when he should pass through the diocese of the latter, on his way to the south; and this is all we hear about the Roman journey at the time of its occurrence. But there is a letter addressed some ten years later by the abbot of Ferrières to his apostolic lord, Benedict III., in which he tells that pontiff that he had been most graciously received and entertained by his Holiness’s predecessor of blessed memory; whence we may perhaps conclude that the *glizza* did not prove wholly unacceptable to that fourth Leo, from whom the “Leonine City” took its name.

Lupus held one rather famous theological controversy with an heretical monk of Fulda named Gotteschalk, on the inexhaustible subjects of predestination and freewill; and he was thought to have acquitted himself more gloriously in this field than in the campaigns which he served under Charles, and quite to have demolished his adversary. But the book *De Tribus Quæstionibus*, in which his own arguments are properly marshaled, is dreary reading compared with the letters, to which we return for a few more indications concerning the course of our friend’s declining years.

The cloister of Ferrières enjoyed for a long while a marvelous immunity from the ravages of the Northmen, who devastated, at one time or another, nearly the whole of the surrounding country. But its inmates lived in a

¹ One editor has suggested that this odd word was the German form of *cilicina*, and that it was hair-shirts the good abbot wanted; but this

can hardly have been so, since we infer from other allusions that the *glizza* were very costly.

² Afterward Archbishop of Sens.

state of constant apprehension, as may be gathered from the following letter addressed to the abbot of Tours:—

“It could hardly have occurred to your amplitude to think of confiding your treasure to us [probably the relics of St. Martin and some of the richer offerings at his shrine] if you had understood the situation of our house. Had you done so, indeed, you could not have wished your valuables to remain here for ever so short a time, not to speak of any permanent custody. For though we may seem tolerably difficult of approach by the pirates (to whom, nevertheless, for our sins, no way is long and no ascent arduous), yet are our defenses very weak; and we have so few men capable of bearing arms that we positively invite the greed of those ruffians, who, finding us incapable of resistance, can lay hands on whatever they like, and, escaping to the cover of the woods, disperse in safety, and so baffle all pursuit.”

And here is an extract, one of many, illustrating the dangers of the road.

“Of course,” writes Lupus to his “best beloved” brother Reginbert, “we are eagerly anticipating the visit which your letters announce; but I do beseech you to use the greatest caution on your way hither. For really, under the present state of things in this realm of our lord King Charles, highway robbery is committed with perfect impunity; and cases of theft and violence are of everyday occurrence. See to it that you join a party large enough and strong enough either to preclude an attack by these miscreants, or, if need be, to repel it.”

At all hazards, however, Lupus will have his brother bring him some books. “The Catiline and Jugurtha of Sallust, if you please, and the Verrenian books [is this Cicero against Verres, or something of Verro’s?], and anything else which you may happen to know that we either do not possess at all or only in

an imperfect copy. We shall be deeply indebted to you for the means of correcting our corrupt texts; and still more so for those which we had hardly hoped to get on any terms, and never should have gotten but for you.”

The unquenchable zeal of Lupus for the enrichment, at all costs, of the convent library finds further expression in a letter written to a scholarly monk of Prüm named Alsbold:—

“The copy of Tully’s letters which you sent I have caused to be compared with ours, hoping that, from the two, the truth may be made out. Please deliver also to the bearer of this Tully’s translation of Aratus, that I may supply from it the things which our friend Egil believes to be wanting in the one I am about to acquire.”

There were, plainly, almost hopeless discrepancies in the two copies of Cicero’s letters here mentioned, but the allusion is curious for the reason that the correspondence disappeared entirely during the next five hundred years, and was only rediscovered by Petrarch at Verona in the fourteenth century.

Lupus also writes to Marquard to get a copy made for him of Suetonius Tranquillus’ *Lives of the Cæsars*. “And either bring it to me yourself, which would be best of all, or, if by my sins I have forfeited so great a boon, see that it is dispatched by a perfectly safe messenger, for the book is not to be had in these parts.”

Beside the classical authors already named, we find mentioned or quoted in the works of Lupus, Livy, Martial, Virgil, Horace, Catullus, Cæsar, Priscian, Macrobius, Josephus, Boethius, and many more. He was considered an authority on Latin grammar, and cited as such. His thirty-fourth epistle, which is addressed to an otherwise unknown monk, treats extensively of the quantity of increments in the third declension, and contains beside a rather subtle discussion, illustrated by many quotations, of

the difference in meaning between *ulcisor* and *vindico*.

The rich bindings of the books of that day rendered them tempting prizes to the highwayman; and on one occasion, after writing to Bishop Hinemar that he had given the bearer ten pine cones (probably for seed), which were all the man could conveniently carry, Lupus adds that he dared not send Bede's Extracts from Augustine's Commentary on St. Paul, "because the book is too large either to be concealed in the bosom or safely shut up in a wallet; and even so, the extraordinary beauty of the codex might have kindled the rapacity of the wicked, and so the volume would have been lost both to you and me." This is probably the very copy of Bede which Lupus had had made at St. Josse from the York original, and its *perfecta pulchritudo* may have been due both to the clearness of the text and the splendor of its integument. We know from the letters that not only gold and silver smiths, but gem-cutters, were among the craftsmen employed in Lupus's community; and we even hear of a painter who had vowed "to the blessed martyrs" certain pictures for the church at Seligenstadt, where a new abbot now reigned in the place of Eginhard, released from his troubles in 844.

The latest letter of Lupus which we possess appears to have been written about the year 862; certainly not earlier. It is addressed to the Bishop of Troyes, and abounds in the most affect-

ing expressions of gratitude for hospitality lately extended him by that prelate on the occasion of a specially formidable expedition of the Norse pirates up the river Seine, before which the defenseless denizens of Ferrières had been fain to fly:—

"When I lay smitten by heavy sickness you came to see me, and you found us in a state of extreme alarm. Making haste to remove all painful sense of obligation, you anticipated my prayer by offering me the farm of Aquense [now Aix-en-Othe] the most important in your diocese, where I might safely hide me from the iniquity of the time, nor be wholly deprived of the means of exercising my sacred profession." He hopes that the bishop will allow him to seek the same refuge again should further need arise. "For you know," he says, "that though this house of ours is called Bethlehem, that is to say the *house of bread* [!], our supplies of the same would soon fail were it not for your charity and that of other well-disposed friends. Be mindful, therefore, of the sure promise. You would not lack interest on the debt were you to feed us your clients gratis for a half month. And do not think me frivolous or froward, but remember that I am an adept in rhetoric, which teaches us to ask for more than we expect to receive."

With this rather sorry application of a jest of happier days our untimely humanist fades away into the dusk of the evil days impending.

Harriet Waters Preston.

Louise Dodge.

THE UNREPORTED INCIDENT.

MADAME OLGA DE BARONOWSKY, who was as tall and stout as little Miss Lane was short and thin, came into the latter's room bringing some closely written pages. "I am going to impose upon

you once more," she said, "and to-day my story is about your opposite neighbor. You don't very much mind reading it, do you? It is not long."

"Oh, no, indeed," answered Miss

Lane. "I shall just have time before dinner."

Across the canal separating the buildings of this Venetian byway arose a brown-tiled roof with a belfry, whose restless bell was forever calling the dwellers below to some daily duty of work or prayer. The dwellers were poor old Italian ladies, gathered out of the storms of life into the sheltering refuge. In the room directly opposite Miss Lane could see the crimson light of a swinging lamp burning before a Madonna on the wall, and below it a shelf decorated with paper roses.

There were likewise a swinging lamp, a Madonna on the wall, a shelf holding its row of paper roses, and a brown-tiled roof possessing a belfry and a restless bell in the story which Miss Lane sat reading. As she turned the last page, she put the manuscript down and went to the window.

The sky was changing from blue to tender lilac and rose, and the opposite neighbor stood leaning out, her hands folded, and both elbows resting on the paintless sill.

"Good-evening, you poor old Italian thing!" exclaimed Miss Lane cordially. "I hope your lot has not been quite as uncomfortable as Madame de Baronowsky's pen has chosen to make it! How are you feeling to-night, you poor old Italian thing?"

The opposite neighbor smiled and nodded in answer to the greeting, whose friendliness alone she understood. Then the bell, which had stopped to take breath, resumed its activity, and the two women turned away to their respective evening meals.

In the hall below, a middle-aged man, with gray in his hair, was intently reading the names in the strangers' book. Miss Lane saw this man on the following afternoon standing in a corner of St. Mark's, and still later she saw him again at the evening concert on the Piazza. He was sitting by one of the

little tables, an untouched ice before him and an unread paper in his hand. As she watched him, he arose suddenly and vanished in the crowd.

Meanwhile, Madame de Baronowsky, who had accompanied Miss Lane to the concert, was busily writing in a little red book.

"I am taking notes on that gentleman," she explained. "My last heroine has mysteriously disappeared, and I need a father for her. Did you notice how nothing escaped his keen eyes, how he studied every face? I have written: 'A young girl went by, resting on the arm of an Italian officer. Blank arose hurriedly, overtook and passed them; then, retracing his steps, he came slowly back. He could see her face now; it was young and fair, but it was not the face he sought, and with the weary air of a man to whom days, weeks, months, and years had brought only bitter disappointment he sank into his seat. The musicians were playing a mad galop. To Blank the strains seemed breathlessly repeating, Lost, lost, lost, even to eternity!'"

"I saw your unhappy 'father' at St. Mark's this afternoon," observed Miss Lane.

"I have been seeing him all day," said Madame de Baronowsky. "I have met him in no less than seven different places, and always wearing the expression of a person seeking for some one. How did he impress you?"

"I noticed that he was neither a worshiper nor a sight-seer; he did not kneel with the others, nor did he appear interested in the mosaics of the floor and ceiling, and he shook his head when the old sacristan proposed to show him the treasures. He was at our house last evening, looking over the names in the strangers' book. In a vague way I think I received the impression that he had brought a message to some one, and could know nothing of rest or peace until he had delivered it."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Madame de Baronowsky. "You are simply invaluable!"

"The man may be himself in search of ideas," suggested Miss Lane. "Ideas are not always easy to find; at least I judge so, from various things you have told me. It is even possible that he too is writing a novel, in which you are to figure as a heart-broken mother in search of her long-lost son."

"It is a thousand pities that I am obliged to go away to-morrow," said Madame de Baronowsky. "I should not think of going, were I not engaged for that lecture in Vienna; but I am announced, and unfortunately I am not important enough to be able to break my engagements. I want you to promise to keep your eyes open; to be sure and tell me if you see anything developing, — tell me if he meets friends here, if he buys flowers, if he spends much time before certain pictures. I am convinced you will see him doing something unusual. You might follow him into the shops."

A young girl occupied Madame de Baronowsky's place the next evening, at dinner.

Miss Lane had a curious feeling come over her as she looked across the table. Four years before, in a German city, she had sat facing this same young girl during a week of dinners and suppers. Beyond the exchange of daily greetings the two had never spoken.

At that time, Miss Lane, being in a quiet way also a woman of literary pursuits, wrote anonymously a little novel which people liked then, and still like. She had adopted this fair-haired girl as her heroine, and made her happy and unhappy through twelve chapters of changing fortunes. Madame de Baronowsky had mentioned this book to her companion, asking if she had read it, if she thought it clever, and if it were suitable for translation. To these questions

Miss Lane had answered, that she knew the book, that she loved the heroine, but concerning the merits of the production she did not feel capable of giving an opinion.

Presently the girl spoke, in the gentle voice with which she had also been accustomed to speak in the little novel.

"You do not remember me, I am sure. We sat at the same table for a week in Dresden. It was such a happy week, and I always think of you as a part of it."

"Certainly I remember you," returned Miss Lane, rather consciously. "You used to wear a heliotrope-colored gown."

"Oh, do you remember that too? I was very much attached to that gown."

"And so was I. I wish you would let me call you 'Miss Heliotrope,' for the sake of its memory."

The girl came around the table and held out her hand.

"I am being introduced to you," she said, "but would you be so kind as to act as if you had already known me a long time? I am alone here. I expected to meet my aunt, but instead I found a letter saying that she was detained in Munich by the illness of a friend. I fear she may not be able to come for several days."

Miss Lane replied that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to consider this acquaintance one of a lifetime, and she proposed that they should immediately go out together.

"I will take you by the narrow streets to the Piazza. It is very amusing to walk in Venice."

"Yes," said the girl, "and it would be very pleasant to go. I know the attractions of a Venetian street, but I have promised myself to do a little work before my aunt comes; it is so seldom that one is sure of a few uninterrupted days. I want to paint an old Venetian well with a girl drawing water."

Miss Lane approved of the plan, and said if one had any especial work to do

it was best to grasp the opportunity when one had no friends about.

A well was found, a regular museum well, with a wreath of stone roses around it, and on one side the figure of an angel. A suitable model also wandered into the garden.

"Suitable all but her dress, which has not enough color," commented Miss Heliotrope, as she led Miss Lane into a mouldy court; "but I have hired a very desirable petticoat: it is dull blue with a band of faded gold embroidery."

The court contained a tree and the well beneath it, a stone bench against the wall, an accumulation of rubbish, and air, several centuries old.

Miss Heliotrope worked industriously, and saw even less of the outside world than the old Italian ladies over the way.

It seemed to Miss Lane that the girl was growing pale, and with this thought in her mind she knocked one day at Miss Heliotrope's door.

"I came to invite you to a cup of tea. You have not yet been in my room. I want to show you the view, and my old neighbor at her window. There are hundreds of things I should like to show you; it makes me quite unhappy to see you so indifferent."

The girl smiled a little, and said Miss Lane reminded her of an old French lady who had been her traveling companion.

"She was from Brittany, she told me. All her life she had longed to see Venice. As the train drew nearer, her eyes overflowed with tears, and she kept repeating in a grieved voice, 'Mademoiselle n'est pas émue!' To her it was an inconceivable condition that one could approach Venice unmoved."

"Dear old thing," said the other; "I can quite appreciate her feelings."

Miss Heliotrope was lying upon the sofa. She had a headache; she thought she had been painting too steadily.

"All the more reason for the tea," insisted her visitor. "But don't move. I will bring it to you."

The girl protested. "Please stay and talk with me instead, — that will do me more good than anything; or, if you do not feel like talking, look at my books and sketches. It makes me feel better to have you in the room."

Miss Lane sat down before the table, idly opening the books, one after another.

Outside, on the lagoon, boats with sails were passing and repassing: sails that were brown, dull red, and orange; sails from Chioggia, covered with strange symbols. The girl could see them from her sofa.

"I always did feel interested in the power of that little geranium leaf," said the woman at the table; "it seems that some one else has shared my feelings, for the passage is marked and underlined."

"What little geranium leaf?" A sudden color came into the young face, then left it very pale.

"The one that was placed in the hand of the beautiful Evelyn Hope; don't you remember?"

"So, hush — I will give you this leaf to keep: See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand! There, that is our secret: go to sleep!"

You will wake, and remember, and understand."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Heliotrope; and after a little she added, "If you believe that, you have a very pleasant belief."

The sail that was passing now was golden-brown in color, and its symbol was that of a cross.

"Speaking of understanding," she continued, "would you understand what I meant, or rather what a person meant who told you she had died, and could never live again?"

"Yes," said Miss Lane, "I should understand."

The other raised her head, and looked away from the sail to the woman who, without question or comment, had made this simple answer.

"What else do you believe?"

"I believe that the dead shall live again."

"I do not mean that kind of dead; I mean a kind that can never live again."

"Why not?" asked Miss Lane gently. She had closed the book, and stood by the window watching the sail with the cross upon it, until the boat drifted out of sight.

"I don't know. Perhaps because the dead I mean is so verily dead that it could not hear the message of life, even were it spoken. It is a fearful thing to be dead in the way I mean. The other way must be very sweet, — asleep with the little geranium leaf safe in one's hand. It would be good to be dead in that way."

"I did not come entirely to invite you to drink tea with me," said the older woman, breaking the silence that followed these words. "I came to say that I think it very wrong for you to spend so much time in your room and down in that musty old court. When I am out in the evening, the thought of you at home alone often spoils my enjoyment."

"You are very kind, you are always kind; but at home alone, as you call it, has also its charms. There is so much to see from my window that I sometimes sit there until midnight."

"Yes, but you lose the drifting, and the snatches of music on the water, and the sound of your gondolier's voice. Pietro and I have very interesting conversations. Last night he said, 'Shall I tell the signorina the story of Venice?' and thereupon he repeated the names and the number of all the bridges, canals, and churches; not much of a story, to be sure, but told in his manner it had quite the sound of a little poem. I had an adventure, too, last evening. Are you listening?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"There is an interesting stranger in Venice, — a man who can know no joy nor peace until he has delivered a mes-

sage; at least that is what I think. Madame de Baronowsky thinks he is a distracted father in search of a lost daughter. You should hear an impromptu description she has written regarding his feelings. It contains sentences like this: 'Lost, lost, lost, even to eternity!' Last night his gondola followed mine. I had a lace shawl wrapped about me, and from a distance one had no way of telling that I was not young and beautiful. Pietro's opinion differs from Madame de Baronowsky's and mine. He thinks the man is an artist in search of a subject. Pietro has had great experience with artists. He says they are all alike in a certain way, — they never quite know what they want. They think they do, but when he has brought them to the spot they always wish to go somewhere else, and after he has shown them all the picturesqueness of the place they are quite sure to settle down before a couple of old posts. It seems he has taken this man to every corner of Venice, and to-night he is to take him to the station. According to Pietro, he is going away without having settled upon anything."

"He might have liked the well with the roses and the angel," said the girl. "I suppose it did not occur to him to look out of back windows. Who is this Madame de Baronowsky? Have I seen her?"

"Madame de Baronowsky is an acquaintance of mine. She left the day that you came. She gives lectures and writes stories. I have been reading the stories in manuscript all summer. She is writing a novel now, and in it she introduces the man as one of the characters. She happened to meet him in seven different places on the same day, which was quite enough to excite her imagination. I promised to keep her informed regarding his movements. I have already given her a number of hints; she pretends that my impressions are very valuable."

"Why not tell her about me?" suggested Miss Heliotrope. "Let the stranger wander into a shady courtyard, where he finds his long-lost daughter painting a well."

"Never!" exclaimed Miss Lane, with a sudden warmth in her voice; "you are mine. I do not intend to give you to any foreign woman."

"Not if the man were thus to lose his daughter, even to eternity? I believe that was what you said, 'Lost, lost, lost, even to eternity'?"

"Not under any circumstances."

Miss Heliotrope arose and came to the window.

"If I am yours," she said, "take me and keep me; do what you like with me, — just what you like: give me the tea, show me the view from your window, tell me about your opposite neighbor, and to-morrow we must undertake something together. Shall we not go to the Academy and see the pictures?"

The woman took the girl's hands in her own; they were very cold little hands. "I am so fond of you," she said. "I appropriated you without permission four years ago, and I have been growing fonder of you ever since."

Miss Lane and Miss Heliotrope went to the Academy; and being familiar with the paintings from earlier visits, it happened quite naturally that the two should enter the building only to separate, since each had come to renew acquaintance with old friends. Miss Lane was therefore alone when she reached the room where St. Ursula's story is outspread upon the wall. Before the scene of the martyrdom sat an English lady, overpowered by the drowsiness so easily encouraged by the heat of an Italian summer.

Miss Lane felt her own eyes closing, as she looked from the unconscious visitor to the maiden saint placidly dreaming in the stiffly unruffled bed, and with the fear of adding to the number of sleeping ladies she walked on until she

came to the room in which Titian's Mother Mary rises upward into light. At the head of the short stairway leading to this room Miss Lane stopped suddenly. Below sat Miss Heliotrope, also sleeping, her head turned towards Titian's great picture. A shadow rested on the girl's face, — a shadow that, unlike the heliotrope gown and the gentle voice, had not helped to furnish the details of the little novel. There had been no shadow in the Dresden week.

Some one had gone down the steps as Miss Lane was crossing the inner room, and now stood on one side, so that the woman had not at first observed him. When she did she saw that he was Madame de Baronowsky's hero, and she knew that the man, the girl, and the shadow belonged to one another.

A strange dread came into her heart lest the girl's eyes should open; she remembered what had been said about being so verily dead that one could not hear the message of life even were it spoken. It would be better to sleep on than to awake unable to understand.

She walked slowly back to the pictured St. Ursula, and began with her a mute, one-sided conversation.

"You evidently had a very hard time, my dear, especially towards the end; it is not pleasant to be martyred, conventionally or non-conventionally; but it is a satisfaction to see you here in glory, and one must acknowledge that all is well that ends well. I suppose you wished a good many times you were able to straighten out your affairs. I wish I could straighten out those of my heroine; it was easy enough on paper, when I had a clue to the situation, and knew in what relationship the heroine stood to the hero, which is more than I know to-day."

The English lady was still sleeping when Miss Heliotrope finally appeared in the room.

"I believe I have been asleep myself," she said.

"Yes," answered Miss Lane. "You made a very sweet picture, with all the saints and angels watching over you, and Carpaccio's quaint musicians softly playing on their instruments."

"I am so ashamed; why did you not waken me? Do you think many people went through the room?"

"Sleeping in Venice on a hot day is not such an unusual event as to attract attention; there really was no reason why you should not have your nap out."

The girl did not ask any more questions, but said it was near lunch time and they would better be going.

Outside the door was an old woman with a basket of flowers. Miss Lane bought some pinks, and continued on to the water-steps.

Miss Heliotrope lingered behind a little, bending over the fragrant wares and speaking with the woman.

"It is so good to see flowers in Venice," she said, rejoining her companion; "one grows hungry for them."

She spoke but once more on the way home, and that was to inquire if Miss Lane had seen anything since the night before which she thought worth writing to the Russian lady, and Miss Lane replied briefly that she did not intend to write again.

When the gondola touched the landing the two went directly to their rooms. The restless bell had already begun to ring for the noonday meal.

Miss Lane stood for a time at the window, arranging her pinks.

"You poor old Italian things," she said over and over, as if addressing the invisible dwellers over the way, of whom, however, she was not at that moment thinking, but rather of the mistakes and miseries and misunderstandings of the world in general, — "you poor, poor old Italian things!" Then she went with her flowers to Miss Heliotrope's door. No one answered the knock.

"The signorina has gone out with a letter," said one of the maids, who was busy in the hall. "I offered to carry it, but the signorina only shook her head."

Miss Lane entered the room. On the table a book lay open at the poem with the underlined passage, and over the latter a geranium leaf had been hastily fastened, — a leaf that was still fresh and fragrant, although a little crumpled.

Miss Lane rapidly combined possibilities. She remembered that the girl's hand hung ungloved and closed at her side when she came into the room where the English lady was sleeping, and that she had held it ungloved and closed all the way home.

Then the woman said aloud, as if to contradict some unwelcome suggestion of her conscience, "No, I shall not write again to Madame de Baronowsky, not even if her unhappy father has to go on searching for his imaginary daughter through all eternity."

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

THE TRANSITION IN NEW ENGLAND THEOLOGY.

THE religious situation in New England at the death of Jonathan Edwards was marked by a painful tension of thought and feeling which portended some ultimate disruption and catastrophe. The sublimated mysticism of Edwards had proved unsatisfactory or un-

attainable. The Great Awakening, like a consuming fire, had burned over, as it were, the field of the religious sensibilities, while its residue was a superficial religious dialectic, occupied with endless discussions on the issues raised by Edwards's theology. The years that

elapsed between his death in 1758 and the close of the century were marked by spiritual desolation and inactivity among the churches.

It had been Edwards's method, in his long controversy with the Arminians, to assert the doctrines of Calvinism in their most extreme form, trusting that when thus presented their logical consistency would be a strong appeal to the human reason. Others who had preceded him in this once famous controversy, notably Richard Baxter, whom in his more striking qualities Edwards greatly resembled, had seen the necessity for compromise or modification. But Edwards refused to make concessions. Like Augustine when dealing with the Pelagians, he first ascertained the exact opposite of the Arminian position, and then enforced it with an unwonted vigor, it almost seemed a relentless hatred. This doctrinaire tendency in Edwards and his followers may be regarded as a survival of the political motive which had forced the Puritans into antagonism to the English nationality; as if, when England had overthrown their theocratic state, they were determined she should not capture the inner stronghold of their religion.

But Edwards was right in his main contention, — that Arminianism was the solvent of the Calvinistic theology, and must be resisted to the bitter end if Calvinism were to retain its ascendancy. The doctrine of decrees, or election and reprobation, the doctrine of original sin, — these became empty formulas if the Arminian principle were true, that the human will, unaffected in its vital character by the fall, free from the dominating control of the divine will, had the power of initiating action, of choosing between good and evil. Arminianism likewise endangered the corner stone of original Calvinism, the principle of the divine sovereignty. It is hard to say now exactly what this doctrine meant, for we have lost in great measure the clue to the religious experience out of

which it grew. But it meant this much, at least, — that God elects this one or that one to salvation, without condescending to give reason for his action. Such good reason there might be, some affirmed that there was. But the Calvinist was not only content that God should give no reason; he preferred that none should be given. He not only made no effort to penetrate the mystery; he wished it to remain a mystery still, this sovereign action of the Deity, who will not demean himself before man by rendering account or seeking to justify his procedure. With this doctrine Arminianism waged incessant warfare, resolved that in a matter so vital as human salvation the divine mind was accountable to the human, that the reason of God's action must be known.

But Arminianism is interesting to us for other reasons. It was the reappearance, purified and under a religious guise, of the old humanism which had been ruthlessly stamped out wherever in the sixteenth century the Calvinistic faith had prevailed. Other types of reform there had been. Luther had refused to accept humanism as an ally, although he had not sought its destruction, while his own experience was in a great degree the result of its influence. Zwingli was a humanist, who never disowned its alliance, whose life and theology had been moulded by its spirit. In the Church of England, also, humanism in its purer form had been domiciled since the fifteenth century; its support had been welcomed in the person and teaching of Erasmus, and Cranmer had felt its influence. The great outburst of humanism at the close of the sixteenth century was identified with the interests of the church no less than with those of the state, and Shakespeare, its greatest representative, had found his grave before the altar of the church at Stratford. Calvinism alone had rejected humanism as incompatible with the will and glory of God.

To tell the story of this conflict in the New England churches is to recite a chapter without a precedent in religious history ; a story, too, not without a touch of tragedy, whose bitter impression still lingers in the consciousness of the New England people. Elsewhere, as in Scotland or England, in Holland or even in Geneva, the spirit of Calvinism was moderated and softened. In New England alone was the attempt made to render it consistent by carrying it out to its logical conclusion, with the result that it reached an appalling severity, and was characterized by a seeming inhumanity which has no parallel in history. By his towering genius and the force of his high character Jonathan Edwards succeeded in rallying the dispirited adherents of the traditional faith and inspiring them with the conviction of success. He reasserted divine sovereignty and original sin with a deeper emphasis ; he seemed to have ground to powder the Arminian doctrine of the freedom of the will ; he offered a theory of virtue as lofty as it was impracticable, which threatened to annihilate the human affections : and he did it all with an air of such supreme mastery of the situation that no one was found, in his own or a later generation, who could compete with him on equal terms. But it is by no means a safe thing to silence one's opponents without convincing them, for now many were driven to adopt what is called in philosophy the "double standard : " they were forced to admit that reason could prove things to be true which the heart rejected as false. In this situation, so critical, so dangerous to the interests of true religion, questions also began to be asked to which Edwards's writings afforded no answer. Over these questions the people were brooding, some in serious mood, others using them as puzzles with which to embarrass their teachers, when Dr. Samuel Hopkins arose to do his peculiar work, to meet these inquiries in the spirit of Edwards's teaching,

and thus develop what was called the Edwardian theology.

Hopkins had been Edwards's pupil, and in later years was admitted to his intimate friendship. Having graduated at Yale College in 1741, at the age of twenty, he had gone in the following year to reside in Edwards's house at Northampton, in order, as the custom then was, to his preparation for the ministry. Edwards was a reserved and silent man, not given to forming intimate relationships, but he must have been flattered by the devotion of his pupil. This association with Edwards constitutes the romance of Hopkins's life. His first parish was at Great Barrington, in Berkshire, and after he had lived there in isolation for several years, Edwards, who had been expelled from Northampton, came to reside in the neighboring town of Stockbridge. Here the two friends — there was a difference of some eighteen years in their ages — labored together in the interest of a reformation of the New England theology. These years at Stockbridge were the most fertile period in Edwards's literary career. To Hopkins he submitted his writings for examination and criticism. After Edwards's death, Hopkins studied his manuscripts, edited some of his works, and finally wrote his memoir. No one can read Hopkins's writings without perceiving how saturated he had become with Edwards's thought. Whether he is the truest interpreter of Edwards may be doubted, however, for his mind was cast in a different mould. Nor does it appear that Edwards admitted him, after all, to complete intellectual intimacy ; for Hopkins is silent as the grave about Edwards's more recondite philosophical or theological speculations. Indeed, the two men were so unlike that it may have been the contrast of temperament which lay at the basis of their friendship. For Edwards lived chiefly in another world, and Hopkins was more concerned with the world that now is.

Unlike Edwards, Hopkins was no mystic by nature; he had not the poetic, transcendental Edwards's spirit; where Edwards soared he crawled safely on the ground. His writings are heavy and prosaic; when he attempts flights of imagination, they have a bizarre quality which borders on the ludicrous. His admiration and love for his teacher, which amounted to hero-worship, may have interfered with his complete mental freedom. For Hopkins would have been better suited with the rising Scotch philosophy, whose basis was in a rugged common sense; he had no genuine taste for Berkeleyan idealism, in which Edwards was so easily at home, and from which his theology cannot be separated. The attempt of Hopkins to translate a system so refined, so attenuated, so ultra-spiritual, into the common language of life could not be accomplished without affecting its inner quality. That type of the New England theology which is known as Hopkinsianism may be regarded as Hopkins's personal equation manifested under peculiar circumstances. However this may be, it required great natural independence of character and vigor of mind if Hopkins were to emerge from the shadow of his teacher. It was just these qualities which he possessed, and that in no ordinary degree. And furthermore, he had been taught by Edwards that theology was a progressive science; that if great improvements had already been made, still greater discoveries remained to be achieved. This principle Hopkins adopted and carried out to the letter. The presumptions of the age, also, were in favor of change and innovation.

But changes in theology cannot be safely made to order. They must express the deepest moods of the soul; they must be rooted in great popular demands, long nourished in secret, the utterances of a people's heart. It is here that we strike a grave defect of the so-called "New England theology." It

had too much of a speculative character, as if in the separation of the church from the state hostages need no longer be given to secular affairs, as if the ties had been broken which bind the church to the interests of the life of men in this world. These relations still existed in other countries where Calvinism was allied to the state as the established church. They began to lose their force in New England after the theocracy was overthrown. New England Calvinism set free from prescriptive authority was like a star detached from its orbit which went sounding on its dim and perilous way. Those old divines who spent sixteen hours of every day in their studies, meditating on the problems which Edwards had raised, wearing a place for their feet in the floor beneath their tables, were interesting to themselves, no doubt, and invented ingenious devices. But it was a different thing when they emerged from their seclusion to give the people a taste of their labors. We may praise them for not holding the vicious notion of an exoteric religion for their people and an esoteric religion for themselves. But the result was bad in accustoming their congregations to fruitless logomachies and endless discussions about things in heaven and earth which had no connection with the religious life. Devout souls were entangled in speculations which hurt the simplicity of faith, or fell into difficulties from which there was no release.

It would be a mistake, however, to condemn the whole movement in which these men were engaged as unworthy of our respect or attention. What was an injury to some may have been of benefit to others. They sought to enforce the habit of personal responsible thought on religious issues, which saves men from unthinking acquiescence in tradition or from reliance on priestly authority; they assumed that there was such a thing as right thinking in theology no less than in philosophy. If they failed to accom-

plish the purpose at which they aimed, it was not wholly their own fault. The confusion into which they fell, and into which they dragged their hearers, grew out of the attempt to accomplish what was impossible, — to make Calvinism a consistent intellectual system impregnable to assault from the reason. They undertook to do this at a time when the world was moving in an opposite direction. They were unconsciously subject to the very influences which they professed to oppose. Hence it puzzles us to find them breaking down the system which they aimed to defend. We do not know whether to speak of their theology as progressive or as retrogressive. Dr. Hopkins undoubtedly made “improvements,” as he called them, but there was a certain incongruous quality attaching to his work which sometimes caused it to look two-faced, as if at the same time a reformation and a deformation.

Dr. Hopkins, for example, differed from Edwards in rejecting the dualism in the divine nature between justice and love. From the time of Calvin onward it had been held that love redeems the elect, while justice punishes the reprobates. No greater step could have been taken than to maintain, as Hopkins did, that the essence of Deity was love which extended to universal being. But when it was attempted to incorporate this truth with the tenets of Calvinism, when it appeared that the divine love to universal being was sending to eternal perdition the great majority of those then living, the situation was even worse than before. One could possibly endure that justice should bear the brunt of so awful a necessity, but that the essence of divine love should require it seemed like a caricature and mockery. It was impossible to combine the new statement with the inhumanity of the old system without leading to a result incongruous beyond description. It is evident, however, that Hopkins felt from a distance

the coming humanitarianism which was to change the face of human thought. He reveals again this gentler mood in declaring that by far the great majority of men will be saved; that those who are lost will be but an insignificant fraction of the whole. This humane conclusion was reached by a peculiar process which had no humanity in it. He was looking forward to a millennium, when the present order would be reversed, and this would more than make up for the ages, including his own, in which the majority of each passing generation had been lost. In this Edwards might have agreed with him, for he too made much of the coming of the millennial age; but still there is this difference between the two men, — that if Edwards thought these things he never said them, and Hopkins did.

Again Hopkins differed from Edwards, and still further disclosed the human impulses of his own theology in uttering the conviction that all infants would be saved. He was obliged to depend for the support of this belief, not on Scripture, but on reason, for he found no explicit declaration on this point in the Bible; but it was one of the peculiarities of Hopkins and his school that they regarded inferences from Scripture as having the same high sanction as its express statements. But a doctrine like this, whose basis was in reality a deeper sense of humanity, could not be grafted upon Calvinism without proving a source of profound disturbance to the whole system. It gave rise to inveterate questionings as to the exact time when moral agency in children could be said to begin, when by their own act they repeated the experience of the fall. These inquiries led to restatements and modifications of the doctrine of original sin. They were vehemently agitated in the generation that followed Hopkins, becoming the rock of offense on which his disciples split into hostile schools. Hopkins himself took no part in these dis-

cussions. We turn to the questionings of his own age to which he attempted the answer.

The first of these related to the mystery of the existence of evil. Under ordinary circumstances this ancient inquiry has not rested heavily on the religious consciousness. It has been for the most part regarded as a remote speculative issue, which was out of place in the pulpit; relegated, when discussed at all, to the philosopher's chair. But the school of consistent Calvinists forced the question upon the popular conscience, and also laid upon themselves the responsibility of an answer by their method of dealing with human sinfulness. They used the expression, without fear or hesitation, that God was the author of evil. They affirmed that he not only decreed its existence in a general way, but had actively interested himself in so ordering the divine government that the first man should inevitably sin, and should involve the whole human race along with himself in universal and endless ruin. They not only portrayed in the darkest colors the universality of human sinfulness, but they exaggerated the effects of its action, as if it had so corroded the spiritual capacity that man was distinguished from the brute creation only by his superior intellectual endowment. It is a remark of Coleridge that "to talk of a man being utterly lost to good is absurd, for then he would be a devil at once." But to Edwards's mind it had conveyed no absurdity to speak of men — nay, even to address them — as veritable demons, as possessing even in infancy a demoniac nature. Whatever a demon could be imagined as doing or desiring Edwards had attributed to human nature as the crowning evidence of its utter corruption, its destitution of all good. If to this conception of humanity we add that the redemptive forces in human life were represented as so weak that out of the great mass of humanity there are but few who are

snatched from the impending misery, we have the peculiar and extraordinary circumstances under which Hopkins discussed the question why sin had been permitted. Had Edwards vouchsafed an answer, he would perhaps have taken refuge in the divine sovereignty which does not condescend to justify the ways of God to men. He was not afraid, in carrying his burdens to that last resort, of weakening his own reverential love for the mystery that upholds and governs the universe. Here again the humaner instincts of Dr. Hopkins may be detected, which, while they do not lead him to deny the premises of his teacher, yet force him, as it were, into an apology for the situation, as if he would like to show that it was not so bad as it seemed. He now appeared as teaching that sin is an occasion of great good to the universe. He did not really show how it was so; he reasoned that it must be so. He had indeed a suspicion that such a statement coming from the pulpit might be misunderstood. The title of his sermons on the subject contains a qualification: Sin, through Divine Interposition, an Advantage to the Universe, and this no Excuse for Sin or Encouragement to it. But there are some positions which it is difficult to qualify except in mere verbal fashion, and this was one. There is such a thing as good form in theology, and this was very bad form. It is not denied that there may be truth in Hopkins's statement. It is a commonplace of the religious heart that God overrules the evil that men do, and makes it subserve a righteous end; but it was improper in the last degree that the Christian pulpit should be devoted to showing that sin was an occasion of great good, for so Dr. Hopkins's sermons were understood. His treatise on the subject roused against him the hostility of moderate Calvinists and Arminians, as if he had been violating the sanctities of the religious sense. Some, when they read the title,

closed the book and would read no further. A certain wag of the time speaks of himself as having tried to act on Hopkins's principles, yet "could not quite overcome his scruples, and had a suspicion that all the theologians could say to beget in him a good opinion of sin was a mere device of the father of lies."

After Jonathan Edwards had maintained, in his *Freedom of the Will*, with what seemed an invincible argument, that the human will possessed no creative, originating power, that it could not control or change its predominant inclination whether toward good or evil, the question had arisen, How was it possible, then, to make any successful efforts after goodness, or in any way seek to accomplish that inward change which was known as conversion? This question did not seriously threaten the interests of religion in Edwards's lifetime. He alludes to it only to condemn it as a trifling evasion. But after his death a controversy arose on this point which lasted for more than half a century. There was indeed but one consistent answer to such an inquiry, if Edwards's contention was right, — it was impossible for men to do anything to help themselves; they were not to blame if they took no steps in the matter; they must wait until it pleased God to act; it was unnecessary for the preacher to give himself any further trouble about them. Such was the answer returned from the pew to the pulpit, coming not only from indifferent hearers, but also from the more serious-minded. At this very moment, when the effort to make Calvinism consistent had resulted, as it were, in a religious deadlock, there was heard an impressive voice, coming from the inmost recesses of its religious experience, which coincided with and confirmed what Edwards had contemned as the voice of the scorner. It was in the year 1761 that Sandeman came to this country from Scotland with a message on this point which carried the old

Calvinism to a degree of consistency not yet attained by the leaders of the New England theology. He came in the spirit of an ancient prophet to reproach the teachers of Calvinism for their inconsistency in holding that while men were utterly depraved they could take any step to effect their conversion. Everything which they did toward this end before the great change was accomplished in them from without was sinful: their prayers for enlightenment were sinful, their Bible-reading, their attendance upon religious services. There was no more probability that they would attain the coveted gift by the strictest attention to "the means of grace" than if they totally neglected them.

"These sentiments," says a well-informed writer of the time, "were entirely new. As soon as they were published they gave a prodigious shock to all serious men, both ministers and others. Many ministers now refrained from all exhortations to the unregenerate. The perplexing inquiry with sinners was, What have we then to do? All we do is sin; to sin is certainly wrong. We ought, therefore, to remain still, doing nothing, until God bestows upon us renewing grace."

Such was the crisis when Hopkins came forward with his solution of the distressing problem. His method of probing and overcoming the difficulty constitutes the quintessence of the Hopkinsian theology. In the first place, he could not but agree with Sandeman. Honest and faithful in his desire for consistency, he took the step which Sandeman had indicated: he declared that all the strivings of the unregenerate after conversion were sinful, and only increased their guilt. But having demonstrated that God alone can effect the inward change from sin to holiness, that man can contribute in no way, in not the slightest degree, to the result, he suddenly executed a flank movement with such celerity and mystery that it

was difficult to trace his route. When we next find him he is in the opposite camp, advocating with moderate Calvinists and Arminians the absolute necessity of the "use of means," of prayer and church services, and of exhortations to the unconverted. This strategic movement seems to have been regarded by Hopkins and his friends as a great victory. But no one could explain, not even Hopkins himself, exactly how the victory had been achieved. Now that the dust which obscured the controversy has subsided, we can see what it was that Hopkins had done. He had placed in juxtaposition the divine action and the human action as in some way in necessary combination, so that one could not be without the other. If he had found some organic relation between the two, he would have been entitled to the highest honors in theology, to the gratitude of all who came after him. We may admit that it was something, it was much, that he should have been the first among New England Calvinists to discern that the combination of the human with the divine was the great end to be reached. But this union as he conceived it was mechanical and unreal, and calculated to create for the time being a deeper confusion. What Hopkins had in reality achieved was what the Cartesian philosophy had been driven to do, when the absolute separation between spirit and matter had made it impossible for the one to act upon the other. The theologians who accepted that philosophy brought the separated elements again together by what was known as the doctrine of occasionalism. The means of grace, attendance at church, the study of Scripture, the efforts of prayer, these also become the occasions which the divine will employs on which to work its gracious ends. They contribute nothing to the result, and yet the result cannot be without them. As we look beneath the theory, the divine will still dominates and overpowers the hu-

man, reducing it after all to the same nullity as Edwards had done by his fatal logic.

We are sometimes inclined to wonder whether there was anything in these New England theologians which corresponded to what is now familiar as modern doubt. Did they ever react from the teaching of their own spiritual ancestors? Did they ever feel that the ground beneath them was hollow? Perhaps not in the same way or to the same extent that their descendants have done. But as we study these obscure controversies in which Hopkins was engaged for the greater part of his life, as we note the strange contradictions into which he fell, we cannot avoid the suspicion that what he called making Calvinism consistent was in reality an effort to escape from the toils of a system in which his large soul was cramped and ill at ease. He did not possess the skill or the power to rid himself of his shackles; or if he did, his want of literary art belies him. He seems to be only more deeply entangled with every effort which he makes to be free. It was this peculiarity in his thought which confused his readers, which annoyed and angered his opponents, and which exposed him also to the charge of insincerity. Indeed, there could be no more glaring contradiction, for example, than to assert in one breath that man was utterly depraved, incompetent to do anything for his salvation; that this depravity consisted in an evil inclination implanted in the soul by divine decree, and that God alone could overcome this inclination; and then to turn about and not only condemn men for possessing this evil inclination, but call upon them to abandon it immediately, to create in themselves at once a new heart, and accuse them of increasing their guilt every moment that they delayed to respond. Dr. Hopkins made no effort to soften or explain away the contradiction. When pushed for some explanation, he replied that the

order of society and of all moral government required such a method of dealing with men. Of the hollowness beneath his feet he did not appear to be conscious. He was not dishonest or insincere, but he had grown so accustomed to treat theology as if it were a science merely of words and theorems that he no longer distinguished between the conclusions of his barren dialectic and the demands upon his large spirit of the moral emergencies of life. It almost seems as if he were bound to escape at any hazard from the fearful dilemma in which Edwards's logic had placed him. It may have been for this reason that he ostensibly adopted the whole Arminian nomenclature of the freedom of the will. When he had taken this step, he felt at liberty to roam about in the preserves of the enemy, borrowing whatever his need required. We complain that he did not see his inconsistency and the confusion it was working; for ordinary people, drilled as they had been in the tenets of Calvinism, could not so easily stultify themselves. But Dr. Hopkins glories in what appears like an escapade, as if it were the greatest of all his victories. He was now able to speak two dialects, while his opponents were confined to one. There is a tone of jubilation and defiance in his writings, as if he would taunt his enemies with their incompetency. At one moment he can affirm absolute decrees with the most rigid Calvinist, and the next go beyond the Arminians in asserting human liberty. You look for him in the one place, and you find he is in the other. He rejoiced in his ability to skip from one platform to the other, and to confound his adversaries who could not account for such versatility. All the time that he was talking like Arminians he meant something very different from what they meant; he had never for a moment accepted their definition of freedom, — that the will can control or reverse its inclination, or choose between good and evil.

So far as he believed in freedom of the will, it was in a lower sense, — the freedom which the animal may share with man of following its inclination without hindrance; a freedom which has no significance for the higher life of the spirit, as it seeks to pass from the things which are of the earth, earthy, to the things which are divine. But the school of new Calvinists could not long pursue such a course with impunity. Language does not naturally lend itself to ambiguity or confusion. Its tendency is toward reality. Those who talk like Arminians must eventually come to think like them; and this was the fate which in the then distant future befell the school of New England, or consistent Calvinists.

One other point remains to be mentioned, the chief characteristic, perhaps, by which Hopkinsianism, if known at all, is remembered to-day. It was called the doctrine of disinterested benevolence or submission; or, in common parlance, "a willingness to be damned for the glory of God." The reasoning by which this inference was deduced from Hopkins's idea of Deity is simple and clear. God is to be defined as love for universal being; but since this love requires that some should be assigned to endless perdition, and as no man can tell beforehand in his own case whether it is God's intention to save him or not, and it is therefore possible that the well-being of the universe may require his damnation, every one must make it the test of his own love to God whether he is willing to be damned in case God's love to the universe should require it.

We have here another illustration of how Hopkins shocked his age, incurring at the same time also ridicule and contempt and execration. To the ordinary view a requirement like this was augmenting the process known as conversion, already intricate and severe, with a burden beyond the power of endurance, whose full significance it was not within the limits of the imagination to

conceive. It seemed like calling for an act of spiritual suicide as the condition of spiritual life. The French mystics of the sixteenth century had also spoken of disinterested love; but when they sought to force the soul back upon itself in order to test the inmost quality of its devotion, they had required that a man should love God for himself alone, — not from fear of hell on the one hand, nor from desire of heaven on the other. Let it be supposed that heaven and hell were annihilated, and then let the soul ask itself the supreme question of existence. The mysticism of Hopkins, although not without an affiliation with the French school, went further, and called for the sacrifice of the spiritual life itself as a means of attaining it. There is nothing so extraordinary as this in the whole history of religion. Nevertheless it may have been the necessary process through which Calvinism must pass in order to its emancipation; for it had preached the doctrine of the endless perdition of the great majority of men with an intensity and persistence without a parallel. The result was what has been called a celestial selfishness; men were seeking, as the expression went, to get religion in order to escape the suffering of hell. Against this low, degrading tendency, which showed itself on a large scale in the religious revivals of the time, Hopkins was raising an earnest protest in his own behalf no less than that of others. Again, impossible, inconceivable, as was his doctrine of disinterested submission, it may be interpreted as an effort to do the one manly thing under the circumstances. He was not willing to preach that others were to be damned for the glory of God, while he himself had not undergone the same exposure; nay, even had not striven to realize it in his own experience. To the day of his death, it is said, he never felt certain as to his own fate. Compare this attitude with the complacency of other preachers who

ranked themselves among the few who would certainly escape the well-nigh universal doom. Viewed in this light, the principle of disinterested submission appears as an almost superhuman effort on the part of a great soul to set himself free from the toils of a false and degrading system. If anything could have softened the inhumanity of the old Calvinism, it was this. And indeed it was the beginning of the end.

The doctrine of disinterested submission became, as it were, the badge of recognition in Hopkinsian circles, and there is testimony on record that it served the purpose for which it was intended. Miss Sedgwick speaks of "that most ennobling doctrine of the Hopkinsian creed, complete self-abnegation, — a total regard and consecration to the glory of the Creator." Of a certain woman in Newport, converted to the doctrine by Hopkins himself, it is said that "she expressed herself, with tearful surprise, as having been brought into a new world." A Puritan minister living in Tennessee, who had adopted Hopkinsian principles, made his last will and testament in accordance with this tenet; "giving his soul to God, to be made, for Christ's sake, in bounden grace an eternal vessel of mercy in heaven, or in righteous judgment for his sins a vessel of everlasting wrath in hell, just as it seemed good in his sight." Hopkins, it should be said, never insisted on acquiescence in this formula as an evidence of conversion, though he thought it was desirable evidence, and in his charity believed that it was unconsciously implied in every genuine case of religious faith. Among his followers, it was customary to propound the question to candidates for ordination whether they were willing to be damned for the glory of God; but it does not appear that any were rejected who found themselves unable to utter what was fast becoming a mere shibboleth of a school. As a technical theological tenet it long

ago disappeared, and now finds its place in the museum of religious curiosities.

Toward the close of his life, Dr. Hopkins was disturbed by a formula which was then coming into vogue, — "The Saviour died for me." It was among the conventicles of sects which were making inroads on the "standing order" that this phrase became the burden and the refrain of the popular preaching. Dr. Hopkins could not become reconciled to its use, for it seemed to him at variance with the principles of a true theology. In one of his letters he attempted to demonstrate that it was false. It was impossible to know that the divine love went forth to any individual until he had first given evidence of a genuine disinterested love to God. In this we have a suggestive hint of the gulf which divides the Hopkinsian theology from that which has supplanted it. For it is the characteristic of the modern pulpit that it places the burden upon God; Hopkins placed it upon man. In the modern church it is God who is seeking man; it is man who is passive in the process. In the theology we have been describing it is man who is active, who is making the quest for God with an energy that is almost superhuman, while God, to human vision wholly unconcerned, is awaiting the result. Vast as is the change which has been wrought in religious sentiment, truer to the facts of human experience and the needs of human life as the modern postulate may be, it is yet possible that there is a neglected element of strength in the position which Hopkins spent his life in enforcing. The men who were bred under it, who responded to it, were strong characters, marked by deep devotion to moral principle, which was exhibited in rugged honesty and integrity, and in great energy of purpose. If Dr. Hopkins were now to enter one of our well-filled modern churches, where the congregation sits indifferent as the message of a divine love to every individual is proclaimed, he might find

fresh confirmation for his own teaching. If the divine love is a possession worth securing, it must be attained by effort and continued struggle. To know that one may have it without an effort tends to belittle its value, and to weaken one of the strongest of moral as well as of religious motives.

Dr. Hopkins passed his life shut up to his own reflections, within the narrow precincts of his theological system. He had learned to think vigorously for himself, but he had a strange incapacity for seeing how other people thought. He showed no concern at the great revolution of feeling which was all around him in his later years. He had no anticipation of a truth to be revealed to the coming generation which would shake the principles to whose advocacy he had devoted his life. It is interesting to note that he came in contact with the two men who, if he had questioned them, might have taught him that there were depths and possibilities in human nature, as well as in the divine love, of which he did not dream. He met that quaint, picturesque old man, John Murray, the first preacher of Universalism in this country, a man to whom justice has not yet been done. They rode for some distance together on their way to Newport, where Murray proposed to preach his offensive doctrine. Hopkins was in his gruffest mood, if we may trust Murray's account; but there is internal evidence for suspecting that it may have been embroidered. Their conversation, according to Murray's report, quickly degenerated into a dry dialectic in which each tried to get the better of the other. While Hopkins refused to Murray his pulpit, with the intention of guarding his people against false teaching, yet, in the kindness of his heart, before they parted, he told the modest, desolate stranger of some man in Newport who would find him a place to preach, as well as put him in the way of food and shelter for man and beast.

A peculiar interest attaches to Channing's connection with Hopkins, both of them reformers in their way, — the one just closing his work, the other not yet come to the consciousness of his mission. Channing was still a youth when the patriarch of a "new theology," which was fast becoming old, gave him his blessing. But in this case, also, neither of them seems to have thought the other worth questioning in the interest of some fresh light upon the mystery of human existence. Channing regretted, in later life, that he had not made some record of his conversations with Hopkins, who was inclined to talk freely about himself and his opinions. Had he done so, we might have gained a new conception of Hopkins's thought as it passed through Channing's rare and beautiful spirit. We might also have had a deeper insight into Channing's mind, as he was making the great transition from the theology of the divine sovereignty which had become involved in such inextricable toils to the humanitarianism which found its stronghold in the doctrine of the sacredness of human nature.

It was not as a preacher or pulpit orator that Hopkins won distinction. Judging from the accounts that have come down to us, he appears to have been not only unattractive, but repellent, both in the manner and the substance of his preaching; though there were occasions when, to use his own language, he "had his freedom" to such an extent as to leave a deep impression on his hearers. "He was," says Dr. Channing, "the first minister I heard, but I heard him with no profit. His manner was singularly unattractive, . . . and the circumstances attending the service were repulsive. The church had been much injured by the British during the occupancy of the town, and the congregation were too poor to repair it. It had a desolate look, and in winter the rattling of the windows made an impression which time has not worn out. It was literally as cold as a

barn. . . . His preaching could be only understood by one who had heard him. His delivery was the worst I ever met with. Such tones never came from any human voice within my hearing. Some of them approached a cracked bell more nearly than anything to which I can compare it. He was the very ideal of a bad delivery. He changed from a high key to a low key, and the reverse, with no apparent reason. With a disposition to bring forward abstract and unpalatable notions, is it wonderful that he did so little in the pulpit?"

But if he failed as a preacher and parish minister, he was held in honor as a religious teacher and leader. To clergy and to laity he became a spiritual director, solving religious difficulties; a sort of father confessor, also, to devout women, of whom a band in Boston elected him as their chaplain. The extent of his influence as the leader of a school or "new departure" may be roughly estimated by the circumstance that at his death, in 1803, there were said to be no less than one hundred of the New England clergy who accepted the tenets known as Hopkinsian. These constituted a large proportion so far as numbers go; but they must also have been equal to, if not above, the average of their brethren in intellectual and moral force, for it required courage to be known as an Hopkinsian, as well as strong assimilative powers to receive and retain so difficult a theology.

It was Dr. Hopkins's misfortune throughout his whole career to incur bitter opposition and to be persistently misrepresented. In the growing disaffection toward Calvinism, he was identified with its most repugnant features, some of which he had striven to modify or eliminate. To the popular imagination he became a theological monstrosity, as if there were nothing too horrible to be thought which he had not uttered. Things were attributed to him which he had never said. No credit was given to

him for the attempt to improve and humanize the old faith; he was thought to have made it worse instead of better. Even the boys in the street poked fun at him. When Dr. Channing, on one occasion, alluded to him in a respectful manner, it caused so much surprise that, in a note appended to his address, he justified his allusion by showing that both as a man and as a theologian Dr. Hopkins had been misrepresented. But it does not appear that this much-abused man took greatly to heart the opposition and calumnies of his age. He was sustained by an unwavering conviction that his system was true; that in his numerous controversies he had got the better of all his foes.

Dr. Hopkins indeed accomplished his earthly pilgrimage under trials and burdens which would have dispirited ordinary men. He was naturally of a despondent temperament, with no rapturous experience of another world, and in this world condemned to poverty and seeming failure. He lived on a meagre salary, whether at Great Barrington or at Newport; leaving the former place on account of the inability of his parishioners to support him, but quite as much, it may be thought, on account of his obnoxious preaching. On the pittance that was doled out to him at Newport he managed to live, without complaining. His lamentations were reserved for his failures to reach the spiritual ideal he had set before him. Poor as he was, he managed wisely his narrow means, never running in debt, paying in cash for what he bought, even finding a surplus to extend in charity. He lived so much in his thought, and his outward circumstances were so unpropitious, that his manners were rustic and uncouth. He had at one time been spoken of for the presidency of Princeton College, but his way of living and his mode of address were thought not polite enough for that exalted position. He was aware that his peculiarities stood in his way, and in that massive frame —

he was upwards of six feet in height and of corresponding proportions — there was the delicate sensitiveness of a woman lest he should embarrass others by his awkwardness and lack of acceptability. There was withal a certain charming *naïveté*, an outspokenness, which shows itself at times in his writings and conversation. He once told a young man, who wore his ruffles in a half-concealed way in his bosom, that he did not wear ruffles himself, but if he did he should wear them like a man. Altogether the man as such was admirable, even great: it challenges one's sympathies that he should have been so misunderstood. His personal character cannot be spoken of except in terms of respect and even reverence.

As to his political opinions Hopkins was a Federalist, preaching Thanksgiving and Fast Day sermons in which he made his sympathies apparent. But none of the writings he has left show any appreciation of the deeper significance of the hour in which he was living. His allusions to the American Revolution reveal no consciousness of the thrilling greatness of the moment when a new nation was born into the world. It was, after all, but a side issue compared with his theological controversies. It was not a characteristic of the New England theology, for which he stood, to emphasize the spiritual worth of nationality. In the hostility of the Puritans to the English state, bred among them by religious persecution, there was latent also a bias against the prevailing type of nationality which had been born in the age of the Reformation. It was not a nation, therefore, in the ordinary sense, but a new experiment known as a theocracy, which they had attempted to establish in New England. When that failed them, they looked forward to a millennium as the only hope of renovation for the evils of the time, — a dispensation when all things should be made new. But to nationality as equally with the church a

divine institution, through which humanity was accomplishing its high destiny, to this they were indifferent; in the nature of the case it found no treatment in their theology.

But there is one phase of Dr. Hopkins's life which needs no qualification, where the interpreter or the critic finds his function unnecessary. The preaching of Hopkins may have made no impression on the fashionable town of Newport, where the greater part of his life was spent, but the town made an impression upon him. It was one of the centres of the slave trade, to which also its wealth was largely due. Here Hopkins awoke to the evils of human slavery, and was one of the first leaders in the long crusade which ended in its abolition. So far as the principle at stake was concerned, he did not hold that slavery was a sin in itself or a crime against humanity; under certain circumstances, he thought it might be tolerated. But defective as his principle may have been, it did not diminish the ardor with which he labored, by his writings as well as by personal efforts, to arouse his age to a sense of a great evil. He was interested in schemes for colonizing and Christianizing Africa by means of converted negroes, while in America he demanded not only the sup-

pression of the traffic in human flesh, but the abolition of slavery altogether as unnecessary and unjustifiable. Nor did he confine himself to schemes of a general character. He took a deep personal interest in the negro population, and especially in a few individuals upon whom he rested great hopes. The members of his own church were forbidden to hold or traffic in slaves. To his efforts the legislation in Rhode Island was largely due which in 1774 forbade the importation of slaves into the colony, and again in 1784 declared that the children of slaves, born after the first of the following March, should be free. These things are remembered now that his theology is forgotten. But if there is any necessary connection between speculative principle and ethical practice, it may be that his great human sympathies were originated and stimulated by his forbidding doctrine of disinterested benevolence; for, viewed in its essence and apart from its mode of statement, it meant the duty of self-sacrifice for the good of the universe, which was also the glory of God. So Channing regarded it, when he declared that he was "grateful to the stern teacher who had turned his thoughts and heart to the claims of impartial universal benevolence."

Alexander V. G. Allen.

THE MOST ANCIENT SHRINE IN JAPAN.

SHINKOKU is the sacred name of Japan,—Shinkoku, "The Country of the Gods;" and of all Shinkoku the most holy ground is the land of Izumo. Hither from the blue Plain of High Heaven first came to dwell awhile the Earth-makers, Izanagi and Izanami, the parents of gods and of men; some-

where upon the border of this land was Izanami buried; and out of this land into the black realm of the dead did Izanagi follow after her, and seek in vain to bring her back again. And the tale of his descent into that strange nether world, and of what there befell him, is it not written in the *Kojiki*?¹

¹ The most ancient book extant in the archaic tongue of Japan. It is the most sacred scripture of Shintō. It has been admirably

translated, with copious notes and commentaries, by Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, of Tōkyō.

And of all legends primeval concerning the Underworld this story is one of the weirdest, — more weird even than the Assyrian legend of the Descent of Ish-tar.

Even as Izumo is especially the province of the gods, and the place of the childhood of the race by whom Izanagi and Izanami are yet worshiped, so is Kit-zuki of Izumo especially the city of the gods, and its immemorial temple the earliest home of the ancient faith, the great religion of Shintō.

Now to visit Kit-zuki has been my most earnest ambition since I learned the legends of the *Kojiki* concerning it; and this ambition has been stimulated by the discovery that very few Europeans have visited Kit-zuki, and that none have been admitted into the great temple itself. Some, indeed, were not allowed even to approach the temple court. But I trust that I shall be somewhat more fortunate; for I have a letter of introduction from my dear friend Nishida Sentaro, who is also a personal friend of the high pontiff of Kit-zuki. I am thus assured that even should I not be permitted to enter the temple, — a privilege accorded to but few among the Japanese themselves, — I shall at least have the honor of an interview with the *Guji*, or Spiritual Governor of Kit-zuki, Senke Takanori, whose princely family trace back their proud descent to the Goddess of the Sun.¹

I.

I leave Matsue for Kit-zuki early in the afternoon of a beautiful September day; taking passage upon a tiny steamer in which everything, from engines to awnings, is lilliputian. In the cabin one must kneel. Under the awnings one cannot possibly stand upright. But the

miniature craft is neat and pretty as a toy model, and moves with surprising swiftness and steadiness. A handsome naked boy is busy serving the passengers with cups of tea and with cakes, and setting little charcoal furnaces before those who desire to smoke: for all of which a payment of about three quarters of a cent is expected.

I escape from the awnings to climb upon the cabin roof for a view; and the view is indescribably lovely. Over the lucent level of the lake we are steaming toward a far-away heaping of beautiful shapes, colored with that strangely delicate blue which tints all distances in the Japanese atmosphere, — shapes of peaks and headlands looming up from the lake verge against a porcelain-white horizon. They show no details whatever. Silhouettes only they are, masses of absolutely pure color. To left and right, framing in the Shinjiko, are superb green surgings of wooded hills. Great Yakuno San is the loftiest mountain before us, northwest. Southeast, behind us, the city has vanished; but proudly towering beyond looms Daisen, — enormous, ghostly blue and ghostly white, lifting the cusps of its dead crater into the region of eternal snow. Over all arches a sky of color faint as a dream.

There seems to be a sense of divine magic in the very atmosphere, through all the luminous day, brooding over the vapory land, over the ghostly blue of the flood, — a sense of Shintō. With my fancy full of the legends of the *Kojiki*, the rhythmic chant of the engines comes to my ears as the rhythm of a Shintō ritual mingled with the names of gods: —

Koto-shiro-nushi-no-Kami,
Oho-kuni-nushi-no-Kami.

¹ The genealogy of the family is published in a curious little book with which I was presented at Kit-zuki. Senke Takanori is the eighty-first Pontiff Governor (formerly called *Kokuzō*) of Kit-zuki. His lineage is traced

back through sixty-five generations of *Koku-zō* and sixteen generations of earthly deities to Ama-terasu and her brother *Susanoō-no-mikoto*.

II.

The great range on the right grows loftier as we steam on; and its hills, always slowly advancing toward us, begin to reveal all the rich details of their foliage. And lo! on the tip of one grand wood-clad peak is visible against the pure sky the many-angled roof of a great Buddhist temple. That is the temple of Ichibata, upon the mountain Ichibata-yama, the temple of Yakushi-Nyorai, the Physician of Souls. But at Ichibata he reveals himself more specially as the healer of bodies, the Buddha who giveth sight unto the blind. It is believed that whosoever has an affection of the eyes will be made well by praying earnestly at that great shrine; and thither from many distant provinces do afflicted thousands make pilgrimage, ascending the long weary mountain path and the six hundred and forty steps of stone leading to the windy temple court upon the summit, whence may be seen one of the loveliest landscapes in Japan. There the pilgrims wash their eyes with the water of the sacred spring, and kneel before the shrine and murmur the holy formula of Ichibata: "*On-koro-koro-sendai-matoki-soaka*,"—words of which the meaning has long been forgotten, like that of many a Buddhist invocation; Sanscrit words transliterated into Chinese, and thence into Japanese, which are understood by learned priests alone, yet are known by heart throughout the land, and uttered with the utmost fervor of devotion.

I descend from the cabin roof, and squat upon the deck, under the awnings, to have a smoke with Akira. And I ask:—

"How many Buddhas are there, O Akira? Is the number of the Enlightened known?"

"Countless the Buddhas are," makes answer Akira; "yet there is truly but one Buddha; the many are forms only.

Each of us contains a future Buddha. Alike we all are except in that we are more or less unconscious of the truth. But the vulgar may not understand these things, and so seek refuge in symbols and in forms."

"And the *Kami*,—the deities of Shintō?"

"Of Shintō I know little. But there are eight hundred myriads of *Kami* in the Plain of High Heaven,—so says the Ancient Book. Of these, three thousand one hundred and thirty and two dwell in the various provinces of the land; being enshrined in two thousand eight hundred and sixty-one temples. And the tenth month of our year is called the 'No-God-month,' because in that month all the deities leave their temples to assemble in the province of Izumo, at the great temple of Kitzuki; and for the same reason that month is called in Izumo, and only in Izumo, the 'God-is-month.' But educated persons sometimes call it the 'God-present-festival,' using Chinese words. Then it is believed the serpents come from the sea to the land, and coil upon the *sambo*, which is the table of the gods, for the serpents announce the coming; and the Dragon-King sends messengers to the temples of Izanagi and Izanami, the parents of gods and men."

"O Akira, many millions of *Kami* there must be of whom I shall always remain ignorant, for there is a limit to the power of memory; but tell me something of the gods whose names are most seldom uttered, the deities of strange places and of strange things, the most extraordinary gods."

"You cannot learn much about them from me," replies Akira. "You will have to ask others more learned than I. But there are gods with whom it is not desirable to become acquainted. Such are the God of Poverty, and the God of Hunger, and the God of Penuriousness, and the God of Hindrances and Obstacles. These are of dark color, like the

clouds of gloomy days, and their faces are like the faces of *gaki*.”¹

“With the God of Hindrances and Obstacles, O Akira, I have had more than a passing acquaintance. Tell me of the others.”

“I know little about any of them,” answers Akira, “excepting Bimbogami. It is said there are two gods who always go together, — Fuku-no-Kami, who is the God of Luck, and Bimbogami, who is the God of Poverty. The first is white, and the second is black.”

“Because the last,” I venture to interrupt, “is only the shadow of the first. Fuku-no-Kami is the Shadow-caster, and Bimbogami the Shadow; and I have observed, in wandering about this world, that wherever the one goeth, eternally followeth after him the other.”

Akira refuses his assent to this interpretation, and resumes: —

“When Bimbogami once begins to follow any one it is extremely difficult to be free from him again. In the village of Umitsu, which is in the province of Ōmi, and not far from Kyōtō, there once lived a Buddhist priest who during many years was grievously tormented by Bimbogami. He tried oftentimes without avail to drive him away; then he strove to deceive him by proclaiming aloud to all the people that he was going to Kyōtō. But instead of going to Kyōtō he went to Tsuruga, in the province of Echizen; and when he reached the inn at Tsuruga there came forth to meet him a boy lean and wan like a *gaki*. The boy said to him, ‘*I have been waiting for you*,’ and the boy was Bimbogami.

“There was another priest who for sixty years had tried in vain to get rid of Bimbogami, and who resolved at last to go to a distant province. On the night after he had formed this resolve he had a strange dream, in which he

saw a very much emaciated boy, naked and dirty, weaving sandals of straw (*waraji*), such as pilgrims and runners wear; and he made so many that the priest wondered, and asked him, ‘For what purpose are you making so many sandals?’ And the boy answered, ‘I am going to travel with you. I am Bimbogami.’”

“Then is there no way, Akira, by which Bimbogami may be driven away?”

“It is written,” replies Akira, “in the book called Jizo-Kyō-Kosui that the aged Enjobo, a priest dwelling in the province of Owari, was able to get rid of Bimbogami by means of a charm. On the last day of the last month of the year he and his disciples and other priests of the Shingon sect took branches of peach-trees and recited a formula, and then, with the branches, imitated the action of driving a person out of the temple, after which they shut all the gates and recited other formulas. The same night Enjobo dreamed of a skeleton priest in a broken temple weeping alone, and the skeleton priest said to him, ‘After I had been with you for so many years, how could you drive me away?’ But always thereafter, until the day of his death, Enjobo lived in prosperity.”

III.

For an hour and a half the ranges to left and right alternately recede and approach. Beautiful blue shapes glide toward us, change to green, and then, slowly drifting behind us, are all blue again. But the far mountains immediately before us — immovable, unchanging — always remain ghosts. Suddenly the little steamer turns straight into the land, — a land so low that it came into sight quite unexpectedly, — and we puff up a narrow stream between rice-fields to a queer, quaint, pretty village on the canal bank, Shobara. Here I

mouths of some are “smaller than the points of needles.”

¹ In Sanscrit *pretas*. The *gaki* are the famished ghosts of that Circle of Torment in hell whereof the penance is hunger; and the

must hire *jinrikishas* to take us to Kitzuki.

There is not time to see much of Shobara if I hope to reach Kitzuki before bedtime, and I have only a flying vision of one long wide street (so picturesque that I wish I could pass a day in it), as our *kurumas* rush through the little town into the open country, into a vast plain covered with rice-fields. The road itself is only a broad dike, barely wide enough for two *jinrikishas* to pass each other upon it. On each side the superb plain is bounded by a mountain range shutting off the white horizon. There is a vast silence, an immense sense of dreamy peace, and a glorious soft vapory light over everything, as we roll into the country of Hyasugi to Kaminawoe. The jagged range on the left is Shusai-yama, all sharply green, with the giant Daikoku-yama overtopping all; and its peaks bear the names of gods. Much more remote, upon our right, enormous, pansy-purple, tower the shapes of the Kitayama, or northern range; filing away in tremendous procession toward the sunset, fading more and more as they stretch west, to vanish suddenly at last, after the ghostliest conceivable manner, into the uttermost day.

All this is beautiful; yet there is no change while hours pass. Always the way winds on through miles of rice-fields, white-speckled with paper-winged shafts which are arrows of prayer. Always the voice of frogs, — a sound as of infinite bubbling. Always the green range on the left, the purple on the right, fading westward into a tall file of tinted spectres which always melt into nothing at last, as if they were made of air. The monotony of the scene is broken only by our occasional passing through some pretty Japanese village, or by the appearance of a curious statue or monument at an angle of the path, a roadside Jizo, or the grave of a wres-

tlar, such as may be seen on the bank of the Hiagawa, a huge slab of granite sculptured with the words "*Ikumo Matsu kikusuki*."

But after reaching Kandegoro, and passing over a broad but shallow river, a fresh detail appears in the landscape. Above the mountain chain on our left looms a colossal blue silhouette, almost saddle-shaped, recognizable by its outline as a once mighty volcano. It is now known by various names, but it was called in ancient times Sa-hime-yama; and it has its Shintō legend.

It is said that in the beginning the god, gazing over the land of Izumo, said, "This new land of Izumo is a land of but small extent, so I will make it a larger land by adding unto it." Having so said, he looked about him over to Korea, and there he saw land which was good for the purpose. With a great rope he dragged therefrom four islands, and added the land of them to Izumo. The first island was called Ya-o-yo-ne, and it formed the land where Kitzuki now is. The second island was called Sada-no-kuni, and is at this day the site of the holy temple where all the gods do yearly hold their second assembly, after having first gathered together at Kitzuki. The third island was called in its new place Kura-mi-no-kuni, which now forms Shimane-gori. The fourth island became that place where stands the temple of the great god at whose shrine are delivered unto the faithful the charms which protect the rice-fields.

Now in drawing these islands across the sea into their several places the god looped his rope over the mighty mountain of Daisen and over the mountain Sa-hime-yama; and they both bear the marks of that wondrous rope even unto this day. As for the rope itself, it was changed into the long island of ancient times¹ called Yomi-ga-hama, and a part into the Long Beach of Sono.

¹ Now solidly united with the mainland. Many extraordinary changes, of rare interest to

the physiographer and geologist, have actually taken place along the coast of Izumo and in

After we pass the Hori-kawa the road narrows and becomes rougher and rougher, but always draws nearer to the Kitayama range. Toward sundown we have come close enough to the great hills to discern the details of their foliage. The path begins to rise; we ascend slowly through the gathering dusk. At last there appears before us a great multitude of twinkling lights. We have reached Kitzuki, the holy city.

IV.

Over a long bridge and under a tall *torii*¹ we roll into upward-sloping streets. Like Enoshima, Kitzuki has a *torii* for its city gate; but the *torii* is not of bronze. Then a flying vision of open lamp-lighted shop-fronts, and lines of luminous *shoji* under high-tilted eaves, and Buddhist gateways guarded by lions of stone, and long, low, tile-coped walls of temple courts overtopped by garden shrubbery, and Shintō shrines prefaced by other tall *torii*; but no sign of the great temple itself. It lies toward the rear of the city proper, at the foot of the wooded mountains; and we are too tired and hungry to visit it now. So we halt before a spacious and comfortable-seeming inn, — the best, indeed, in Kitzuki, — and rest ourselves and eat, and drink *sake* out of exquisite little porcelain cups, the gift of some pretty singing-girl to the hotel. Thereafter, as it has become much too late to visit the Guji, I send to his residence by a messenger my letter of introduction, with an humble request, in Akira's handwriting, that I may be allowed to present myself at the house before noon the next day.

Then the landlord of the hotel, who seems to be a very kindly person, comes to us with lighted paper lanterns, and invites us to accompany him to the *Oho-yashiro*.

the neighborhood of the great lake. Even now, each year some change occurs. I have seen several very strange ones.

¹ "*Torii* is the name of the archways, formed

Most of the houses have already closed their wooden sliding doors for the night, so that the streets are dark, and the lanterns of our landlord indispensable; for there is no moon, and the night is starless. We walk along the main street for a distance of about six squares, and then, making a turn, find ourselves before a superb bronze *torii*, the gateway to the great temple avenue.

V.

Effacing colors and obliterating distances, night always magnifies by suggestion the aspect of large spaces and the effect of large objects. Viewed by the vague light of paper lanterns, the approach to the great shrine is an imposing surprise, — such a surprise that I feel regret at the mere thought of having to see it to-morrow by disenchanting day: a superb avenue lined with colossal trees, and ranging away out of sight under a succession of giant *torii*, from which are suspended enormous *shimenawa*, well worthy the grasp of that Heavenly - Hand - Strength Deity whose symbols they are. But more than by the *torii* and their festooned symbols the dim majesty of the huge avenue is enhanced by the prodigious trees, many perhaps thousands of years old, — gnarled pines whose shaggy summits are lost in darkness. Some of the mighty trunks are surrounded with a rope of straw: these trees are sacred. The vast roots, far-reaching in every direction, look in the lantern light like a writhing and crawling of dragons.

The avenue is certainly not less than a quarter of a mile in length; it crosses two bridges and passes between two sacred groves. All the broad lands on either side of it belong to the temple. Formerly no foreigner was permitted to pass beyond the middle *torii*. The ave-

of two upright and two horizontal beams, which stand in front of Shintō temples." (Chamberlain.)

nue terminates at a lofty wall pierced by a gateway resembling the gateways of Buddhist temple courts, but very massive. This is the entrance to the outer court; the ponderous doors are still open, and many shadowy figures, bearing lanterns, are passing in or out.

Within the court all is darkness, against which pale yellow lights are gliding to and fro like a multitude of enormous fireflies, — the lanterns of pilgrims. I can distinguish only the looming of immense buildings to left and right, constructed with colossal timbers. Our guide traverses a very large court, passes into a second, and halts before an imposing structure whose doors are still open. Above them, by the lantern glow, I can see a marvelous frieze of dragons and water, carved in some rich wood by the hand of a master. Within I can see the symbols of Shintō, — the mirror of metal and the great drum, — both in a side shrine on the left; and directly before us the lanterns reveal a surface of matted floor vaster than anything I had expected to find. Therefrom I can divine the scale of the edifice which I suppose to be the temple. But the landlord tells us this is not the temple, but only the *Haiden*, or Hall of Prayer, before which the people make their orisons. By day, through the open doors, the temple can be seen. But we cannot see it to-night, and but few visitors are permitted to go in. "The people do not

enter even the court of the great shrine, for the most part," interprets Akira: "they pray before it at a distance. Listen!"

All about me in the shadow I hear a sound like the splashing and dashing of water, — the clapping of many hands in Shintō prayer.

"But this is nothing," says the landlord: "there are but few here now. Wait until to-morrow, which is a festival day."

As we wend our way back along the great avenue, under the torii and the giant trees, Akira interprets for me what our landlord tells him about the sacred serpent.

"The little serpent," he says, "is called by the people the august Dragon-Serpent; for it is sent by the Dragon-King to announce the coming of the gods. The sea darkens and rises and roars before the coming of Ryū-ja-Sama. Ryū-ja-Sama we call it because it is the messenger of Ryūgū-jō, the palace of the dragons; but it is also called Hakuja, or the White Serpent."¹

"Does the little serpent come to the temple of its own accord?"

"Oh, no. It is caught by the fishermen. And only one can be caught in a year, because only one is sent; and whoever catches it and brings it either to the Kitzuki-no-oho-yashiro, or to the temple Sada-jinja, where the gods hold their second assembly during the *Kami-*

¹ The Hakuja, or White Serpent, is also the servant of Benten, or Ben-zai-ten, Goddess of Love, of Beauty, of Eloquence, and of the Sea. "The Hakuja has the face of an ancient man, with white eyebrows, and wears upon its head a crown." Both goddess and serpent can be identified with ancient Indian mythological beings, and Buddhism first introduced both into Japan. Among the people, especially, perhaps, in Izumo, certain divinities of Buddhism are often identified, or rather confused, with certain Kami, in popular worship and parlance.

Since this sketch was written I have had the opportunity of seeing a Ryū-ja within a few hours after its capture. It was between two

and three feet long, and about one inch in diameter at its thickest girth. The upper part of the body was a very dark brown, and the belly yellowish-white; toward the tail there were some beautiful yellowish mottlings. The body was not cylindrical, but curiously four-sided, — like those elaborately woven whiplashes which have four edges. The tail was flat and triangular, like that of certain fish. A Japanese teacher, Mr. Watanabe, of the Normal School of Matsue, identified the little creature as a hydrophid of the species called *Pelamis bicolor*. It is so seldom seen, however, that I think the foregoing superficial description of it may not be without interest to some readers.

ari-zuki, receives one *hyō*¹ of rice in recompense. It costs much labor and time to catch a serpent; but whoever captures one is sure to become rich in after-time."²

"There are many deities enshrined at Kitzuki, are there not?" I ask.

"Yes; but the great deity of Kitzuki is Oho-kuni-nushi-no-Kami,³ whom the people more commonly call Daikoku. Here also is worshiped his son, whom many call Ebisu. These deities are usually pictured together: Daikoku seated upon bales of rice, holding the red sun against his breast with one hand, and in the other grasping the magical mallet of which a single stroke gives wealth; and Ebisu bearing a fishing-rod, and holding under his arm a great tai-fish. These gods are always represented with smiling faces; and both have great ears, which are the sign of wealth and fortune. Here in Kitzuki little images of them are sold, of many shapes and sizes."

VI.

A little wearied by the day's journeying, I get to bed early, and sleep as dreamlessly as a plant until I am awakened about daylight by a heavy, regular, bumping sound, shaking the wooden pillow on which my ear rests, — the sound of the *katsu* of the *kometsuke* beginning his eternal labor of rice-cleaning. Then the pretty *musume* of the inn opens the chamber to the fresh moun-

tain air and the early sun, rolls back all the wooden shutters into their casings behind the gallery, takes down the brown mosquito net, brings a *hibachi* with freshly kindled charcoal for my morning smoke, and trips away to get our breakfast.

Early as it is when she returns, she brings word that a messenger has already arrived from the Guji, Senke Takanori, high descendant of the Goddess of the Sun. The messenger is a dignified young Shintō priest, clad in the ordinary Japanese full costume, but wearing also a superb pair of blue silken *hakama*, or Japanese ceremonial trousers, widening picturesquely towards the feet. He accepts my invitation to a cup of tea, and informs me that his august master is waiting for us at the temple.

This is delightful news, but we cannot go at once. Akira's attire is pronounced by the messenger to be defective. Akira must don fresh white *tabi* and put on hakama before going into the august presence: no one may enter thereinto without hakama. Happily Akira is able to borrow a pair of hakama from the landlord; and after having arranged ourselves as neatly as we can we take our way to the temple, guided by the messenger.

VII.

I am agreeably surprised to find, as we pass again under the magnificent bronze torii which I admired the night

¹ *Ippyo*, one *hyō*; $2\frac{1}{2}$ *hyō* make one *koku* = 5.13 bushels. The word *hyō* means also the bag made to contain one *hyō*.

² Either at Kitzuki or at Sada it is possible sometimes to buy a serpent. On many a "household-god-shelf" in Matsue the little serpent may be seen. I saw one that had become brittle and black with age, but was excellently preserved by some process of which I did not learn the nature. It had been admirably posed in a tiny wire cage, made to fit exactly into a small shrine of white wood, and must have been, when alive, about two feet four inches in length. A little lamp was lighted daily before it, and some Shintō formula recited by the poor family to whom it belonged.

³ Translated by Professor Chamberlain the "Deity Master-of-the-Great-Land," — one of the most ancient divinities of Japan, but in popular worship confounded with Daikoku, God of Wealth. His son, Koto-shiro-nushi-no-Kami, is similarly confounded with Ebisu, or Yebisu, the patron of honest labor. The origin of the Shintō custom of clapping the hands in prayer is said by some Japanese writers to have been a sign given by Koto-shiro-nushi-no-Kami.

Both deities are represented by Japanese art in a variety of ways. Some of the twin images of them sold at Kitzuki are extremely pretty as well as very curious.

before, that the approaches to the temple lose very little of their imposing character when seen for the first time by sunlight. The majesty of the trees remains astonishing; the vista of the avenue is grand; and the vast spaces of groves and grounds to right and left are even more impressive than I had imagined. Multitudes of pilgrims are going and coming; but the whole population of the province might move along such an avenue without jostling. Before the gate of the first court a Shintō priest in full sacerdotal costume waits to receive us: an elderly man, with a beautiful kindly face. The messenger commits us to his charge, and vanishes through the gateway, while the elderly priest, whose name is Sasa, leads the way.

Already I can hear a heavy sound, as of surf, within the temple court; and as we advance the sound becomes sharper and recognizable, — a volleying of hand-claps. And entering the great gate I see thousands of pilgrims before the Haiden, the same huge structure which I visited last night. None enter there: all stand before the dragon-swarming doorway, and cast their offerings into the money-chest placed before the threshold; many making contribution of small coin, the very poorest throwing only a handful of rice into the box.¹ Then they clap their hands and bow their heads before the threshold, and reverently gaze through the Hall of Prayer at the loftier edifice, the Holy of Holies, beyond it. Each pilgrim remains but a little while, and claps his hands but four times; yet so many are coming and going that the sound of the clapping is like the sound of a cataract.

Passing by the multitude of worshippers to the other side of the Haiden, we find ourselves at the foot of a broad flight of iron-bound steps leading to the

great sanctuary, — steps which I am told no European before me was ever permitted to approach. On the lower steps the priests of the temple, in full ceremonial costume, are waiting to receive us. Tall men they are, superbly robed in violet and purple silks shot through with dragon-patterns in gold. Their lofty fantastic head-dresses, their voluminous and beautiful costume, and the solemn immobility of their hierophantic attitudes make them at first sight seem marvelous statues only. Somehow or other there comes suddenly back to me the memory of a strange French print I used to wonder at when a child, representing a group of Assyrian astrologers. Only their eyes move as we approach. But as I reach the steps all simultaneously salute me with a most gracious bow, for I am the first foreign pilgrim to be honored by the privilege of an interview in the holy shrine itself with the princely hierophant, their master, descendant of the Goddess of the Sun, — he who is still called by myriads of humble worshipers in the remoter districts of this ancient province Ikigami, "the living deity." Then all become absolutely statuesque again.

I remove my shoes, and am about to ascend the steps, when the tall priest who first received us before the outer gate indicates, by a single significant gesture, that religion and ancient custom require me, before ascending to the shrine of the god, to perform the ceremonial ablution. I hold out my hands; the priest pours the pure water over them thrice from a ladle-shaped vessel of bamboo with a long handle, and then gives me a little blue towel to wipe them upon, — a votive towel with mysterious white characters upon it. Then we all ascend; I feeling very much like a clumsy barbarian in my ungraceful foreign garb.

¹ Very large donations are made to this temple by wealthy men. The wooden tablets without the Haiden, on which are recorded the number of gifts and the names of the donors,

mention several recent presents of 1000 *yen*, or dollars; and donations of 500 *yen* are not uncommon. The gift of a high civil official is rarely less than 50 *yen*.

Pausing at the head of the steps, the priest inquires my rank in society. For at Kitzuki hierarchy and hierarchical forms are maintained with a rigidity as precise as in the period of the gods; and there are special forms and regulations for the reception of visitors of every social grade. I do not know what flattering statements Akira may have made about me to the good priest; but the result is that I can rank only as a common person, — which veracious fact doubtless saves me from some formalities which would certainly prove embarrassing, all ignorant as I still am of that finer and more complex etiquette in which the Japanese are the world's masters.

VIII.

The priest leads the way into a vast and lofty apartment opening for its entire length upon the broad gallery to which the stairway ascends. I have barely time to notice, while following him, that the chamber contains three immense shrines, forming alcoves on two sides of it. Of these, two are veiled by white curtains reaching from ceiling to matting, — curtains decorated with perpendicular rows of black disks about four inches in diameter, each disk having in its centre a golden blossom. But from before the third shrine, in the further angle of the chamber, the curtains have been withdrawn; and these are of gold brocade, and the shrine before which they hang is the chief shrine, that of Oho-kuni-nushi-no-Kami. Within are visible only some of the ordinary emblems of Shintō, and the exterior of that Holy of Holies into which none may look. Before it a long low bench, covered with strange objects, has been placed, with one end toward the gallery and one toward the alcove. At the end of this bench, near the gallery, I see a majestic bearded figure, strangely coiled and robed all in white, seated upon the matted floor in hierophantic attitude. Our priestly guide motions us to take

our places in front of him and to bow down before him. For this is Senke Takanori, the Guji of Kitzuki, to whom even in his own dwelling none dare speak save on bended knee, descendant of the Goddess of the Sun, and still by multitudes revered in thought as a being superhuman. Prostrating myself before him, according to the customary code of Japanese politeness, I am saluted in return with that exquisite courtesy which puts a stranger immediately at ease. The priest who acted as our guide now sits down on the floor at the Guji's left hand; while the other priests, who followed us to the entrance of the sanctuary only, take their places upon the gallery without.

IX.

Senke Takanori is a youthful and powerful man. As he sits there before me in his immobile hieratic pose, with his strange lofty head-dress, his heavy curling beard, and his ample snowy sacerdotal robe broadly spreading about him in statuesque undulations, he realizes for me all that I had imagined, from the suggestion of old Japanese pictures, about the personal majesty of the ancient princes and heroes. The dignity alone of the man would irresistibly compel respect; but with that feeling of respect there also flashes through me at once the thought of the profound reverence paid him by the population of the most ancient province of Japan, the idea of the immense spiritual power in his hands, the tradition of his divine descent, the sense of the immemorial nobility of his race, and my respect deepens into a feeling closely akin to awe. So motionless he is that he seems a sacred statue only, — the temple image of one of his own deified ancestors. But the solemnity of the first few moments is agreeably broken by his first words, uttered in a low rich basso, while his dark, kindly eyes remain motionlessly fixed upon my face. Then my interpreter translates his greeting, — large, fine phrases of cour-

tesy, — to which I reply as I best know how, expressing my gratitude for the exceptional favor accorded me.

"You are, indeed," he responds through Akira, "the first European ever permitted to enter into the Oho-yashiro. Other Europeans have visited Kitzuki, and a few have been allowed to enter the temple court; but you only have been admitted into the dwelling of the god. In past years, some strangers who desired to visit the temple out of common curiosity only were not allowed to approach even the court; but the letter of Mr. Nishida, explaining the object of your visit, has made it a pleasure for us to receive you thus."

Again I express my thanks; and after a second exchange of courtesies the conversation continues through the medium of Akira.

"Is not this great temple of Kitzuki," I inquire, "older than the temples of Ise?"

"Older by far," replies the Guji; "so old, indeed, that we do not well know the age of it. For it was first built by order of the Goddess of the Sun, in the time when deities alone existed. Then it was exceedingly magnificent; it was three hundred and twenty feet high. The beams and the pillars were vaster than any existing timber could furnish; and the framework was bound together firmly with a rope made of *taku*¹ fibre, one thousand fathoms long.

"It was first rebuilt in the time of the Emperor Sui-nin.² The temple so rebuilt by order of the Emperor Sui-nin was called the Structure of the Iron Rings, because the pieces of the pillars, which were composed of the wood of many great trees, had been bound fast together with huge rings of iron. This temple was also splendid, but far less splendid than the first, which had been built by the gods, for its height was only one hundred and sixty feet.

¹ *Taku* is the Japanese name for the paper mulberry.

"A third time the temple was rebuilt, in the reign of the Emperor Sai-mei; but this third edifice was only eighty feet high. Since then the structure of the temple has never varied; and the plan then followed has been strictly preserved to the least detail in the construction of the present temple.

"The Oho-yashiro has been rebuilt twenty-eight times; and it has been the custom to rebuild it every sixty-one years. But in the long period of civil war it was not even repaired for more than a hundred years. In the fourth year of Tai-ei, one Amako Tsune Hisa, becoming Lord of Izumo, committed the great temple to the charge of a Buddhist priest, and even built pagodas about it, to the outrage of the holy traditions. But when the Amako family were succeeded by Moro Mototsugo, this latter purified the temple, and restored the ancient festivals and ceremonies which before had been neglected."

"In the period when the temple was built upon a larger scale," I ask, "were the timbers for its construction obtained from the forests of Izumo?"

The priest Sasa, who guided us into the shrine, makes answer: —

"It is recorded that on the fourth day of the seventh month of the third year of Ten-in one hundred large trees came floating to the seacoast of Kitzuki, and were stranded there by the tide. With these timbers the temple was rebuilt in the third year of Ei-kyu; and that structure was called the Building-of-the-Trees-which-came-floating. Also in the same third year of Ten-in, a great tree-trunk, one hundred and fifty feet long, was stranded on the seashore near a shrine called Ube-no-yashiro, at Miyano-shita-mura, which is in Inaba. Some people wanted to cut the tree; but they found a great serpent coiled around it, which looked so terrible that they became frightened, and prayed to the deity

² See the curious legend in Professor Chamberlain's translation of the *Kojiki*.

of Ube-no-yashiro to protect them; and the deity revealed himself, and said: 'Whosoever the great temple in Izumo is to be rebuilt, one of the gods of each province sends timber for the building of it, and this time it is my turn. Build quickly, therefore, with that great tree which is mine.' And therewith the god disappeared. From these and from other records we learn that the deities have always superintended or aided the building of the great temple of Kitzuki."

"In what part of the Oho-yashiro," I ask, "do the august deities assemble during the Kami-ari-zuki?"

"On the east and west sides of the first court," replies the priest. "There are two long buildings called the *Tin-ku-sha*. These contain nineteen shrines, no one of which is dedicated to any particular god; and we believe it is in the *Tin-ku-sha* that the gods assemble."

"And how many pilgrims from other provinces visit the great shrine yearly?" I inquire.

"About two hundred and fifty thousand," the Guji answers. "But the number increases or diminishes according to the condition of the agricultural classes: the more prosperous the season, the larger the number of pilgrims. It rarely falls below two hundred thousand."

X.

Many other curious things the Guji and his chief priest then related to me; telling me the sacred name of each of the courts, and of the fences and holy groves and the multitudinous shrines and their divinities; even the names of the great pillars of the temple, which are nine in number, the central pillar being called the august Heart-Pillar of the Middle. All things within the temple grounds have sacred names, even the torii and the bridges.

The priest Sasa called my attention to the fact that the great shrine of Oho-kuni-nushi-no-Kami faces west, though the great temple faces east, like all

Shintō temples. In the other two shrines of the same apartment, both facing east, are the first divine Kokuzō of Izumo, his seventeenth descendant, and the father of Nominosukune, wise prince and mighty wrestler. For in the reign of the Emperor Sui-nin one Kehaya of Taima had boasted that no man alive was equal to himself in strength. Nominosukune, by the emperor's command, wrestled with Kehaya, and threw him down so mightily that Kehaya's ghost departed from him. This was the beginning of wrestling in Japan; and wrestlers still pray unto Nominosukune for power and skill.

There are so many other shrines that I could not enumerate the names of all their deities without wearying those readers unfamiliar with the traditions and legends of Shintō. But nearly all those divinities who appear in the legend of the Master of the Great Land are still believed to dwell here with him, and here their shrines are: the beautiful one, magically born from the jewel worn in the tresses of the Goddess of the Sun, and called by men the Torrent-Mist Princess; and the daughter of the Lord of the World of Shadows, she who loved the Master of the Great Land, and followed him out of the place of ghosts to become his wife; and the deity called "Wondrous-Eight-Spirits," grandson of the "Deity of Water-Gates," who first made a fire-drill and platters of red clay for the august banquet of the god at Kitzuki; and many of the heavenly kindred of these.

XI.

The Guji then calls my attention to the quaint relics lying upon the long low bench between us, which is covered with white silk: a metal mirror, found in preparing the foundation of the temple when rebuilt many hundred years ago; magatama jewels of onyx and jasper; a Chinese flute made of jade; a few superb swords, the gifts of shōguns and emperors; helmets of splendid

antique workmanship; and a bundle of enormous arrows with double-pointed heads of brass, fork-shaped and keenly edged.

After I have looked at these relics and learned something of their history, the Guji rises, and says to me, "Now we will show you the ancient fire-drill of Kitzuki, with which the sacred fire is kindled."

Descending the steps, we pass again before the Haiden, and enter a spacious edifice on one side of the court, of nearly equal size with the Hall of Prayer. Here I am agreeably surprised to find a long handsome mahogany table at one end of the main apartment into which we are ushered, and mahogany chairs placed all about it for the reception of guests. I am motioned to one chair, my interpreter to another; and the Guji and his priests take their seats also at the table. Then an attendant sets before me a handsome bronze stand about three feet long, on which rests an oblong something carefully wrapped in snow-white cloths. The Guji removes the wrappings; and I behold the most primitive form of fire-drill known to exist in the Orient.¹ It is simply a very thick piece of solid white plank, about two and a half feet long, with a line of holes drilled along its upper edge, so that the upper part of each hole breaks through the sides of the plank. The sticks which produce the fire, when fixed in the holes and rapidly rubbed between the palms of the hands, are made of a lighter kind of white wood: they are about two feet long, and as thick as a common lead pencil.

While I am yet examining this curious simple utensil, the invention of which tradition ascribes to the gods, and modern science to the earliest childhood of the human race, a priest places upon the table a light, large wooden box, about

three feet long, eighteen inches wide, and four inches high at the sides, but higher in the middle, as the top is arched like the shell of a tortoise. This object is made of the same *hinoki* wood as the drill; and two long slender sticks are laid beside it. I at first suppose it to be another fire-drill. But no human being could guess what it really is. It is called the *koto-ita*, and is one of the most primitive of musical instruments; the little sticks are used to strike it. At a sign from the Guji two priests place the box upon the floor, seat themselves on either side of it, and taking up the little sticks begin to strike the lid with them, alternately and slowly, at the same time uttering a most singular and monotonous chant. One intones only the sounds, "*Ang! ang!*" and the other responds, "*Ong! ong!*" The *koto-ita* gives out a sharp, dead, hollow sound as the sticks fall upon it in time to each utterance of "*Ang! ang!*" "*Ong! ong!*"

XII.

These things I learn:—

Each year the temple receives a new fire-drill; but the fire-drill is never made in Kitzuki, but in Kumano, where the traditional regulations as to the manner of making it have been preserved from the time of the gods. For the first Kokuzō of Izumo, on becoming pontiff, received the fire-drill for the great temple from the hands of the deity who was the younger brother of the Sun-Goddess, and is now enshrined at Kumano. And from his time the fire-drills for the Ohoyashiro of Kitzuki have been made only at Kumano.

Until very recent times the ceremony of delivering the new fire-drill to the Guji of Kitzuki always took place at the great temple of Oba, on the occasion of the festival called *Unohi-matsuri*.

stage of mechanical knowledge than the Kitzuki fire-drill indicates.

¹ The fire-drill used at the Shintō temples of Ise is far more complicated in construction, and certainly represents a much more advanced

This ancient festival, which used to be held in the eleventh month, became obsolete after the Revolution everywhere except at Oba in Izumo, where Izanami-no-Kami, the mother of gods and men, is enshrined.

Once a year, on this festival, the Kokuzō always went to Oba, taking with him a gift of double rice-cakes. At Oba he was met by a personage called the *Kame-da-yu*, who brought the fire-drill from Kumano and delivered it to the priests at Oba. According to tradition, the *Kame-da-yu* had to act a somewhat ludicrous rôle, so that no Shintō priest ever cared to perform the part, and a man was hired for it. The duty of the *Kame-da-yu* was to find fault with the gift presented to the temple by the Kokuzō; and in this district of Japan there is still a proverbial saying about one who is prone to find fault without reason, "He is like the *Kame-da-yu*."

The *Kame-da-yu* would inspect the rice-cakes and begin to criticise them. "They are much smaller this year," he would observe, "than they were last year." The priests would reply: "Oh, you are honorably mistaken; they are in very truth much larger." "The color is not so white this year as it was last year; and the rice-flour is not finely ground." For all these imaginary faults of the *mochi* the priests would offer elaborate explanations or apologies. At the conclusion of the ceremony the *sakaki* branches used in it were eagerly bid for, and sold at high prices, being believed to possess talismanic virtues.

XIII.

It nearly always happened that there was a great storm either on the day the Kokuzō went to Oba, or upon the day he returned therefrom. The journey had to be made during what is in Izumo the most stormy season (December by the new calendar). But in popular belief these storms were in some tremendous way connected with the divine

personality of the Kokuzō, whose attributes would thus appear to present some curious analogy with those of the Dragon-God. Be that as it may, the great periodical storms of the season are still in this province called *Kokuzō-are*; ¹ and it is still the custom in Izumo to say merrily to the guest who arrives or departs in a time of tempest, "Why, you are like the Kokuzō!"

XIV.

The Guji waves his hand, and from the further end of the huge apartment there comes a sudden burst of strange music, — a sound of drums and bamboo flutes; and turning to look, I see the musicians, three men, seated upon the matting, and a young girl with them. At another sign from the Guji the girl rises. She is barefooted and robed all in snowy white, a virgin priestess. She advances to a little table in the middle of the apartment, upon which a queer instrument is lying, shaped somewhat like a branch with twigs bent downward, from each of which hangs a little bell. Taking this curious object in both hands, she begins a sacred dance, unlike anything I ever saw before. Her every movement is a poem, because she is very graceful; yet her charming performance could scarcely be called a dance, as we understand the word; it is rather a light, swift walk within a circle, during which she shakes the instrument at regular intervals, making all the little bells ring. Her face remains impassive as a beautiful mask, placid and sweet as the face of a dreaming Kwannon; and her white feet are pure of line as the feet of a marble nymph. Altogether, with her snowy raiment and white flesh and passionless face, she seems rather a beautiful living statue than a Japanese maiden. And all the while the weird flutes sob and shrill, and the muttering of the drums is like an incantation.

¹ "The tempest of the Kokuzō."

What I have seen is called the Dance of the Miko, the Divineress.

XV.

Then we visit the other edifices belonging to the temple: the storehouse; the library; the hall of assembly, a massive structure two stories high, where may be seen the portraits of the Thirty-Six Great Poets, painted by Tosano Mitsu Oki more than a thousand years ago, and still in an excellent state of preservation. Here we were also shown a curious magazine, published monthly by the temple, — a record of Shintō news, and a medium for the discussion of questions relating to the archaic texts.

After we have seen all the curiosities of the temple the Guji invites us to his private residence near the temple to show us other treasures, — letters of Yoritomo, of Hideyoshi, of Iyeyasu; documents in the handwriting of the ancient emperors and the great shōguns, hundreds of which precious manuscripts he keeps in a cedar chest. In case of fire the immediate removal of this chest to a place of safety would be the first duty of the servants of the household.

Within his own house, the Guji, attired in ordinary Japanese full dress only, appears no less dignified as a private gentleman than he first seemed as pontiff in his voluminous snowy robe. But no host could be more kindly, or more courteous, or more generous. I am also much impressed by the fine appearance of his suite of young priests, now dressed, like himself, in the national costume; by the handsome, aquiline, aristocratic faces, totally different from those of ordinary Japanese, — faces suggesting the soldier rather than the priest.

¹ The title of Kokuzō, indeed, still exists, but it is now merely honorary, having no official duties connected with it. It is actually borne by Baron Senke, the father of Senke Takanori, residing in the capital. The active religious duties of the Mitsuye-shiro now devolve upon the Guji.

One young man has a superb pair of thick black mustaches, which is something rarely to be seen in Japan.

At parting our kind host presents me with the *ō-fuda*, or sacred charms given to pilgrims, — two pretty images of the chief deities of Kituki, — and a number of documents relating to the history of the temple and of its treasures.

XVI.

Only a generation ago the religious power of the Kokuzō extended over the whole of the province of the gods; he was in fact as well as in name the Spiritual Governor of Izumo. His jurisdiction does not now extend beyond the limits of Kituki, and his correct title is no longer Kokuzō, but Guji.¹ Yet to the simple-hearted people of the remoter districts he is still a divine or semi-divine being, and is mentioned by his ancient title, the inheritance of his race from the epoch of the gods. How profound a reverence was paid to him in former ages can scarcely be imagined by any who have not long lived among the country folk of Nipon. Outside of Japan perhaps no human being, except the Dalai Lama of Thibet, was so humbly venerated and so religiously beloved. Within Japan itself only the Son of Heaven, the "Tenshi-Sama," standing as mediator "between his people and the sun," received like homage; but the worshipful reverence paid to the Mikado was paid to a dream rather than to a person, to a name rather than to a reality, for the Tenshi-Sama was ever invisible as a deity "divinely retired," and in popular belief no man could look upon his face and live.² Invisibility and mystery vastly enhanced the divine legend of the Mikado. But the Kokuzō,

² As late as 1890 I was told by a foreign resident, who had traveled much in the interior of the country, that in certain districts many old people may be met with who still believe that to see the face of the emperor is "to become a Buddha;" that is, to die.

within his own province, though visible to the multitude and often journeying among the people, received almost equal devotion; so that his material power, though rarely, if ever, exercised, was scarcely less than that of the daimio of Izumo himself. It was indeed large enough to render him a person with whom the shōgunate would have deemed it wise policy to remain upon good terms. An ancestor of the present Guji even defied the great Taikō Hideyoshi, refusing to obey his command to furnish troops with the haughty answer that he would receive no order from a man of common birth.¹ This defiance cost the family the loss of a large part of its estates by confiscation, but the real power of the Kokuzō remained unchanged until the period of the new civilization.

Out of many hundreds of stories of a similar nature, two little traditions may be cited as illustrations of the reverence in which the Kokuzō was formerly held.

It is related that there was a man who, believing himself to have become rich by favor of the Daikoku of Kitzuki, desired to express his gratitude by a gift of robes to the Kokuzō. The Kokuzō courteously declined the proffer; but the pious worshiper persisted in his purpose, and ordered a tailor to make the robes. The tailor, having made them, demanded a price that almost took his patron's breath away. Being asked to give his reason for demanding such a price, he made answer: "Having made robes for the Kokuzō, I cannot hereafter make garments for any other person. Therefore I must have money enough to support me for the rest of my life."

The second story dates back to about one hundred and seventy years ago.

Among the *samurai* of the Matsue clan in the time of Nobukori, fifth daimio of the Matsudaira family, there was one Sugihara Kitoji, who was stationed in some military capacity at Kit-

¹ Hideyoshi, as is well known, was not of princely extraction.

zuki. He was a great favorite with the Kokuzō, and used often to play at chess with him. During a game, one evening, this officer suddenly became as one paralyzed, — unable to move or speak. For a moment all was anxiety and confusion; but the Kokuzō said: "I know the cause. My friend was smoking; and although smoking disagrees with me, I did not wish to spoil his pleasure by telling him so. But the Kami, seeing that I felt ill, became angry with him. Now I shall make him well." Whereupon the Kokuzō uttered some magical word, and the officer was immediately as well as before.

XVII.

Once more we are journeying through the silence of this holy land of mists and of legends; wending our way between green leagues of ripening rice white-sprinkled with arrows of prayer, between the far processions of blue and verdant peaks whose names are the names of gods. We have left Kitzuki far behind. But as in a dream I still see the mighty avenue, the long succession of torii with their colossal shimenawa, the majestic face of the Guji, the kindly smile of the priest Sasa, and the girl priestess in her snowy robes dancing her beautiful ghostly dance. It seems to me that I can still hear the sound of the clapping of hands, like the crashing of a torrent. I cannot suppress some slight exultation at the thought that I have been allowed to see what no other foreigner has been privileged to see: the interior of Japan's most ancient shrine, and those sacred utensils and quaint rites of primitive worship so well worthy the study of the anthropologist and the evolutionist.

But to have seen Kitzuki as I saw it is also to have seen something much more than a single wonderful temple. To see Kitzuki is to see the living centre of Shintō, and to feel the life-pulse of the ancient faith, throbbing as mightily in this nineteenth century as ever in

that unknown past whereof the Kojiki itself, though written in a tongue no longer spoken, is but a modern record.¹ Buddhism, changing form or slowly decaying through the centuries, might seem doomed to pass away at last from this Japan to which it came only as an alien faith; but Shintō, unchanging and vitally unchanged, still remains all dominant in the land of its birth, and only seems to gain in power and dignity with time.² Buddhism has a voluminous theology, a profound philosophy, a literature vast as the sea. Shintō has no philosophy, no code of ethics, no metaphysics; and yet, by its very immateriality, it can resist the invasion of Occidental religious thought as no other Orient faith can. Shintō extends a welcome to Western science, but remains the irresistible opponent of Western religion; and the foreign zealots who would strive against it are astounded to find the power that foils their uttermost efforts undefinable as magnetism and invulnerable as air. Indeed, the wisest of our scholars have never yet been able to tell us what Shintō is. To some it appears to be merely ancestor-worship, to others ancestor-worship combined with nature-worship; to others, again, it seems to be no religion at all; to the missionary of the more ignorant class it is the worst form of heathenism. Doubtless the difficulty of explaining Shintō

has been due simply to the fact that the sinologists have sought for the source of it in books: in the Kojiki and the Nihongi, which are its histories; in the Norito, which are its prayers; in the commentaries of Motowori and Hirata, who were its greatest scholars. But the reality of Shintō lives not in books, nor in rites, nor in commandments, but in the national heart, of which it is the highest emotional religious expression, immortal and ever young. Far underlying all the surface crop of quaint superstitions and artless myths and fantastic magic there thrills a mighty spiritual force, the whole soul of a race, with all its impulses and powers and intuitions. He who would know what Shintō is must learn to know that mysterious soul in which the sense of beauty and the power of art and the fire of heroism and the magnetism of loyalty and the emotion of faith have become inherent, imminent, unconscious, instinctive.

Trusting to learn something of that Oriental soul in whose joyous love of nature and of life even the unlearned may discern a strange kinship with the soul of the old Greek race, I trust also that I may presume some day to speak of the great living power of that faith now called Shintō, but more anciently *Kami-no-michi*, or "The Way of the Gods."

Lafcadio Hearn.

THE PRAISES OF WAR.

WHEN the world was younger and perhaps merrier, when people lived more and thought less, and when the curious

subtleties of an advanced civilization had not yet turned men's heads with conceit of their own enlightening progress

¹ The Kojiki dates back, as a written work, only to A. D. 712. But its legends and records are known to have existed in the form of oral literature from a much more ancient time.

² In certain provinces of Japan Buddhism

practically absorbed Shintō in other centuries, but in Izumo Shintō absorbed Buddhism; and now that Shintō is supported by the state there is a visible tendency to eliminate from its cult all elements of possible Buddhist origin.

from simple to serious things, poets had two recognized sources of inspiration, which were sufficient for themselves and for their unexacting audiences. They sang of love and they sang of war, of fair women and of brave men, of keen youthful passions and of the dear delights of battle. Sweet Rosamonde lingers "in Woodstocke bower," and Sir Cauline wrestles with the Eldridge knight; Annie of Lochroyan sails over the roughening seas, and Lord Percy rides gayly to the Cheviot hills with fifteen hundred bowmen at his back. It did not occur to the thick-headed generation who first listened to the ballad of Chevy Chase to hint that the game was hardly worth the candle, or that poaching on a large scale was as ethically reprehensible as poaching on a little one. This sort of insight was left for the nineteenth-century philosopher and the nineteenth-century moralist. In earlier, easier days, the last thing that a poet troubled himself about was a defensible motive for the battle in which his soul exulted. His business was to describe the fighting, not to justify it, which would have been a task of pure supererogation in that truculent age. Fancy trying to justify Kimmont Willie or Johnie of Braedislea, instead of counting the hard knocks they give and the stout men they lay low!

"Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His foot against a stane;
And he has slain the Seven Foresters, —
He has slain them a' but ane."

The last echo of this purely irresponsible spirit may be found in the War-Song of Dinas Vawr, where Peacock, always three hundred years behind his time, sings of slaughter with a bellicose cheerfulness which only his admirable versification can excuse: —

"The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore thought it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host and quelled it;

We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it."

There is not even a lack of food at home — the old traditional dinner of spurs — to warrant this foray. There is no hint of necessity for the harriers or consideration for the harried.

"We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow our chorus."

It is impossible to censure a deed so irresistibly narrated; but if the lines were a hair-breadth less mellifluous, I think we should call this a very barbarous method of campaigning.

When the old warlike spirit was dying out of English verse, when poets had begun to meditate and moralize, to interpret nature and to counsel man, the good gods gave to England, as a link with the days that were dead, Sir Walter Scott, who sang, as no Briton before or since has ever sung, of battlefields and the hoarse clashing of arms, of brave deeds and midnight perils, of the outlaw riding by Brignall banks and the trooper shaking his silken bridle reins upon the river shore: —

"Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore."

These are not precisely the themes which enjoy unshaken popularity to-day, — "the poet of battles fares ill in modern England," says Sir Francis Doyle, — and as a consequence there are many people who speak slightly of Scott's poetry, and who appear to claim for themselves some inscrutable superiority by so doing. They give you to understand, without putting it too coarsely into words, that they are beyond that sort of thing, but that they liked it very well as children, and are pleased if you enjoy it still. There is even a class of unfortunates who, through no

apparent fault of their own, have ceased to take delight in Scott's novels, and who manifest a curious indignation because the characters in them go ahead and do things, instead of thinking and talking about them, which is the present approved fashion of evolving fiction. Why, what time have the good people in Quentin Durward for speculation and chatter? The rush of events carries them irresistibly into action. They plot, and fight, and run away, and scour the country, and meet with so many adventures and perform so many brave and cruel deeds that they have no chance for introspection and the joys of analysis. Naturally, those writers who pride themselves upon making a story out of nothing, and who are more concerned with excluding material than with telling their tales, have scant liking for Sir Walter, who thought little, and prated not at all, about the "art of fiction," but used the subjects which came to hand with the instinctive and unhesitating skill of a great artist. The battles in Quentin Durward and Old Mortality are, I think, as fine in their way as the battle of Flodden; and Flodden, says Andrew Lang, is the finest fight on record, — "better even than the stand of Aias by the ships in the Iliad, better than the slaying of the Wooers in the Odyssey."

The ability to carry us whither he would, to show us whatever he pleased, and to stir our hearts' blood with the story of

"old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago,"

was the especial gift of Scott, — of the man whose sympathies were as deep as life itself, whose outlook was as wide as the broad bosom of the earth he trod on. He believed in action, and he delighted in describing it. "The thinker's voluntary death in life" was not, for him, the power that moves the world, but rather deeds, — deeds that make his

tory and that sing themselves forever. He honestly felt himself to be a much smaller man than Wellington. He stood abashed in the presence of the soldier who had led large issues and controlled the fate of nations. He would have been sincerely amused to learn from Robert Elsmere — what a delicious thing it is to contemplate Sir Walter reading Robert Elsmere! — that "the decisive events of the world take place in the intellect." The decisive events of the world, Scott held, take place in the field of action; on the plains of Marathon and Waterloo, rather than in the brain tissues of William Godwin. He knew what befell Athens when she could put forward no surer defense against Philip of Macedon than the most brilliant orations ever written in praise of freedom. It was better, he probably thought, to argue as the English did "in platoons." The schoolboy who fought with the heroic "Green-Breeks" in the streets of Edinburgh; the student who led the Tory youths in their gallant struggle with the riotous Irishmen, and drove them with stout cudgeling out of the theatre they had disgraced; the man who, broken in health and spirit, was yet blithe and ready to back his quarrel with Gourgaud by giving that gentleman any satisfaction he desired, was consistent throughout to the simple principles of a bygone generation. "It is clear to me," he writes in his journal, "that what is least forgiven in a man of any mark or likelihood is want of that article blackguardly called *pluck*. All the fine qualities of genius cannot make amends for it. We are told the genius of poets especially is irreconcilable with this species of grenadier accomplishment. If so, *quel chien de génie!*"

Quel chien de génie indeed, and far beyond the compass of Scott, who, amid the growing sordidness and seriousness of an industrial and discontented age, struck a single resonant note that rings

in our hearts to-day like the echo of good and joyous things : —

“Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.”

The same sentiments are put, it may be remembered, into admirable prose when Graham of Claverhouse expounds to Henry Morton his views on living and dying. At present, Philosophy and Philanthropy between them are hustling poor Glory into a small corner of the field. Even to the soldier, we are told, it should be a secondary consideration, or perhaps no consideration at all, his sense of duty being a sufficient stay. But Scott, like Homer, held somewhat different views, and absolutely declined to let “that jade Duty” have everything her own way. It is the plain duty of Blount and Eustace to stay by Clare’s side and guard her as they were bidden, instead of which they rush off, with Sir Walter’s tacit approbation, to the fray.

“No longer Blount the view could bear :
‘By heaven and all its saints! I swear
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads and patter prayer, —
I gallop to the host.’”

It was this cheerful acknowledgment of human nature as a large factor in life which gave to Scott his genial sympathy with brave imperfect men; which enabled him to draw with true and kindly art such soldiers as Le Balafré and Dugald Dalgetty and William of Deloraine. Le Balafré, indeed, with his thick-headed loyalty, his conceit of his own wisdom, his unswerving, almost unconscious courage, his readiness to risk his neck for a bride, and his reluctance to marry her, is every whit as veracious as if he were the over-analyzed child of realism, instead of one of the many minor characters thrust with wanton prodigality into the pages of a romantic novel.

Alone among modern poets, Scott sings Homerically of strife. Others have

caught the note, but none have upheld it with such sustained force, such clear and joyous resonance. Macaulay has fire and spirit, but he is always too rhetorical, too declamatory, for real emotion. He stirs brave hearts, it is true, and the finest tribute to his eloquence was paid by Mrs. Browning, who said she could not read the *Lays* lying down: they drew her irresistibly to her feet. But when Macaulay sings of Lake Regillus, I do not see the battle swim before my eyes. I see — whether I want to or not — a platform, and the poet’s own beloved school-boy declaiming with appropriate gestures those glowing and vigorous lines. When Scott sings of Flodden, I stand wraith-like in the thickest of the fray. I know how the Scottish ranks waver and reel before the charge of Stanley’s men, how Tunstall’s stainless banner sweeps the field, and how, in the gathering gloom,

“The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.”

There is none of this noble simplicity in the somewhat dramatic ardor of Horatius, or in the pharisaical flavor, inevitable perhaps, but not the less depressing, of Naseby and Ivry, which read a little like old Kaiser William’s war dispatches turned into verse. Better for me is the undaunted cheerfulness of that hearty knight Sir Nicholas, whom Praed has shown us fighting bravely for a lost cause on the field of Marston Moor.

“And now he wards a Roundhead’s pike, and
now he hums a stave,
And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he
fells a knave.”

Better, a thousand times better, are the splendid swing, the captivating enthusiasm, of Drayton’s *Agincourt*, which hardly a muck-worm could hear unstirred. Reading it, we are as keen for battle as were King Harry’s soldiers straining at the leash. The ardor for strife, the staying power of quiet courage, all are here; and here, too, a fel-

city of language that makes each noble name a trumpet blast of defiance, a fresh incentive to heroic deeds.

"With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

"Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

"Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?"

Political economists and chilly historians and all long-headed calculating creatures generally may perhaps hint that invading France was no part of England's business, and represented fruitless labor and bloodshed. But this, happily, is not the poet's point of view. He dreams with Hotspur

"Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight."

He hears King Harry's voice ring clearly above the cries and clamors of battle:—

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead;"

and to him the fierce scaling of Harfleur and the field of Agincourt seem not only glorious but righteous things. "That pure and generous desire to thrash the person opposed to you because he *is* opposed to you, because he is not 'your side,'" which Mr. Saintsbury declares to be the real incentive of all good war

songs, hardly permits a too cautious analysis of motives. Fighting is not a strictly philanthropic pastime, and its merits are not precisely the merits of soup kitchens and emigration societies. War-like saints are rare in the calendar, notwithstanding the splendid example of Michael, "of celestial armies prince," and there is at present a shameless conspiracy on foot to defraud even Saint George of his hard-won glory, and to melt him over in some modern crucible into a peaceful Alexandrian bishop. An Arian bishop, too, by way of deepening the scandal! We shall hear next that Saint Denis was a Calvinistic minister, and Saint Iago, whom devout Spanish eyes have seen mounted in the hottest of the fray, a friendly well-wisher of the Moors.

But why sigh over fighting saints, in a day when even fighting sinners have scant measure of praise? "Moral courage is everything. Physical heroism is a small matter, often trivial enough," wrote that clever, emotional, sensitive German woman, Rahel Varnhagen, at the very time when a little "physical heroism" might have freed her conquered fatherland. And this profession of faith has gone on increasing in popularity, until we have even a lad like the young Laurence Oliphant, with hot blood surging in his veins, gravely recording his displeasure because a parson "with a Crimean medal on his surplice" preached a rousing battle sermon to the English soldiers who had no alternative but to fight. "My natural man," confesses Oliphant naively, "is intensely warlike, which is just as low a passion as avarice or any other,"—a curious moral perspective which needs no word of comment, and sufficiently explains much that was to follow. We are irresistibly reminded by such a verdict of Shelley's swelling lines:—

"War is the statesman's game, the priest's del-
light,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade;"

lines which, to borrow a witticism of Oscar Wilde's, have "all the vitality of error," and will probably be quoted triumphantly by Peace Societies for many years to come.

In the mean time, there is a remarkable and very significant tendency to praise all war songs, war stories, and war literature generally, in proportion to the discomfort and horror they excite, in proportion to their inartistic and unjustifiable realism. I well remember, when I was a little girl, having a dismal French tale by Erckmann-Chatrian, called *Le Conserit*, given me by a kindly disposed but mistaken friend, and the disgust with which I waded through those scenes of sordid bloodshed and misery, untouched by any fire of enthusiasm, any halo of romance. The very first description of Napoleon — Napoleon, the idol of my youthful dreams — as a fat, pale man, with a tuft of hair upon his forehead, filled me with loathing upon all that was to follow. But I believe I finished the book, — it never occurred to me, in those innocent days, not to finish every book that I began, — and then I re-read in joyous haste all of Sir Walter Scott's fighting novels, *Waverley*, *Old Mortality*, *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward*, and even *The Abbot*, which has one good battle, to get the taste of that abominable story out of my mouth. Of late years, however, I have heard a great deal of French, Russian, and occasionally even English literature commended for the very qualities which aroused my childish indignation. Those grim verses of Rudyard Kipling's called *The Grave of the Hundred Dead* — verses closely resembling the appalling specimens of truculency with which Mr. Ruskin began and ended his brief poetical career — have been singled out for especial praise, and offered as "grim, naked, ugly truth" to those "who would know more of the poet's picturesque qualities."

But "grim, naked, ugly truth" can

never be made a picturesque quality, and it is not the particular business of a battle poem to emphasize the desirability of peace. We all know the melancholy anticlimax of Campbell's splendid song *Ye Mariners of England*, when to three admirable verses the poet must needs add a fourth, descriptive of the joys of harmony, and of the eating and drinking which shall replace the perils of the sea. I count it a lasting injury, after having my blood fired with these surging lines,

"Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow,"

to be suddenly introduced to a scene of inglorious junketing; and I am not surprised that Campbell's peculiar inspiration, which was born of war; and of war only, failed him the instant he deserted his theme. Such shocking lines as

"The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,"

while quite in harmony with the poet's ordinary achievements, would have been simply impossible in those first three verses of *Ye Mariners*, where he remains true to his one artistic impulse. He strikes a different and a finer note when, in *The Battle of the Baltic*, he turns gravely away from feasting and jollity to remember the brave men who have died for England's glory: —

"Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!"

To go back to Rudyard Kipling, however, from whom I have wandered far, he is more in love with the "dear delights" of battle than with its dismal carnage, and he wins an easy forgiveness for a few horrors by showing us much brave and hearty fighting. Who can forget the little Gurkhas drawing a deep breath of contentment when at last they see the foe, and gaping expectantly

at their officers, "as terriers grin ere the stone is cast for them to fetch"? Who can forget the joyous abandon with which Mulvaney the disreputable and his "four an' twenty young wans" fling themselves upon Lungtungpen? It is a good and wholesome thing for a man to be in sympathy with that primitive virtue courage, to recognize it promptly, and to do honor to it under any flag. "Homer's heart is with the brave of either side," observes Andrew Lang; "with Glaucus and Sarpedon of Lycia no less than with Achilles and Patroclus." Scott's heart is with Surrey and Dacre no less than with Lennox and Argyle; with the English hosts charging like whirlwinds to the fray no less than with the Scottish soldiers standing ringed and dauntless around their king. Théodore de Banville, hot with shame over fallen France, checks his bitterness to write some tender verses to the memory of a Prussian boy found dead on the field, with a bullet-pierced volume of Pindar on his breast. Dumas, that lover of all brave deeds, cries out with noble enthusiasm that it was not enough to kill the Highlanders at Waterloo, — "we had to push them down!" and the reverse of the medal has been shown us by Mr. Lang in the letter of an English officer, who writes home that he would have given the rest of his life to have served with the French cavalry on that awful day. Sir Francis Doyle delights, like an honest and stout-hearted Briton, to pay an equal tribute of praise, in rather questionable verse, to the private of the Buffs,

"Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered and alone,"

who died for England's honor in a far-off land; and to the Indian prince, Mehrab Khan, who, brought to bay, swore proudly that he would perish,

"to the last the lord
Of all that man can call his own,"

and fell beneath the English bayonets

at the door of his zenana. This is the spirit by which brave men know one another the world over, and which, lying back of all healthy national prejudices, unites in a human brotherhood those whom the nearness of death has taught to start at no shadows.

"Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never
the two shall meet

Till earth and sky stand presently at God's
great Judgment Seat.

But there is neither east nor west, border
or breed or birth,

When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come from the ends of the
earth."

Here is Mr. Kipling at his best, and here, too, is a link somewhat simpler and readier to hand than that much-desired bond of cultivation which Mr. Oscar Wilde assures us will one day knit the world together. The time when Germany will no longer hate France, "because the prose of France is perfect," seems still as shadowy as fair; the day when "intellectual criticism will bind Europe together" dawns only in the dreamland of desire. Mr. Wilde makes himself merry at the expense of "Peace Societies, so dear to the sentimentalists, and proposals for unarmed International Arbitration, so popular among those who have never read history;" but criticism, the mediator of the future, "will annihilate race prejudices by insisting upon the unity of the human mind in the variety of its forms. If we are tempted to make war upon another nation, we shall remember that we are seeking to destroy an element of our own culture, and possibly its most important element." This restraining impulse will allow us to fight only red Indians and Feejeeans and Bushmen, from whom no grace of culture is to be gleaned; and it may prove a strong inducement to some disturbed countries, like Ireland and Turkey, to advance a little further along the paths of sweetness and light. Meanwhile, the world, which rolls so easily in old and well-

worn ways, will probably remember that "power is measured by resistance," and will go on arguing stolidly in platoons.

"All healthy men like fighting and like the sense of danger; all brave women like to hear of their fighting and of their facing danger," says Mr. Ruskin, who has taken upon himself the defense of war in his own irresistibly unconvincing manner. Others indeed have delighted in it from a purely artistic standpoint, or as a powerful stimulus to fancy. Mr. Saintsbury exults more than most critics in battle poems, and in those "half-inarticulate songs that set the blood coursing." Sir Francis Doyle, whose simple manly soul never wearied of such themes, had no ambition to outgrow the first hearty sympathies of his boyhood. "I knew the battle in *Marmion* by heart almost before I could read," he writes in his *Reminiscences*; "and I cannot raze out — I do not wish to raze out — of my soul all that filled and colored it in years gone by." Mr. Froude, who is as easily seduced by the picturesqueness of sea fights as was Canon Kingsley, appears to believe in all seriousness that the British privateers who went plundering in the Spanish main were inspired by a pure love for England and a zeal for the Protestant faith. As with the little boy of adventurous humor,

"There is something that suits his mind to a T
In the thought of a reg'lar Pirate King."

Mr. Lang's love of all warlike literature is too well known to need comment. As a child, he confesses he pored over "the fightingest parts of the Bible," when Sunday deprived him of less hallowed reading. As a boy, he devoted to Sir Walter Scott the precious hours which were presumably sacred to the shrine of Latin grammar. As a man, he lures us with glowing words from the consideration of political problems or of our own complicated spiritual machinery to follow the fortunes of the brave fierce men

who fought in the lonely north, or of the heroes who went forth in gilded armor "to win glory or to give it" before the walls of Troy. In these days, when many people find it easier to read *The Ring* and the *Book* than the *Iliad*, Mr. Lang makes a strong plea in behalf of that literature which has come down to us out of the past to stand forevermore unrivaled and alone, stirring the hearts of all generations until human nature shall be warped from simple and natural lines. "With the Bible and Shakespeare," he says, "the Homeric poems are the best training for life. There is no good quality that they lack: manliness, courage, reverence for old age and for the hospitable hearth, justice, piety, pity, a brave attitude towards life and death, are all conspicuous in Homer." It might be well, perhaps, to add to this long list one more incomparable virtue, an instinctive and illogical delight in living. Amid shipwrecks and battles, amid long wanderings and hurtling spears, amid sharp dangers and sorrows bitter to bear, Homer teaches us, and teaches us in right joyful fashion, the beauty and value of an existence which we are wont nowadays to find a little burdensome on our hands.

All these things have the lovers of war said to us, and in all these ways have they striven to fire our hearts. But Mr. Ruskin is not content to regard any matter from a purely artistic standpoint, or to judge it on natural and congenital lines; he must indorse it ethically or condemn it. Accordingly, it is not enough for him, as it would be for any other man, to claim that "no great art ever yet rose on earth but among a nation of soldiers." He feels it necessary to ask himself some searching and embarrassing questions about fighting "for its own sake" and as "a grand pastime," — questions which he naturally finds it extremely difficult to answer. It is not enough for him to say, with equal truth and justice, that if "brave

death in a red coat" be no better than "brave life in a black one," it is at least every bit as good. He must needs wax serious, and commit himself to this strong and doubtful statement:—

"Assume a knight merely to have ridden out occasionally to fight his neighbor for exercise; assume him even a soldier of fortune, and to have gained his bread and filled his purse at the sword's point. Still I feel as if it were, somehow, grander and worthier in him to have made his bread by sword play than any other play. I had rather he had made it by thrusting than by batting, — much more than by betting; much rather that he should ride war horses than back race horses; and — I say it sternly and deliberately — much rather would I have him slay his neighbor than cheat him."

Perhaps, in deciding a point as delicate as this, it would not be altogether amiss to consult the subject acted upon; in other words, the neighbor, who, whatever may be his prejudice against dishonest handling, would probably prefer it to the last irredeemable disaster. In this commercial age we get tolerably accustomed to being cheated, — like the skinned eel, we are used to it, — but there is an old rhyme which tells us plainly that a broken neck is beyond all help of healing.

No, it is best, when we treat a theme as many-sided as war, to abandon modern inquisitorial methods, and confine ourselves to that good old-fashioned simplicity which was content to take short obvious views of life. It is best to leave ethics alone, and ride as lightly as we can. The finest poems of battle and of camp have been written in this unincumbered spirit, as, for example, that lovely little snatch of song from Rokeby: —

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eve, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,

A doublet of the Lincoln green, —
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew."

And this other, far less familiar, which I quote from Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, and which is fitly called *The Wandering Knight's Song*: —

"My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star.

"My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

"I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee."

Now, apart from the charming felicity of these lines, we cannot but be struck with their singleness of conception and purpose. *The Wandering Knight* is well-nigh as disincumbered of mental as of material luggage. He rides as free from our tangled perplexity of introspection as from our irksome contrivances for comfort. It is not that he is precisely guileless or ignorant. One does not journey far over the world without learning the world's ways, and the ways of the men who dwell upon her. But the knowledge of things looked at from the outside is never the knowledge that wears one's soul away, and the traveling companion that Lord Byron found so *ennuyant*,

"The blight of life, — the demon Thought," forms no part of the *Wandering Knight's* equipment. As I read this little fugitive song which has drifted down into an alien age, I feel an envious liking for those days when the tumult of existence made its triumph, when action fanned the embers of joy, and when people were too busy with each hour of life as it came to question the usefulness or desirability of the whole.

There is one more point to consider.

Mr. Saintsbury appears to think it strange that battles, when they occur, and especially when they chance to be victories, should not immediately inspire good war songs. But this is seldom or never the case, *The Charge of the Light Brigade* being an honorable exception to the rule. What they do inspire may be seen by the curious who care to hunt up the mass of doggerel printed in England during the Napoleonic struggles, or the melancholy verses wrung from poetic patriots during the progress of our own civil war. A short and dispassionate review of either the Federal or Confederate effusions will convince the most sanguine that fervent enthusiasm does not necessarily imply poetic skill, and cannot be advantageously used as a substitute. On the other hand, Drayton's heroic ballad was written nearly two hundred years after the battle of Agincourt; Flodden is a tale of defeat; and Campbell, whose songs are so intoxicatingly warlike, belonged, I am sorry to say, to the "Peace at all price" party. The fact is that a battle fought five hundred years ago is just as inspiring to the poet as a battle fought yesterday; and a brave deed, the memory of which comes down to us through cen-

turies, stirs our hearts as profoundly as though we witnessed it in our own time. Sarpedon, leaping lightly from his chariot to dare an unequal combat; Sir Walter Manny, who, "stuck full of ladies' favors, fought like a dragon" at Crécy and Poitiers; the wounded knight, Schönburg, dragging himself painfully from amid the dead and dying to offer his silver shield to his defenseless emperor; the twenty kinsmen of the noble family of Trauttmansdorf, who fell under Frederick of Austria in the single battle of Mühldorf; the English lad, young Anstruther, who carried the queen's colors of the Royal Welsh at the storming of Sebastopol, and who, swift-footed as a schoolboy, was the first to gain the great redoubt, and stood there one happy moment, holding his flagstaff and breathing hard before he was shot dead,—these are the pictures whose value distance can never lessen, and whose colors time can never dim. These are the deeds that belong to all ages and to all nations, a heritage for every man who walks this troubled earth. "All this the gods have fashioned, and have woven the skein of death for men, that there might be a song in the ears even of the folk of after time."

Agnes Repplier.

THE MODERN ART OF PAINTING IN FRANCE.

THE French nation has led the world in many movements tending to establish exalted ideals and to uplift mankind; but at no time in its history have its aims and efforts been more noble or more fruitful of good than during the first ages of its monarchical organization. The arts which in those ages took form in France, while they show the technical imperfections that pertain to early developments, manifest as no subsequent arts do the finest traits of French

genius. The miniatures of the missals and Psalters and the sculptures of the Gothic monuments of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are characterized by a beauty of design and sentiment unequaled by any produced by the modern school.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, under the influence of Italian painting on the one hand, and that of the more realistic art of Flanders on the other, French painting, which was still

confined mainly to manuscript illuminations, developed in technical points, but hardly made progress in sentiment and expression. The full-page designs of this period are often extremely beautiful, and they sometimes exhibit charmingly the various aspects of mediæval life and landscape; but the deeper spirit which gave essential value to the Gothic art is sensibly wanting.

The sixteenth century is a confused time in the history of French painting, during which the national genius languishes, and a hybrid art, made up largely of elements derived from the decadent art of Italy, comes into vogue. The so-called Renaissance movement in France did not lead to important developments in painting. The inspiration of the foreign school established by an ostentatious prince at Fontainebleau was not a noble inspiration; and its influence upon native art could not have been salutary even had the native genius of the time been stronger than it was. The names of Cousin and Clouet, though honorable when their surrounding circumstances are considered, would not reflect much credit on a really great school. The pseudo-classicism of the succeeding age led only farther away from the lines in which the national genius could find fit expression. The borrowed Raphaelesque sentiment and the academic mannerism of Le Sueur could bear no healthy fruit, and neither Poussin's genuine feeling for landscape nor Claude's love for warm pervading light, hampered as both these men were by artificial principles, could avail to turn the artistic activities of the time into fruitful channels. Even less productive of good were the bombastic affectations of Le Brun and Mignard.

The French art of the seventeenth century was deplorably lacking in native character and the inspiration of genius. The prevailing ideas were opposed to fine artistic growth; and the misdirected efforts of Louis XIV. to foster the

fine arts by liberal patronage and the establishment of academies were necessarily futile. Patronage prompted by motives like his can only mislead the artist and retard progress; and academies are powerless when high artistic impulses and apprehensions are wanting. The least admirable traits of French character find expression in the arts of this time, and their technical treatment naturally corresponds with the impelling motives of the artists. Inelegant form, extravagant action, gaudy color, and coarse feeling mark the typical works produced.

The art of Watteau exhibits more genuine qualities. His frank and masterly rendering of the upper-class society life of the beginning of the eighteenth century bears kinship with the work of the truest masters of painting. As a colorist Watteau is more subtle than Rubens; he approaches the great Venetians. Hence his best works have a charm which commends them notwithstanding the frequent coarseness of their subjects. Had his ideals been more exalted and his surroundings more favorable, he might have produced works of higher excellence. As it was, he achieved enough to entitle him to an honorable place on the list of the best French painters of modern times. His merits were not, however, sustained by his contemporaries nor by his immediate followers: no school of high character arose from his inspiration. But French art of the eighteenth century shows one important sign of health and promise, — that of concerning itself largely with real life. The field which Watteau opened engaged the interest of many other artists of the time, and though no strong work was done, the sophistications of the pseudo-classicists on the one hand, and the extravagances of the school of Le Brun on the other, no longer held the popular regard.

But the conditions were not yet ripe for a healthy naturalist school. The

painters of real life either concerned themselves, like Watteau, with the frivolity and vulgarity of the manners of the wealthy and idle classes, or else they sought inspiration from the lowest phases of life among the poor. The few artists who, like Greuze, attempted to treat better subjects made little general impression. There were no men of genius among them; none who could appreciate the essential beauty of real life, and set it forth with sincerity and grace. Little, therefore, had yet been gained. No intelligent and elevated public sentiment existed to prompt and guide the artist in noble lines of effort. The few who took any interest in what were considered the higher forms of art were imbued with the conventional notions of the then widely authoritative academic schools; and hence, in the latter part of the century, the reaction of David was, in the higher artistic circles, readily welcomed. The art of David and his followers was but the result of a final effort to establish those supposed classic principles which had been evolved in the academies of Italy, and more recently formulated in the writings of Winckelmann. David, though honest, conscientious, and of strong will, was a pedantic enthusiast without genius. Not only did his conviction that the only worthy ambition for a painter was to treat heroic subjects in what he regarded as the classic manner prevent the true development of such moderate talents as he had, but his strong influence on the artistic thought of his contemporaries enabled him so far to make his principles prevail as to paralyze the best powers of men more highly endowed by nature than himself. Until about the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century the despotic authority of David ruled the ideas of the leading painters of France with a rod of iron.

But the vigorous modern French genius could not long continue to be bound by these arbitrary and inadequate ideas.

The strong feeling for nature and the so-called romantic interests which were awakening in men like Gros and Géricault soon began to assert themselves, and to force the intrenchments of the school founded on academic affectations. David and his strict followers ignored color. It was a part of their creed that full coloring, the coloring of nature, was not consistent with high art. A severe chiaroscuro, with but slight and sober tinting, was, they thought, most fitting in the treatment of heroic themes. Against this arbitrary theory Gros and Géricault, after studying the works of the masters of color in the Louvre, were early impelled to protest. The docile pupils of David had ignored these works; but those students who had the boldness to make use of them were thereby rendered sensible of the monotony and falsity of the theories in respect to color of the master who had for a quarter of a century held the position of dictator of artistic aims and methods.

The disaffection quickly extended to the other prescribed qualities of design. Conventional form and scientific anatomy were seen to be inadequate to the ends that were now sought, while artificial pose and studied gesture seemed as much opposed to true expression as was the arbitrary theory which had proscribed color. The more natural drawing, the richer color, and the solid impasto which finally characterized the art of Géricault strongly appealed to his contemporaries, and largely revolutionized their practice. But while freeing themselves from the conventions of David the French figure painters of the early part of our century, failed to appreciate the qualities which give to painting its finest character. In so far as they sought guidance from the works of the masters of the older schools they lacked discrimination. They did not draw their inspiration from the most instructive sources. Rubens and Rem-

brandt, whom they chiefly studied, are indeed great painters; but their qualities are associated with defects which students are not apt to recognize as such. They are not, therefore, the safest masters to take as models. The art of Rubens and Rembrandt, however, seems to have won the attention of these independent students more fully than the superior art of Titian and Veronese. Still there was much for men bred in the school of David to learn from masters like these; and under their stimulus they made such progress as men without the highest gifts and best guidance could. But this progress is not worth following, because it was largely unsound and intrinsically unimportant. The history of so-called historical figure painting in the nineteenth century is not of great significance, because it has not been practiced by men of commanding genius and discernment. The painting of Géricault, of Ingres, of Delaroche and Delacroix, notwithstanding many solid merits, is not painting in which a people so distinctly gifted with artistic aptitudes as are the French ought to take much pride. Yet we should not blame these painters and their associates for producing work of no higher character. They were weighted with a mass of false artistic traditions on the one hand, and were surrounded by many unfavorable influences on the other. Under such conditions it would be impossible even for men of genius to develop a true art. The fine arts are never independent of surrounding influences: a fine artistic *milieu* is always essential to excellence of artistic production. But the artistic milieu of the French school of historic figure painting contained little that could quicken genius or stimulate high endeavor. Great art requires great ideals, and great ideals suitable for expression in the fine arts were at this time lacking. Religious themes had little hold on the popular imagination; hence the treatment of religious

subjects was rarely sincere. The affected though skillful designs by Flandrin which disfigure the nave of St.-Germain-des-Prés are, I believe, fair examples of the best religious art that the century has produced in France. Classic motives had more attraction as affording opportunity for the display of the nude body; but such subjects were naturally misapprehended by men bred in an artificial and pedantic society. The most potent themes for painting were those derived from the prevailing ideas of military glory; and the strongest art of the school is that which deals with battles as the most moving realities of the time. But modern warfare offers little material for beautiful art; and the numerous battle scenes and subjects connected with battles that have been produced are too largely characterized by a morbid display of horrors. The *Pestiférés de Jaffa*, by Gros, for instance, is but a conspicuous early example of the predilection for the repulsive which has been so marked in the modern French school. Subjects of this kind are sometimes defended on the ground that they stir the emotions, and have a salutary influence tending to diminish the evils which they illustrate. It may be admitted that this is to some extent a legitimate function of art; but it is not its primal function, and it is one that may be carried too far. It may, in fact, be said that appeal to the emotions through the harrowing and the horrible has, in France, been carried much too far.

This expression of the horrible has been less conspicuous in the works of those artists of the school who have held more or less closely to the so-called classic aims; yet they have done little more than others to advance the art of painting on true and elevated lines. The stricter would-be classicists, spurning the life about them and the purely natural altogether, have attempted to create ideal works out of materials drawn from the

realm of fancy. Without discernment of the elements in real life which furnished materials to the genius of the artists of classic times, but deriving their notions of design from the Roman and Renaissance sources, they have dreamed their pseudo-classic dreams, and embodied them with academic formality. Neither they nor the so-called romanticists have succeeded in creating exalted types of beauty; and the treatment of the nude is with the one inane, as in the work of Ingres, and with the other it is apt to be coarse in sentiment. It inclines most commonly to coarseness. Consider, for example, the so-called masterpiece of Couture, the *Decadence of Rome*, in the gallery of the Luxembourg. This picture bears a superficial resemblance to the art of Veronese, by which it was apparently inspired; and yet how inferior it is, in every quality of conception and of treatment, to the work of the Venetian master! It affords an instructive illustration of how a modern Frenchman, of real artistic talent, can misunderstand and misinterpret the matchless art of Venice. Couture's very choice of subject implies a coarseness of feeling that is foreign to the nature of Veronese. He chooses for his theme a degrading orgy, whose exhausted participants give him material for the exhibition of semi-nude bodies in the various attitudes of spent energy. The picture is, in fact, an apotheosis of debauch. Compare its coarse sensuousness with the noble expression of robust bodily beauty in the works of Veronese. In broad qualities of design and color this picture has the kind of strength which readily appeals to a superficial artistic sense; but it lacks those selected and subtle beauties which distinguish Venetian art. These Couture does not perceive. Where the art of Veronese manifests a noble imagination and a keen joy in refined and trained vision, that of Couture shows only the more obvious qualities of things, those which the average eye appreciates. In contemplat-

ing this work the spectator is not lifted, instructed, and entranced by beauty, as he is in regarding the work of Caliari. In point of color the inferiority is strongly marked. In place of the Venetian iridescence of pure hues, Couture's color is fouled everywhere by the bituminous ground into which it is laid. A certain harmony of tone is cheaply got by this recently much-favored method of painting into a fresh ground of asphaltum; but it is not the kind of harmony which a fine colorist seeks. Such a method is inevitably destructive of color as the Venetians understood and rendered it.

It is but just to say that the technical qualities which this school has chiefly sought have been in great measure attained. Correct drawing, free movement, vigorous color, agreeable tone, — these may be said to be characteristic of the works of French painters since 1840, and it is by them that they have demonstrated their superiority and have won their popularity. But these qualities, important as they are, and essential to the highest art, do not constitute the chief end of painting. A fine apprehension of beauty and exercise of the higher powers of design are needful to pictorial greatness; and these the modern French artists do not appear to possess in a high degree. Thus, while on the whole this school deserves honor for having broken with false traditions and conventions, we are obliged at the same time to recognize that even Delacroix, its strongest master, has failed to attain the highest excellence and to express the best traits of French genius.

The new developments in landscape and *genre* which arose in the early part of the century are those which reflect the most credit on the modern French school; for though in landscape no individual genius comparable to the English Turner has arisen, and though the general grace of composition which distinguishes the best works of the early

English water-color school is rare in France, yet the modern French landscape and figure painters have developed and maintained a higher average of technical excellence than the painters of other countries.

The impulse which led to the formation of the new French school of landscape painting was derived from England. Before the end of the first quarter of the present century the French had shown no special interest in a natural treatment of landscape subject. But when, in the year 1824, some landscapes by Constable were exhibited in Paris, they not only were promptly appreciated, but they furnished an inspiration which led at once to a revolutionary movement. Constable's vigorous revolt against the conventional artistic pedantry of an influential class of his contemporaries was timely. The eyes of connoisseurs were becoming more and more insensitive to those visual facts of nature upon which true representative art, however much an expression of the creative imagination it be, finds its only solid basis; and the landscape painting which was most approved in high circles had already become largely a process based upon the arbitrary rules of the studio. Constable was not waging the contest against convention in England single-handed. Turner and Girtin were also in the field. But Girtin was cut off early by death, and Turner was not merely a naturalist, he was also a great designer; and his powers of design were in some measure appreciated by those who were incapable of appreciating his truth to nature. But Constable was so unqualified a protestant that his art appeared, to the conventional critics, wholly devoid of merit. Constable was not a genius of high order, but he had genuine gifts, and a love for some of the familiar phases of nature which was as ardent as his contempt for the false conventions of art was severe. Perceiving the hopelessly false principles of the more pretentious contemporary produc-

tion, he yet failed to recognize duly the fundamental principles exemplified in works of good art. He turned his back upon past art altogether; and in supposing that an artist's best powers could be sufficiently developed by independent and exclusive recourse to nature he made a deplorable mistake. His eye was quick for the superficial aspects of landscape effect, but of the finer elements of a subject he had no sufficient appreciation. His frank and facile style is perhaps adequate to his purposes, but it betrays a lack of training and a marked weakness of draughtsmanship. He had an exaggerated notion of the function of chiaroscuro, and his saying, "There is nothing beautiful but light and shade make it so, and if these are subtly rendered even an old crushed hat becomes worthy of art," well illustrates his imperfect artistic apprehensions. The root of truth in this saying is indeed important. A just expression of the broad and subtle relations of light and shade is certainly essential in developed painting, and a student may undoubtedly, for special discipline, often with profit study the effects of light and shade in even such an object as an old crushed hat. But chiaroscuro is only one element of beauty, and, except when associated with fine conditions of form and color, it has not, by the greatest painters, been considered to render a subject worthy of their art. With such limitations, however, as his genius imposed, Constable attempted to paint truly the English landscape in those phases which appealed to him; and the fresh, sketchy, and unconventional character of his work took strong hold of the French connoisseurs who saw it at the Paris exhibition of 1824.

I am not familiar with the art of Paul Huet, who is said to have been the first French painter to work on the lines laid down by Constable; but the works of such well-known men as Corot, Rousseau, Troyon, Diaz, Daubigny, and Jules Dupré exhibit in different ways the earlier results of Constable's influence. The

great merit of this art consists in the truth and feeling with which it seeks to render, and often admirably succeeds in rendering, those visual qualities of landscape which artists appreciate, — those mainly, it may almost be said exclusively, of chiaroscuro and color. The qualities of line and specific form, which are no less important elements of visual effect, they largely ignore. The impressions which these artists seek to express are thus incomplete, though they often are charming.

Few of these naturalistic landscape painters of France were influenced by traditional art practice any more than Constable was. They were for the most part independent students of nature, with little artistic choice of subject. Any bit of open country supplied all that they required for motive. Take, for instance, the picture by Daubigny entitled *Écluse dans la Vallée d'Oplevoz*, figured in Mrs. Stranahan's *History of French Painting*. There is not a fine form nor a graceful line in either the broken ground or the vegetation of which it is composed. It is a commonplace scene, with no noteworthy pictorial interest, and it is rendered, apparently, with literal exactness as regards the more obvious characteristics of such a scene. It is not, indeed, devoid of all elements of pleasing composition; the arches and parallel lines of the masonry are agreeably carried out by the cattle ranged beneath them, and the rigidity of the leading features is offset by the not ungraceful figure of the peasant woman who drives the cows. Such pleasant relationships and contrasts are not uncommon in the works of the French landscape painters; but the composition in these works rarely goes beyond what almost every ordinary subject exhibits, a total disregard of which would bespeak an entire lack of appreciation of the most elementary principles of design. The French artists are by nature highly gifted with faculties of design, but few of them now

appear to cultivate these faculties. The reaction from authoritative and conventional design seems to have carried this naturalist school to the extreme of ignoring design altogether. The idyllic grace of composition sometimes suggested by Corot is quite uncommon. What composition contemporary French painters do occasionally show is rather, as in the case of Daubigny, inherent in the subject than derived from the exercise of the higher artistic powers. In short, these painters do not appear to recognize the fact that the true function of a landscape painter is not so much to portray, in whatever manner, any given natural scene or effect as to express some imaginative and creative power of his own which the visual elements of nature excite into activity. They limit themselves, for the most part, to unselecting though generally forceful portrayal of things as they are. But within their range the stronger men of the school have produced work of great excellence. They have taught the modern artistic world to appreciate the values of tone and mass; and by the single pursuit of these qualities they have made their art superior to other modern art as regards unit and breadth. If they have not yet attained the highest expression of landscape effect, it is in great measure because they have not yet recognized the limitations of the artist's means which make the full rendering of the chiaroscuro of nature impossible. Frenchmen talk about values without appearing to understand that the values of nature can be given in painting to only a very limited extent; and that the strong chiaroscuro of which they are so fond is incompatible with the finer gradations of light and color that characterize the best painting. Contemporary French chiaroscuro is apt to be theatrical in character. It is strikingly effective, but it is rarely subtle and suggestive. In enthusiastic pursuit of one or two excellences, Frenchmen have turned their backs on others equally

important. When a man of well-rounded genius shall arise among the landscape painters of France, we may expect to see a form of art that will far surpass anything that the school has yet accomplished.

Some of the most vigorous and excellent productions of the French school are those of the artists who combine figures and animals with landscape subject. No more healthy naturalism has yet appeared than that which the animal painting of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur exhibits. It is naturalism pure and simple, not of a high order, but true in feeling. Her work is no merely sketchy rendering of general effect; it is as complete and expressive in drawing as it is conceivable that such work should be. In those wonderful oxen of the picture called *Labourage Nivernais*, in the Luxembourg, every trait peculiar to these creatures is made with supreme mastery. But her treatment of the landscape is less admirable. She regards it as background simply, and shows little appreciation of its own character and beauty beyond what is necessary for her limited purpose. She is acutely discerning, however, with regard to everything that is essential to the completeness of her main subject, and remarkably faithful in the rendering of important details. The freshly ploughed ground in this picture, for instance, is worthy of attentive study.

Troyon has a stronger artistic sense and more appreciation of the landscape itself. He has less interest in the animals as such, and more sensitiveness to their beauty in relation to their surroundings. Troyon is a good composer, and he is an able master of *chiaroscuro* as it is understood in the modern French school.

Of the artists who represent the department of genre M. Houssaye says:¹ "Les peintres de genre sont en grand nombre et montrent une habileté ex-

trême; c'est à peu près tout ce qu'il y a à dire d'eux." This remark is just: with few exceptions nothing is more striking in the works of the French painters of genre, from those of Decamps to those of Meissonier and Gérôme, than the uniform exhibition of cleverness, and the general absence of anything more. The most noteworthy exceptions are the works of Édouard Frère and Jean François Millet. The pure sentiment of these artists does honor to the modern school, and in faithfully illustrating, from respectively different yet kindred points of view, the common life of the French peasantry they have done a real service, and enlarged the domain of realistic design. The field opened by these men is by no means exhausted, though both were diligent and prolific workers. The more graceful aspects of the life that is associated with the cottages and cornfields of France have many charms that still await noble artistic interpretation. The technical shortcomings of Millet's art leave much to be desired in nearly all that he has done; but the most accomplished technique will, of course, be insufficient in such absence of deeper motive as is felt in the majority of the works of painters who concern themselves with rustic life. The showy art of Jules Breton is wholly inadequate.

Another vigorous department of contemporary art in France is that of portraiture. But in this department, as in others, high achievement is largely defeated by the prevailing French love for the emphatic, and even the violent, in pictorial treatment. No quality of painting, especially of portrait painting, is more essential to high merit than a pervading quietness of execution. Emphasis and animation have their place and value, to be sure, — the best painting is never wanting in these qualities; but nothing is more noticeable in the works of the greatest artists than the quietness of manner by which they accomplish

¹ *L'Art Français depuis Dix Ans*, p. xxx.

their ends. In the most admired French portrait art of the present time an excess of what is called *chic* is apt to vulgarize the general effect, and to debar the works of men of really strong executive powers from the highest category. Portrait art of the dignity and beauty of that of Velasquez and Vandyck, or of Gainsborough and Reynolds, has not yet been produced in France. Whether the imaginative power requisite for such art now exists among contemporary French painters may be a question, but there can hardly be any regarding their natural executive capacity. It needs only a more refined training. Could they but enough appreciate refinement, and free themselves from ungraceful and theatrical modes of conception which go along with this predilection for *chic*, such men as Bonnat, Carolus Duran, and Paul Dubois might achieve much higher results than they have as yet.

The few representatives of the academic school who still exist — deriving a considerable prestige from the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, whose main teaching continues to be conducted on the long-established academic lines — produce little that is noteworthy, and exert a constantly diminishing influence. Such art does not result from true inspiration. It is little more than a display of academic conventionalities and artificial elegances, and it cannot fail to become obsolete so soon as the government support is withdrawn.

At the present time the more exemplary phases of French art seem not to be in the ascendant. Imagination is inactive, and the study of nature is not proceeding on elevated lines, while realism has become morbid and vulgar. What M. Houssaye justly calls the "*odieuses tendances contemporaines*"¹ are strongly marked in the majority of canvases that annually crowd the walls of the Salons, and they are swiftly impelling the school along a precipitous

pathway of degradation. Unless the better sentiment of the French people shall soon assert itself so as to give a healthier turn to artistic activity, the condition of the school will become hopeless for many a year. For instance, on the line in one of the larger rooms of the Salon of 1886 was an enormous picture representing the carcass of a hog cut up through the middle, as we see hogs displayed in butchers' shops, and surrounded by a group of physicians in the act of examining the flesh for trichinæ. A little farther along on the same line appeared another canvas on which was depicted, in life size, a living hog. In an adjoining room was a picture, several metres in length, portraying a disheveled maniac in a squalid apartment; and these were not by any means the least elevating subjects of the exhibition.

Passing from this class of themes, the next most conspicuous are those which in one way or another treat the nude body. Never since the time of the later Greco-Roman art has the nude figure been so much represented as it is in the French school of to-day, and the more incapacity to appreciate and exhibit beauty the French painters show, the greater, just now, seems to be their predilection for the nude. The human form, in its normal perfection, is undoubtedly the noblest and most beautiful of objects, and artists of a high order of genius may, perhaps, even under the conditions of our modern life, study the unclothed body with profit and represent it with noble charm. But artists of no more than average powers are incompetent to render it finely, and it is presumption for such to attempt it. Of the vast numbers of nude subjects annually displayed in Paris, very few, if any, are treated in a manner to justify their existence, while of the most of them it may assuredly be said that they are not only devoid of beauty, but that they bespeak an ignoble coarseness of sentiment.

¹ L'Art Français depuis Dix Ans, p. iii.

Correct drawing, strong modeling, and natural color are indeed seldom wanting in works of this class. The French training is thorough in these particulars when dealing with the figure, but it is a capital and deplorable defect of this training that it seldom inculcates an appreciation of anything more than technical correctness and force. In the disciplinary work of the studio the exact reproduction of the model is the one thing enforced. A discriminating study of nature with a view to its beauty, guided by a comprehensive and appreciative familiarity with the supreme achievements of the older schools of art, examples of which are so readily accessible, is rarely manifest. The higher training of the artistic taste and feelings finds little place in the curriculum of the Parisian *atelier* of the day.

Of that recent phase of French art known as impressionism, it should be said that as a disciplinary movement it may have its use, but regarded as a final and sufficient form of art it is a mistake that is destined to be short-lived. Impressionism was set on foot by Corot. It was, in fact, inherent in the aims and methods of Constable. The ignoring of specific form and the suppression of details in seeking to attain an emphatic expression of the total effect of *chiaroscuro* and color, already spoken of, have marked the French treatment of landscape since the beginning of the naturalistic movement. But the contemporary impressionists carry the principle much further than did their forerunners, and err more shortsightedly in making an end of that which should be only a means. It is an elementary axiom that in our visual impressions of nature three principal elements are concerned, those of form, color, and light and shade. While a painter may often, for the sake of special discipline, study any one of

these by itself, he is hardly justified in excluding any of them when his aim is to produce a finished picture. To set up this incomplete impressionist conception and treatment of things as a finality is arbitrary and reprehensible. A true painter seeks a balanced interpretation of all the elements of a subject which tell upon the eye. The English pre-Raphaelites lost this balance by the over-elaboration of sharply defined details. The impressionist reaction may prove a good remedy for this defect, but, being equally wide of the mark in an opposite direction, it is not itself any more satisfactory as an ultimate principle. We get the fullest and truest illustration of the fundamental principles of painting yet reached in the art of Venice only. The works of Titian, the central master of the Venetian school, will for a long time to come afford the best instruction as regards the artistic rendering of visual impressions. The Venetian masters did not, it is true, learn to deal satisfactorily with the *chiaroscuro* of the open landscape. The modern interest in landscape was but awakening in their day, and time was needed to teach that out-of-door light is different from that of the studio. But as yet modern students of landscape painting cannot, I believe, do better than to master the Venetian system, and apply it to the exigencies of this class of subjects.¹

The foregoing summary of the course and character of the art of painting in France shows, I think, that, judged by the highest standards, and regarding the essential ends of expression, the modern school, with all its merits, has failed thus far to fulfill the promise of the earlier ages. The springs of inspiration are exhausted, because the light of the spirit no longer guides the ima-

¹ A great deal of time is now wasted in France in technical experiments, while the perfect technical system of the Venetians is largely

ignored. All that is fundamental in the best French technique is exhibited in a yet more exemplary manner in that of Venice.

gination in its conceptions of forms of beauty. The brilliant technique which finds so ready applause is not altogether sound, being to a great extent an outgrowth of the prevailing motives; and even if it were sound it would not suffice to give to the works of the school a value equal to that which the older art of the country derived from its higher purpose and expression. The qualities of the modern school are not those fundamental ones which make the art of a nation truly great.

A school should not, of course, be judged by any arbitrary standards, and in the case of this school it is not necessary even to apply those of foreign developments. Its own best achievements in times past furnish, as we see, sufficient standards. To these it may be reasonably held, unless we are to suppose that the national genius has radically changed and become incapable of rising to its former level. If this be not the case, it would seem inconceivable that the people which in the Middle Ages invented Gothic architecture should not, if it would, produce better art than that for which it is now famous. In saying that the French school is not doing itself justice, I do not mean to imply that any other existing school is superior to it. In fact, while much that is excellent, and in some cases superior to the work of the French, is accomplished in other countries, there is hardly anything elsewhere that can be called a school. Contemporary painters almost everywhere are now imitating the French. The artistic influence of Paris is practically universal. French paintings go to all parts of the world; and the great Parisian ateliers for students are crowded with young men of all nationalities.

The question of the results of this influence is a grave one, which may, however, be safely left to the judgment of thoughtful people, when once they take it fairly into consideration. As yet such

questions are not enough examined. In matters of art, as in matters of fashion, there is a great deal of thoughtless acceptance of whatever comes from Paris. This question bears not merely upon the character of contemporary artistic production, but also upon the ideas now generally inculcated; determining whether they be broad and liberal or narrow and doctrinaire. The doctrinaire element is considerable in contemporary French teaching. I once, in Paris, ventured to suggest that more study, in the Louvre, of the works of the Florentine and Venetian masters might be useful to art students in general. I was told, in reply, that the works of those masters were now considered obsolete. Young Americans go to Paris, and readily assimilate the ideas, aims, and methods in vogue; while they fail to gain any serviceable knowledge of the great works of the older art preserved there, access to which constitutes the chief advantage of going abroad. If thorough practice in drawing and painting from the living model be all that is wanted, it is a waste of time and money to cross the Atlantic. What is valuable in the Parisian discipline might just as well be had in New York or Boston. Models may be found anywhere, and it needs only the same persistent practice, under such guidance and criticism as many men in every community of art students are competent to afford, to insure results as good as may be reached abroad. But that discipline of the artistic sense which study of great masterpieces affords cannot be had in America, and is not acquired by the majority of students who go to Paris, because it is not appreciated by the contemporary painters and those who direct instruction there.

It is to be regretted that students and amateurs at home find so little help toward suitable preparation for foreign study. Of the large numbers of youths who go annually from all parts of this country to pursue courses in fine arts

in Paris, the greater part have small conception of their meaning. They are without that preliminary knowledge which should give them a basis of judgment as to what may be most profita-

bly studied in Europe. In the Parisian school they meet with few enlightening and broadening influences. Nearly everything beyond the range and routine of the uniform technical drill is ignored.

Charles H. Moore.

SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD III.¹

I PROPOSE to say a few words on one of the plays usually attributed to Shakespeare, — a play in respect of which I find myself in the position of Peter Bell, seeing little more than an ordinary primrose where I ought, perhaps, to see the plant and flower of light; I mean the play of *Richard III.* Horace Walpole wrote *Historic Doubts* concerning the monarch himself, and I shall take leave to express some about the authorship of the drama that bears his name. I have no intention of applying to it a system of subjective criticism which I consider as untrustworthy as it is fascinating, and which I think has often been carried beyond its legitimate limits. But I believe it absolutely safe to say of Shakespeare that he never wrote deliberate nonsense, nor was knowingly guilty of defective metre; yet even tests like these I would apply with commendable modesty and hesitating reserve, conscious that the meaning of words, and still more the associations they call up, have changed since Shakespeare's day; that the accentuation of some was variable, and that Shakespeare's ear may very likely have been as delicate as his other senses. On the latter point, however, I may say in passing, of his versification, which is often used as a test for the period of his plays, that Coleridge, whose sense of harmony and melody was perhaps finer than that of any other modern poet, did

not allow his own dramatic verse the same licenses, and I might almost say the same mystifications, which he esteems applicable in regulating or interpreting that of Shakespeare. This is certainly remarkable. For my own part, I am convinced that if we had Shakespeare's plays as he wrote them, — and not as they have come down to us, deformed by the careless hurry of the copiers - out of parts, by the emendations of incompetent actors, and the mishearings of shorthand writers, — I am convinced that we should not find from one end of them to the other a demonstrably faulty verse or a passage obscure for any other reason than depth of thought or supersubtlety of phrase.

I know that in saying this I am laying myself open to the reproach of applying common sense to a subject which of all others demands uncommon sense for its adequate treatment, — demands perception as sensitive and divination as infallible as the operations of that creative force they attempt to measure are illusive and seemingly abnormal. But in attempting to answer a question like that I have suggested, I should be guided by considerations far less narrow. We cannot identify printed thoughts by the same minute comparisons that would serve to convict the handwriting of them. To smell the rose is surely quite otherwise convincing than to number its petals; and in estimating that sum of quality February 22, 1887. The address was opened by a brief general introduction.

¹ An address read before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, and also at Chicago,

ities which we call character, we trust far more to general than to particular impressions. In guessing at the authorship of an anonymous book, like Southey's *Doctor* or Bulwer's *Timon*, while I might lay some stress on tricks of manner, I should be much less influenced by the fact that many passages were above or below the ordinary level of any author whom I suspected of writing it than by the fact that there was a single passage different in kind from his habitual tone. A man may surpass himself or fall short of himself, but he cannot change his nature. I would not be understood to mean that common sense is always or universally applicable in criticism, — Dr. Johnson's treatment of *Lycidas* were a convincing instance to the contrary; but I confess I find often more satisfactory guidance in the illuminated and illuminating common sense of a critic like Lessing, making sure of one landmark before he moved forward to the next, than in the metaphysical dark lanterns which some of his successors are in the habit of letting down into their own consciousness by way of enlightening ours. Certainly common sense will never suffice for the understanding or enjoyment of "those brave translunary things that the first poets had;" but it is at least a remarkably good prophylactic against mistaking a handsaw for a hawk.

What, then, is the nature of the general considerations which I think we ought to bear in mind in debating a question like this, the authenticity of one of Shakespeare's plays? First of all, and last of all, I should put style; not style in its narrow sense of mere verbal expression, for that may change and does change with the growth and training of the man, but in the sense of that something, more or less clearly definable, which is always and everywhere peculiar to the man, and either in kind or degree distinguishes him from all other men, — the kind of evidence which, for

example, makes us sure that Swift wrote *The Tale of a Tub* and Scott *The Antiquary*, because nobody else could have done it. *Incessu patuit dea*, and there is a kind of gait which marks the mind as well as the body. But even if we took the word "style" in that narrower sense which would confine it to diction and turn of phrase, Shakespeare is equally incomparable. Coleridge, evidently using the word in this sense, tells us: "There's such divinity doth hedge our Shakespeare round that we cannot even imitate his style. I tried to imitate his manner in the *Remorse*, and when I had done I found I had been tracking Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger instead. It is really very curious." Greene, in a well-known passage, seems to have accused Shakespeare of plagiarism, and there are verses, sometimes even a succession of verses, of Greene himself, of Peele, and especially of Marlowe, which are comparable, so far as externals go, with Shakespeare's own. Nor is this to be wondered at in men so nearly contemporary. In fact, I think it is evident that to a certain extent the two masters of versification who trained Shakespeare were Spenser and Marlowe. Some of Marlowe's verses have the same trick of clinging in the ear as Shakespeare's. There is, for instance, that famous description of Helen, or rather the exclamation of Faust when he first sees Helen: —

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships

And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

one verse of which, if I am not mistaken, lingered in Shakespeare's ear. But the most characteristic phrases of Shakespeare imbed themselves in the very substance of the mind, and quiver, years after, in the memory like arrows that have just struck and still feel the impulse of the bow. And no whole scene of Shakespeare, even in his 'prentice days, could be mistaken for the

work of any other man ; for give him room enough, and he is sure to betray himself by some quality which either is his alone, or his in such measure as none shared but he.

I am reminded of a remark of Professor Masson's which struck me a good deal, — that one day, when tired with overwork, he took up Dante, and after reading in it for half an hour or so he shut the book and found himself saying to himself, "Well, this is literature!" And I think that this may be applied constantly to the mature Shakespeare, and in a great measure to the young Shakespeare. Take a whole scene together, and there are sure to be passages in it of which we can say that they are really literature in that higher meaning of the word.

It is usual to divide the works of Shakespeare by periods, but it is not easy to do this with even an approach to precision unless we take the higher qualities of structure as a guide. As he matured, his plays became more and more organisms, and less and less mere successions of juxtaposed scenes, strung together on the thread of the plot. In assigning periods too positively, I fancy we are apt to be misled a little by the imperfect analogy of the sister art of painting, and by the first and second manners, as they are called, of its great masters. But manual dexterity is a thing of far slower acquisition than mastery of language or the knack of melodious versification. The fancy of young poets is apt to be superabundant. It is the imagination that ripens with the judgment, and asserts itself as the shaping power in a deeper sense than belongs to it as a mere maker of pictures when the eyes are shut. Young poets, especially if they are great poets, learn the art of verse early, and their poetical vocabulary sins rather by excess than defect. They can pick up and assimilate what is to their purpose with astonishing rapidity. The *Canzoniere*

of Dante was, at least in part, written before he was twenty-five ; and Keats, dying younger than that, left behind him poems that astonish us as much by their maturity of style and their Attic grace of form as they take the ear captive by their music and the fancy by their opaline beauty of phrase. Shakespeare, surely, was as apt a scholar as Keats. Already in the *Venus and Adonis* we find verses quite as gracious in their interlacing movement, and as full, almost, of picturesque suggestion, as those of his maturer hand. For example : —

" Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph, with long dishevelled hair,
Dance on the sands and yet no footing seen."

Shakespeare himself was pleased with these verses, for a famous speech of Prospero in *The Tempest* has these lines : —

" And ye that on the sands with printless feet
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back."

I think it is interesting to find Shakespeare improving on a phrase of his own : it is something that nobody else could do. There is even greater excellence in the *Sonnets*, — "Let me not to the marriage of true minds," and many others. The thing in which we should naturally expect Shakespeare to grow more perfect by practice and observation would be knowledge of stage effect, and skill in presenting his subject in the most telling way.

It would be on the side of the dramatist, or of the playwright, perhaps I had better say, rather than on the side of the poet, that we should look for development. To him, as to Molière, his perfect knowledge of stage-business gave an enormous advantage. If he took a play in hand to remodel it for his company, it would be the experience of the actor much more than the genius of the poet that would be called into play. His work would lie in the direction

probably of curtailment oftener than of enlargement; and though it is probable that in the immaturer plays attributed to him by Heming and Condell in their edition of 1623 a portion, greater or less, may be his, yet it is hard to believe that he can be called their author in anything like the same sense as we are sure he is the author of those works in which no other hand can be suspected, because no other hand has ever been capable of such mastery.

It must be remembered that we come to the reading of all the plays attributed to Shakespeare with the preconception that they are his. The juggler, if he wishes to give us the impression that a sound comes from a certain direction, long beforehand turns our attention that way, makes us expect it, and at last we hear it, thence. So this shows the immense power that a persuasion of this kind has over the imagination even in regard to a thing so physical as sound, and in things so metaphysical as the plays of Shakespeare it applies with even more force. If we take up a play thinking it is his, it is astonishing how many things we excuse and how many things we slur over, and so on, for various reasons not very satisfactory, I think, if strictly cross-examined. How easily a preconceived idea that a play is Shakespeare's may mislead even clever and accomplished men into seeing what they expect to see is proved by the number of believers in Ireland's clumsy forgery of Vortigern. It was precisely on the style, in its narrow sense of language and versification, that those too credulous persons based their judgment. The German poet and critic, Tieck, believed in the Shakespearean authorship of all the supposititious plays, and in regard to one of them, at least, *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, drew his arguments from the diction. Now, so far as mere words

go, the dramatists of Shakespeare's time all drew from the same common fund of vocables. The movement of their verse, so far as it was mechanical, would naturally have many points of resemblance.

As an example of the tests sometimes employed, and successfully, but which should not be too implicitly relied upon, I will mention that which is called the double-ending, where there is a superfluous syllable at the end of a line. This is a favorite and often tiresome trick of Fletcher's. But Shakespeare also tried it now and then, as in the choruses of *Henry V.*, which are among the finest examples of his merely picturesque writing.

It is possible that the external manner of Shakespeare might have been caught and imitated more or less unconsciously by some of his contemporaries, as it most certainly was in the next generation, notably by Webster and Shirley. Fletcher was almost Shakespeare's equal in poetic sentiment; and Chapman rises sometimes nearly to his level in those exultations of passionate self-consciousness to which the protagonists of his tragedies are lifted in the supreme crisis of their fate. But Fletcher's sentiment seems artificial in comparison, and his fancy never sings at heaven's gate as Shakespeare's so often does, and Chapman's grandeur comes dangerously near to what a friend would call extravagance and an enemy bombast.¹ There is a certain dramatic passion in Shakespeare's versification, too, which we find in no other of his coevals except Marlowe, and in him far less constantly. Detached verses, I believe, could be cited from far inferior men that might well pass as the handiwork of the great master so far as their merely poetical quality is concerned; but what I mean by dramatic passion is that in Shakespeare's

¹ In Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* Amoret tells Perigot that she loves him "dearly as swallows love the early dawn," which is cer-

tainly charming, but seems much more a felicity of fancy than to touch the more piercing note of passion.

best and most characteristic work the very verse is interpenetrated by what is going on in the mind of the speaker, and its movement hastened or retarded by his emotion rather than by the ear and choice of the poet. Yes, single verses, but of other men, might be taken for his, but no considerable sequence of them, and no one of his undoubted plays, taken as a whole, could ever by any possibility be supposed to be the creation of any other poet.

It is something very difficult to define, this impression which convinces us without argument and better than all argument, but it would win the verdict of whatever jury. If the play of *Cymbeline* had been lost, for example, and the manuscript were to be discovered tomorrow, who would doubt its authorship? Nay, in this case there are short passages, single verses and phrases even, that bear the unmistakable mint-mark of him who alone could ascend the highest heaven of invention; of that magician of whom Dryden said so truly, "Within that circle none dare tread but he." And it is really curious, I may say in passing, — that verse of Dryden reminds me of it, — that almost all the poets who have touched Shakespeare seem to become inspired above themselves. The poem that Ben Jonson wrote in his memory has a splendor of movement about it that is uncommon with him, — a sort of rapture; and Dryden wrote nothing finer than what he wrote about the greatest of poets, nor is any other play of his comparable in quality with *All for Love*, composed under Shakespeare's immediate and obvious influence.

There are three special considerations, three eminent and singular qualities of Shakespeare, which more than all or anything else, I think, set him in a different category from his contemporaries; and it is these that I would apply as tests, not always or commonly, indeed, to single verses or scenes, but to

the entire play. It has been said, with truth, of Byron that there is no great poet who so often falls below himself, and this is no doubt true, within narrower limits, of Shakespeare; but I do not think it would be easy to find a whole scene in any of his acknowledged plays where his mind seems at dead low tide throughout, and lays bare its shallows and its ooze. The first of the three characteristics of which I have spoken is his incomparable force and delicacy of poetic expression, which can never keep themselves hidden for long, but flash out from time to time like those pulses of pale flame with which the sky throbs at unprophesiable intervals, as if in involuntary betrayal of the coming Northern Lights. Such gleams occur in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and still more frequently in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; for here I choose my examples designedly from plays which are known to be early, and provably early, though it would be perfectly fair, since it is with natural and not acquired qualities that we are concerned, to pick them from any of his plays. Especially noteworthy, also, I think, are those passages in which a picturesque phrase is made the vehicle, as it were by accident, of some pregnant reflection or profound thought, as for instance, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where Theseus says: —

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact."

In all his plays we have evidence that he could not long keep his mind from that kind of overflow. I think it is sometimes even a defect that he is apt to be turned out of his direct course by the first metaphysical quibble, if I may so call it, that pops up in his path.

One of the surest of these detective clues is this continual cropping-up (Goethe would have called it intrusion) of philosophical or metaphysical thought in the midst of picturesque imagery or passionate emotion, as if born of the very ecstasy of the language in which it

is uttered. Take, for example, a passage from *The Two Noble Kinsmen* which has persuaded nearly all critics that Shakespeare had a hand in writing that play. It is Arcite's invocation of Mars. Observe how it begins with picture, and then deepens down into a condensed statement of all the main arguments that can be urged in favor of war:

"Thou mighty one that with thy power hast turned

Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets forewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearth'd skulls proclaim; whose breath
blows down

The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand omnipotent from forth blue clouds
The masoned turrets . . .

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank States, thou grand decider

Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood

The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world

O th' plurality of people!"

The second characteristic of which I should expect to see some adumbration, at least, in any unmistakable work of Shakespeare would be humor, in which itself and in the quality of it he is perhaps more unspeakably superior to his contemporaries than in some other directions, — I mean in the power of pervading a character with humor, creating it out of humor, so to speak, and yet never overstepping the limits of nature or coarsening into caricature. In this no man is or ever was comparable with him but Cervantes. Of this humor we have something more than the premonition in some of his earliest plays.

A third characteristic of Shakespeare is eloquence; and this, of course, we expect to meet with, and do meet with, more abundantly in the historical and semi-historical plays than in those where the intrigue is more private and domestic. If I were called upon to name any one mark more distinctive than another of Shakespeare's work, it would be this. I do not mean mere oratory, as in An-

tony's speech over the body of Cæsar, but an eloquence of impassioned thought finding vent in vivid imagery. The speeches seem not to be composed, — they grow; thought budding out of thought, and image out of image, by what seems a natural law of development, but by what is no doubt some subtler process of association in the speaker's mind, always gathering force and impetuosity as it goes, from its own very motion. Take as examples the speeches of Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida*.

I think these are the three qualities — subtlety of poetic expression, humor, and eloquence — which we should expect to find in a play of Shakespeare's, and especially in an historical play. Of each and all of these we find less in *Richard III.*, as it appears to me, than in any other of his plays of equal pretensions; for although it is true that in *Richard II.* there is no humorous character, the humor of irony is many times present in the speeches of the king after his dethronement. There is a gleam of humor here and there in *Richard III.*, as where Richard rebukes Buckingham for saying "zounds," —

"O do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham;"

and there are many other Shakespearean touches; but the play as a whole appears to me always less than it should be, except in scenic effectiveness, to be reckoned a work from Shakespeare's brain and hand alone, or even mainly, — less in all the qualities and dimensions that are most exclusively and characteristically his. This I think to be conclusive, for, as Goethe says very truly, if there be any defect in the most admirable of Shakespeare's plays, it is that they are more than they should be. The same great critic, speaking of his *Henry IV.*, says with equal truth "that, were everything else that has come down to us of the same kind lost, [the arts of] poesy and rhetoric could be recreated out of it."

The first impression made upon us by *Richard III.* is that it is thoroughly melodramatic in conception and execution. Whoever has seen it upon the stage knows that the actor of Richard is sure to offend against every canon of taste laid down by Hamlet in his advice to the players. He is sure to tear his passion to rags and tatters; he is sure to split the ears of the groundlings; and he is sure to overstep the modesty of nature with every one of his stage strides. Now it is not impossible that Shakespeare, as a caterer for the public taste, may have been willing that the groundlings as well as other people should help to fill the coffers of his company, and that the right kind of attraction should accordingly be offered them. It is therefore conceivable that he may have retouched or even added to a poor play which had already proved popular; but it is not conceivable that he should have written an entire play in violation of those principles of taste which we may deduce more or less clearly from everything he wrote.

Then, again, Shakespeare's patriotism is characteristic of his plays. It is quite as intense as that of Burns; and in a play dealing with a subject like that of *Richard III.* one would expect to see this patriotism show itself in a rather more pronounced manner than usual, because the battle of Bosworth Field, with which the play ends, ended also a long and tragic series of wars, and established on the throne the grandfather of the sovereign who was reigning when the play was put upon the stage. Now there is one allusion, a sort of prophetic allusion, in this play to the succession of Henry VII.'s descendants to the throne; but if you compare it with the admirable way in which Shakespeare — I grant that he was then older and his faculties more mature — has dealt with a similar matter in *Macbeth*, in the second scene with the witches, which impresses our imagination almost as much

as it does that of the usurper himself; if we consider, moreover, that in the play of *Richard III.* there is an almost ludicrous procession of ghosts, — for there are eleven of them who pass through, speaking to Richard on the right and to Richmond on the left, — and if we compare this with Shakespeare's treatment of the supernatural in any of his undoubted plays, I think we shall feel that the inferiority is not one of degree, but one of kind.

I cannot conceive how anybody should believe that Shakespeare wrote the two speeches which are made to their armies by Richard and Richmond respectively. That of Richard is by far the better, and has something of the true Shakespearean ring in it, something of his English scorn for the upstart and the foreigner, notably where he calls Richmond

"A milksop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow;"

but that of his antagonist falls ludicrously flat to shame his worshippers. Compare it with the speech of Henry V. under the walls of Harfleur, or his reply to Westmoreland. I can conceive almost anything of Shakespeare except his being dull through a speech of twenty lines. I do not think he is ever that. He may be hyperbolic; he may be this, that, or the other; but whatever it is, his fault is not that he is dull. If it were not so late, I would read to you a passage from an earlier play, — the speech of Gaunt in *King Richard II.*; and I am glad to refer to this because it shows in part that eloquence and that intensity of patriotism which display themselves whenever they can find or make an opportunity.

If Shakespeare undertook to remodel an already existing piece, we should expect to find his hand in the opening scene, for in this his skill is always noticeable in arresting attention and exciting interest. Richard's soliloquy at the beginning of the play may be his

in part, though there is a clumsiness in Richard's way of declaring himself a scoundrel and in the reasons he gives for being one which is helplessly ridiculous. He says : —

“ And therefore — since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days —
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.”

And yet in the very next scene he woos and wins Anne, though both she and Elizabeth had told him very frankly that they knew he was a devil. It would be a mistake to compare this betraying of himself by Richard with the cynical and almost indecent frankness of Iago. Iago was an Italian of the Renaissance as Shakespeare might have divined him through that penetrating psychology of his; and I have been told that even now Italians who see Salvini's version of Othello sympathize rather with Iago than with the Moor, whom they consider to be a dull-witted fellow, deserving the dupery of which he was the victim.

Nevertheless Richard III. is a most effective acting play. There are, certainly, what seem to be unmistakable traces of Shakespeare in some of the worst scenes, though I am not sure that if the play had been lost, and should be discovered in our day, this would pass without question. The soliloquy of Clarence can hardly be attributed to any other hand, and there are gleams from time to time that look like manifest records of his kindling touch. But the scolding mob of widow queens, who make their billingsgate more intolerable by putting it into bad blank verse, and the childish procession of eleven ghosts seem to me very little in Shakespeare's style; for in nothing, as I have said, is he more singular and preëminent than in his management of the supernatural.

I find that my time has got the better of me. I shall merely ask you to read Richard III. with attention, and

with a comparison such as I have hinted at between this and other plays which are most nearly contemporary with it, and I therefore shall not trouble you with further passages.

It seems to me that an examination of Richard III. plainly indicates that it is a play which Shakespeare adapted to the stage, making additions, sometimes longer and sometimes shorter; and that towards the end, either growing weary of his work or pressed for time, he left the older author, whoever he was, pretty much to himself. It would be interesting to follow out minutely a question of this kind, but that would not be possible within the limits of an occasion like this. It will be enough if I have succeeded in interesting you to a certain extent in a kind of discussion that has at least the merit of withdrawing us for a brief hour from the more clamorous interests and questions of the day to topics which, if not so important, have also a perennial value of their own.

While I believe in the maintenance of classical learning in our universities, I never open my Shakespeare but I find myself wishing that there might be professorships established for the expounding of his works as there used to be for those of Dante in Italy. There is nothing in all literature so stimulating and suggestive as the thought he seems to drop by chance, as if his hands were too full; nothing so cheery as his humor; nothing that laps us in Elysium so quickly as the lovely images which he marries to the music of his verse. He is also a great master of rhetoric in teaching us what to follow, and sometimes quite as usefully what to avoid. I value him above all for this: that for those who know no language but their own there is as much intellectual training to be got from the study of his works as from those of any, I had almost said all, of the great writers of antiquity.

James Russell Lowell.

AMERICAN CHARACTERS IN GERMAN NOVELS.

I.

HAVE national types of men and women found adequate exposition in fiction? And what has been the influence of national embodiments of home characters upon descriptions of the same by foreign writers? Or, to subdivide the subject, and to draw our illustrations from one of the oldest and one of the youngest of modern literatures, how has American fiction affected contemporary German novelists?

American fiction falls into two large classes, the old romantic school and the modern realistic school, with a few individual authors whose place belongs in neither class absolutely. Of the romanticists, Hawthorne followed a provincial vein when he undertook to vivify the characteristics of the New England Puritan and his descendants. Each of his several larger works contains an exquisitely defined variety of characters. Although they must be sought for amidst surroundings that are illuminated by the ever fitful lights of the author's fantasy, they are more consistent than the plots in which they appear. Thus *The Blithedale Romance*, after beginning with a project of social reform, dissolves into the melancholy twilight of an ill-assorted marriage and a lackadaisical confession; yet in its course it depicts, like a resplendent bubble on its own sluggish Brook Farm river, Zenobia, the most exuberant and glowing figure in our whole literature.

But before all it is Hephzibah who rises to our thoughts when we consider the Yankeeism of the Hawthorne gallery of poetic portraits. Perhaps the very eccentricity of her contour fixes this masterpiece of American *genre* upon the memory. Hester, in *The Scarlet Letter*, is a cast of a simpler and more classic

mould: she retains something strange and foreign as compared with Hephzibah in *The House of the Seven Gables*; and this despite the fact that Hester's sufferings are due to specifically local and New England conditions, whereas Hephzibah's misery is owing to the stress of poverty, common everywhere.

The truth is, the nationalism, or rather the provincialism, of these tales is diffused interchangeably between the characters and the landscape that composes the background of the story. Not all of the characters are equally new, nor are all of them equally American in type. Hephzibah's niece, with her cheerful, helpful, housewifely habits and her even-tempered acquiescence in things as they are, is the sister of Goethe's Ottilie, a favorite figure in German novels of old and new date. Priscilla, in *The Blithedale Romance*, with her childlike, almost sylphlike unquestioning and ineradicable love and worship for beings that awe her by their imposing presence, is a spiritual relation of Käthchen, and even of Undine. Like these, she is devoid of the capacity of judgment. She does not think or reflect. Her attachment is involuntary, silent, passive; but it has the force of a mania. She does not regard herself as her lover's equal. It occurs as little to her to compare her own qualities with his as to measure him by a comparison with others. She takes it for granted that he is superior and unique, and that the world values him as she herself does. She is a being, in a word, of the simplest order, without elements active among themselves or at war with one another; without will, without resentment, without force of habit, and almost without memory. She obeys as a sapling bends before the wind, without any other opposition than the fact which her being in the way

presents. After the first recoil caused by Zenobia's death she is the same being as before that event: unbroken, unscared, possessed of the same susceptible elasticity.

Hilda, in *The Marble Faun*, is more nearly a character. But this late work of the author suffers in comparison with his American novels. Its heroine has a value chiefly of an historical kind, as furnishing the first germ of the American girl abroad. She must be placed, with the two just named, among the types whose similitudes are found in Continental romanticism; while Hester and Zenobia might take their places among figures familiar to French fiction of a period preceding and partly contemporary with Hawthorne's time. This period is called in France "the period of the woman of thirty." It began with the appearance of Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe*, and was developed by Balzac. Nor, although the type has been modified in both directions by caricature since then, as in Ohnet's *Dames de Croix Saint Luc*, where the heroine appears as a woman nigh forty, and in Zola's *Renate*, where her age is under the usual score and a half of years, has it ceased, up to the present, to appear on the Continent; in England Thackeray depicted "the woman of thirty" in *Henry Esmond* and *The Virginians*.

"The modern Drama calls, 'Who is knocking?'" Jules Janin once complained humorously, "and Romance cries, 'Who is there?'"

"It is I," answers Sweet Sixteen tremblingly, with her teeth of pearls, her snowy bosom, her melting contours, her fresh laugh, her soft look. "It is I. I am of the age of Racine's Janie, of Shakespeare's Desdemona, Molière's Agnes, Voltaire's Zaire, Prévost's Manon Lescaut, Saint-Pierre's Virginie. . . . It is I. I am youth. I am full of hope. I am innocent. I throw looks beautiful as heaven and without fear into the future. My age is that of all pure

instincts, of all noble impulses, of pride and of chastity. Take me in, dear sir!"

"Thus speaks Sweet Sixteen to our dramatists and novel-writers; but our novelists and dramatic poets answer promptly, 'We are busy with your mother now, child; come again in twenty years.'"

The New England women of thirty in Hawthorne's pages are voluptuously ripe and pagan. It is the author who lets the outbursts of their paganism occur outside the frame of his books instead of within it. He captures the defiant, statuesque figure of Hester and the imposing Zenobia *after* the attainment of the zenith of their internal life and their revolt against social morality; for nearly all these romance heroines of thirty are rebels against conventional order. They pass before our eyes with different gait after their fall,—Hester self-contained, Zenobia quivering with a revival of emotion. The background before which they move is a landscape of fields and woods, in place of *salons* and country seats; but "when we see them we know they are gods." Their Puritan New England garments are but a transparent vesture under which are seen the full forms of universal passion. These are no products of a special culture, nor results of national peculiarities.

Hawthorne's true provincial characters, beside Hepzibah and certain other accessory female figures, must be looked for in his men, as in Arthur Dimmesdale, who is a descendant in literature, it may perhaps be granted, of Werther and of Werther's successors, but is no direct descendant. It is characteristic, however, of Hawthorne's subtle, desultory fancy that many of his heroes remain incompletely sketched, while his pen lingers over the elfin queries of little Pearl, the flower in Zenobia's hair, and the faltering gait of the frail Priscilla.

A fresh assortment of personages was offered by Cooper in his Indian and war novels, where the knights and lairds

of Sir Walter Scott appear in homespun or buckskins and moccasins. They hardly attain, perhaps, the consistency of characters, for circumstances make them, whereas your true dramatic character moulds or creates events. There is a lack of inner conformity or likeness to practical life traceable in both the chief and the accessory personages of the tales; while the portion of their existence which the author chooses to depict is generally occupied by a series of dangers which they overcome or from which they escape.

Harvey Birch is a simple countryman, who assumes the character of a peddler and British spy, whereas he is in the secret employment of Washington. He cannot spell correctly; yet on one occasion he converses in the discreet language of diplomacy, and on another curses to perfection in the Irish brogue and in a female voice. He is sensible enough to resent the attempt of a purchaser to force him into accepting an inadequate sum of money for his house, yet he lacks the naturalness to show the billet testifying to his true character, on being condemned to death by a colonial officer. The secret of Washington would have been safe with a major of Washington's army, and Harvey's death could secure nothing save one dangerous enemy less to the common foe. It was a duty as well as a rational instinct of human nature, therefore, to wish to live. The novelist, however, with the romantic unreality of the fiction of his time, makes his hero invite death, and, to cap the climax of the fantastic heroism, actually try to prevent his own escape. For Harvey is not content to let the billet remain concealed on his person; he swallows it.

Cooper's heroes¹ are of the old type of romantic ideals: men of action, of stout hearts, and of penetration, who nevertheless, in the absence of a substantial rea-

son for sacrificing their lives, offer their lives up for any or no reason. Latin *juvenes* do not "pour wine upon the ground" with more frequency and restlessness than Cooper's heroes risk their honest and thrifty blood.

It is questionable whether there is any nationalism in Cooper's works which is not contained in their subject matter, — in their landscape with its aboriginal Indians, and in the inspiring tone of self-reliance that speaks in all his stories. Colonel Sellers and many a Western "prospector" as sketched by Bret Harte answer more completely to our idea of the American; at least, of the American as he is at present. Cooper's conscious or unconscious endeavors to represent his countryman amounted to little more than the portrayal of his own ideal of a man. He was far from being a scientific or objective recorder, but had a conservative bias of idealism. His American, whatever else he might be, must wear the stamp of heroism.

Now this point of view, the point of view from which Cooper wrote, is the oldest one in fiction. It is the view in which the chief personage of a story is native born, yet is so endowed with superior traits as to be raised to a place among the demigods. Fancy the early potency of the idea which first gave birth and currency to the term "hero" for the main person of a tale!

The next stage of representation, logically, is that in which a contrast is drawn between two nations with their particular national ideals. But this stage is almost wanting in our literature. The blunt, raw differences between conflicting orders of civilization have never been depicted by any considerable school of American novelists, however surprising the fact must appear, when one considers the history and conglomerate population of America. Our fiction con-

¹ Sainte-Beuve was singularly wrong when he described Henry Wilder as a perfect American type: certainly no American considers a

character to be American because it is dominated by "*quelque chose d'honnête, de régulier, et de sérieux.*"

tains partisan and prejudiced writings, it is true, but it shows no consistent aversion toward any people. Thus the Indian hero is distinguishable in little from the white hero; the Irish and the German immigrants, strangely enough, have been left as good as undescribed; while the negro and Chinaman are relegated for the most part to short tales, and are not made the objects of exhaustive contrasts.

We have no counterpart, in other words, of the Frenchman who plays so ridiculous a rôle in English novels, or of the Jew who is the cheap villain of German and Russian literatures; no analogues to Debit and Credit and the historical novels of Gutzkow; no duplicates of Anton, whose transparent honesty is made plain against the dark career of Itzel Veitig; no weighty masterpiece, in short, whose marrow consists in the dramatic differences of race. Our novelists have undertaken nothing further than differences in national breeding, and this chiefly, as we shall see, in respect of heroines, the American girl being contrasted with the European maiden. European, mark you! Even here no special nationality is picked out, as Poles and Jews have been in Germany and the French in England, to serve as a foil to native traits.

But although American romanticists have rejected the means of accentuating the contours of their personages with the strong, divergent traits which nationality affords, they have employed at least the second easiest way that exists for obtaining piquant effects. They have set forth past periods of time in one and the same country. There are exceptions, it is true, but the fact remains that the bulk of the literature which has been referred to uses the early or colonial period in America for its subject. This period, naturally, cannot be in the mind of the reader without his contrasting it with his own time; so that the chosen period of time serves as a similar foil to that

found in the opposition of one nationality to another.

II.

The school that follows is the first to take up contemporary life. It casts off boldly even the aid of historical perspective; and under the ægis of realism it paints what it sees and knows. No wonder that the fullest number of representative American types may be looked for in its works. With this method of portraiture, the latest studies of Americans must necessarily be the most complete. For our national existence is more complete now than it was in colonial times; and a personage is apt to be markedly national the longer is the period of uninterrupted history behind him.

The Colonel Sellers of Mark Twain is a "modern" through and through, as he would describe himself, and "no mistake;" a character of the sharpest and most distinct individuality, in no wise to be confounded with the money-getting men of other lands. For the "colonel" is a materialist without being mean, brutal, or sensual, and ambitious without being ruthless either by disposition or in practice. Money is a god; but his worship of it has a quixotic quality, for it is a god of his imagination. There is nothing in it of feticism, which, when disappointed, beats the object of its former groveling adulation. He loves a scheme, when looked at closely, in great part because of its daring and originality; and he can glow over it whether it fills his own pocket or another's. He begrudges no man his luck. The "hits" of other men inflame him with the creative wish of making a success of his own hobby. He spends his time as little in complaint as in gloating over dreams of luxury. He eats his dinner on a pine table, and glorifies the low room and the thin face of his drudging wife, flushed from cooking, with the golden shimmer of great and growing expectations. For the rest, he is a good husband, a chaste man, temperate, kind

— even weak — to children, freehanded, trustful, and looks the world in the face, experiencing only gratification when the world, on its side, looks Colonel Sellers in the face. The trunk of his nature is a healthy selfishness that sends out runners into nearly every field of virtue.

He does not fulfill the national idea in one respect: he is not successful.

But success is like the fall of a curtain and the end of a play. The engaging part of life is the struggle that precedes and leads up to this conclusion. I incline to think that the instinct which demands it for the typical American character is just, and is warranted by the actual comparative statistics of life. But in its absence, the fact which is of the most importance to us is the general impression which the description of the colonel leaves upon the mind. This is one of buoyancy to the end, and so responds to an American ideal. Indeed, it is hard to measure how much this distinctive feature of irrepressibleness has had to do with the popularity of Sellers. Certain it is that the character meets with more concurrence of opinion as representative than any other which American fiction has produced.

In comparison with the colonel Silas Lapham is less successful, although Mr. Howells has drawn the character with uncommon literary skill. Lapham is a back-country man, who discovers mineral paint on his farm, uses the discovery, and develops a good deal of practical shrewdness. In the moment of his highest self-satisfaction he dines for the first time at the house of a refined Boston gentleman. Here he gets drunk, and begins to boast.

Now Colonel Sellers boasts, too; but Sellers's boasting is a sort of magnified business scheming. Silas Lapham's boasting is personal twaddle. He tells his host and the deprecating company of his former readiness to call anybody a liar who should have predicted his ever sitting at the same table on an equality with such fine gentlemen.

The incident fixes itself upon the memory through the unparalleled strength of the author's delineation of it, and it is one which is accepted as very likely to have occurred in life, although we have not been prepared for a display of drunkenness by the description of Lapham's habits. Drunkenness, however, is a universal solvent of brutality and vulgarity, as potent in Calcutta as in Boston, in Africa as in the United States. The scene in the novel which has the effect of climax is, therefore, hardly specifically American. Nor indeed has common judgment accorded the character of this hero more than an approximation to the typical truth.

This is the case, perhaps, with another of Mr. Howells's personages, Lemuel Barker, in *The Minister's Charge*, a book which is considered one of the author's chief creations; it is well to remark, because it takes the rise of an American lad for its theme. Colonel Sellers and Silas Lapham are already middle-aged men when we first know them. Lemuel, who is growing up on an ill-kept farm in the hands of his widowed, gaunt New England mother, has taken the notion, through a city clergyman's good-humored praise of his verses, to go to the metropolis. His mother tells him "to associate only with the best;" and his own unsophisticated views quite tally, it may be supposed, with her undefined and simple notions of their being as good as anybody, and superior to many. In town he is brought into personal contact, by means of the minister, with rich and well-bred people, and sees their homes. His innate faculty for discriminating makes him gradually aware of the actual differences and grades of differences between his homely, clumsy manners and the light, conventional forms of fashionable society, as well as the deeper-lying disparity between the expression of his sentiments and views and theirs. His literary ambition is quickly crushed. He becomes a servant in a private house,

then a book-keeper and caterer of an obscure hotel, and later the hired companion of an invalid gentleman. His final occupation is that of a country school-teacher.

Success here also is partial only. The level to which Lemuel rises is respectable, but not brilliant. However, the dissatisfaction which the character excites — for it excites dissatisfaction — is hardly owing to this circumstance. I attribute the popular depreciation rather to Mr. Howells's setting "society" over against the struggle of Barker to get on in the world. For the same dissatisfaction exists in respect of other novels by the same author. Too strong an emphasis is kept up in them all on social distinctions, or on just that in ignoring which the American recognizes a distinctive originality in his countrymen. The favorites of our fiction, among whom are Colonel Sellers and Daisy Miller, go through life quite unincumbered by a sense of social inferiority; and the national theory leaves to the folk of monarchical states the practice of taking etiquette and social rank or degree seriously. The generality of Americans, out of the midst of whom the typical American must spring, who overcome every other disadvantage of life, are thought of as adapting themselves to fashionable usages, as far as they discern them, without much ado or heart-ache. Social self-consciousness not only lasts a shorter time, but plays also a minor rôle than that given it in the lives of this author's rising Americans. Such susceptibility to fashionable culture and such preoccupation with shades of social niceties as he attributes to his hero popular opinion attributes to scheming old American women; and, what is more, the public believes that American men relegate these matters to the women.

As for the heroines of Mr. Howells, they are for the most part young, and agree in this particular with old traditional models (not with the oldest, for

Helen, Penelope, and Dido were "women, of thirty," as Jules Janin must be reminded). For the rest, however, they exhibit exquisitely novel traits. Alice dresses charmingly and goes to entertainments and fashionable resorts, yet is austere and wanting in coquetry. She is wanting almost in high spirits, while her maidenly purity is such that to mention the word "chaste" shocks the reader as a jarring superfluity. Her prejudices are prompt, and possess the cruel unqualifiedness of extreme youth and inexperience. Love absorbs her, not like a passion to be given way to, or a sentiment to be enjoyed, as is the case with the Gretchens of romance, but as a sanctifying possession. Far from being the charter of a surrender of herself to her lover, love is received as the ultimatum of a high power over both, demanding a common castigation and chastening. Her maiden fancies have not been filled habitually, as it comes to light, with the future man of her choice, for she is unprepared to accept the slightest divergence or obliquity of her lover; nor does she possess a fund of tender compliance or blandishments. She is awkward instead, and has the curtness of restrained and coy vehemence. Separation makes her ill and self-interrogatory. In every circumstance, indeed, the character is consistently scrupulous, self-conscious, and intense, with a mind more set on holding fast to truth as she sees it than on holding fast to men.

The divergence here from the romantic and from the Continental type of the maiden character is very considerable. German romance lets the girl sacrifice herself to the man, French women of fiction and Russian heroines fall sacrifices to passion, and English Dinah Morris sacrifices themselves to Christian charity. The girl is new in literature who retains herself, or starts out, at least, with retaining herself.

The question arises, Should the novelty be recognized as American?

I think it has been so recognized. Common opinion may not say that Alice is the American girl *par excellence*, but it certainly sees in her an American girl.

American, too, are Mr. Howells's portraits of middle-aged and elderly women. He may be said, indeed, to have been the creator of the American mother, for it was in his writings that she appeared as a constant quantity for the first time; and although there has not been much ado made over her, the guild of writers show their appreciation of the character by adopting her — usually in the rôle of invalid — as a conventional figure among minor characters.

But the personage after Colonel Sellers with whom the nation has concerned itself most, and whom it has accepted as most typical, is Daisy Miller. This study by Henry James has little intrinsic attraction at first sight; so little, indeed, at the very last that the verdict of success which it received proceeded from an instinctive perception of its accuracy more than from enthusiasm over its brilliancy. Her genre is that of the American girl abroad. Daisy, in company with her mother and a young brother, travels desultorily over Europe, coming at last to Rome. The mother is still on the level of underbreeding where persons describe themselves often and with unction as "ladies" or "gentlemen." The young brother, on his part, views the Old World with unmitigated contempt. His disgust reaches even to the European heavens. He declares that in America the moon always shines. Daisy does as she likes, and she likes doing abroad what she did at home, namely, to dress herself daintily and talk with "gentlemen." She meets with a cynical youngish American who has lived on the Continent for a long time. He has the flattering consciousness of seeing through the social grade of the Miller family, while Daisy is disturbed at perceiving that something in her is not right to his eyes. She is pleased as a child when

her propositions to go out with "gentlemen" succeed, and flatters herself that she must be awakening the jealousy of the man who discomposes her. Unconsciously she refers to him in laying out her daily little schemes of conquest. There is an Italian who believes the family to be rich, and pays his court accordingly to Daisy, who treats him with her habitual little tyrannous self-confidence. Without being a princess, or ever in her life having studied one, she acts continually on the line of absolute sovereignty where men are concerned.

Her associations with the foreign-bred man become more frequent under the discouraging sense that the American is in town and watching her; for her unsophisticated brain has caught at the notion that he must approve of her more if he sees that somebody pays her "devoted attentions." She wants to visit the Coliseum by the light of the moon, and easily induces the Italian to take her. The American, on seeing the two at midnight alone in the desolate place, and knowing that others may see them, is indignant and enraged at the mother. But Mrs. Miller has no idea that she is criticised, or indeed that there is anything unusual in Daisy's doings. She meets her censor with tears when he calls, and with the news of Daisy's death from fever, caught at the Coliseum, tells him her daughter wished her to say "she was not engaged to the Italian, after all," or to naïvely reject the sole conventional pretense left to rescue Daisy's reputation!

The language of the author is unadorned and realistic. But Americans welcomed the disagreeable photographic truths of the study the readier, perhaps, because an open-hearted concession on the points of breeding left them the freer to claim the heroine's maiden purity as a national radical trait. Daisy's innocence, in other words, gives much more satisfaction than the peculiarities of her bringing-up can possibly cause

mortification. The worse for the Europeans who criticise her ways as peculiar! At bottom Daisy is a true Una among the beasts, and she triumphs as such; for the cynical American no less than the Italian is "set about thinking" considerably. The latter, in fact, does not refrain from giving expression to the result of his prolonged wonderment and ultimate conviction. It is in his testimony to Daisy's purity that the final element of success is presented, — success which, as we have seen, the nation confidently looks for in the fate of its typical personages.

No like universality and persistency of judgment have been passed upon Elsie Venner and the heroines of books which exhibit modern forms of social activity; as indeed it lies in the nature of the subject of activity to be transient in respect of the poetic interest that can be got out of it, besides being exposed in every case to the suspicion of partisanship. Such a matter as the advocacy or the rejection of woman's rights, even if national to-day, may be international to-morrow. That cannot be called a trait, moreover, which is still in the process of formation. A national trait, on the contrary, is something already formed, the result of manifold preëxistent conditions. The work of fiction that selects its personages from among the advocates of the movements of the day may have every quality save the one of typical nationalism, which is just that quality which at present concerns us.

Similarly the charming characters of Mr. Cable must also be passed by. The provincialism which he depicts is quite unlike that of Hawthorne or of Bret Harte in being a provincialism which is doomed to decay. New England asceticism and Western enterprise and daring are ingredients which have leavened the character of the whole American people. Not so with French and Creole qualities. These have only a poetic and historic worth, and a narrowing local existence.

Briefly, we find that American writers have embodied the characteristics which distinguish Americans, but as yet have produced few characters that are universally accepted as typically American. Among these accepted characters is the sanguine materialist, who is rooted in selfishness, but sends out runners into the fields of public and private virtue, and the American girl, who is a favorite subject and a new creation in literature. The aged American is a figure totally unknown to our fiction; but the elderly woman, aged by nervous illness before her time, is a very familiar personage.

III.

Upon contrasting our view of American literature with the view which Germans have taken of it, the first fact that strikes us is the persistence of Germans in clinging to our novels of romantic adventure as furnishing the type of the American. Cooper and Bret Harte are the favorites in Germany, and the works of these writers circulate in excellent translations, while our contemporary society fiction, as represented by the works of James and Howells, is read less, and often only in the original; perhaps I should be correct in adding, only *after* the first-named authors, — a fact which deserves attention, inasmuch as Americans by no means select for their reading the productions of the German romanticists in preference to the realistic novels of Auerbach and Freytag.

Scenes of adventure, however, of wild night landscapes, of powerful heroes, and of license in passion were long familiar to the German reading world. Their incorporation in the novels of Cooper and the tales of Bret Harte possessed, therefore, no outlandish strangeness save the one last stirring element of reality. America was a land of license to the unsophisticated burgher, and stories that had for heroes men of primeval recklessness and supreme magnanimity met with spontaneous popularity.

"In truth, our interest in America is of a romantic sort still," Julian Schmidt observes. "There is a preference for the primitiveness of the aboriginal mixed with the old enthusiasm for the champions of the American war for independence, which set the revolutionary movement going in Europe. . . . At first we saw the Indians with Châteaubriand's eyes; then came the series of Cooper's novels."¹

In Cooper's style, accordingly, are the novels of Sealsfield and Gerstaecker. From Rupprius, indeed, down to the German Pioneers of Spielhagen, published in 1872, the main feature of all German productions that have American life for their theme has been adventure. Imminent danger and escape make up their bulk, and heroic virtue, embodied in youthful healthy men and women, stamps all their leading characters. In Max Reichardt, of Rupprius's novel *A German*, the heroic takes even a Joseph turn, so that chastity is added to the older stereotyped list of superhuman qualities.

We are in a field here with romantic shades for personages, — too unsubstantial, in spite of their would-be-force, for analysis. All *nuances* fail. All likelihood is wanting. We are given mere contours of heroes, as empty as a coat of mail set up in a museum; and just as anybody can don a coat of mail, so might a citizen of any state in the world be fitted into these romantic cases. As a matter of fact, the outlines of Cooper's heroes are filled out by Gerstaecker, Rupprius, Möllhausen, Spielhagen, and Schücking with German occupants. Native Prussians, Bavarians, or Württembergers supplant the early Yankee colonists as masters over Indians, enemies, and fate. Indeed, often the tables are turned wholly against the original Yankee. His shrewdness becomes unscrupulousness, while his pure virtues are

shown up in the German hero of the story. From the beginning to the end of the tale American license is set in contrast with Teutonic civil order and conscientiousness.

Even Debit and Credit, which is the best novel, perhaps, that Germany has produced, discloses a survival of this romantic tendency. The evil portions of Von Fink's life are the years spent in New York. Freytag makes his hero relate what corruptions he fell into there as a young lad; and it is behind the desk of a German grocery store that the hero's manly sense of discipline and right is so far restored that he urges the American land speculators, who are his partners, to exercise humanity toward the immigrants on their land. When persuasion fails, he bribes the American press to expose the speculators and himself! — thus showing that your true German is as clever at Yankee dodges as the Yankee, besides being as virtuous on a large scale as the original Cooperite.

The truth is, the greater portion of the romantic literature under discussion, both American and German, depends for its characterization upon the field over which its personages move, upon the background of the plot. For this reason it was easy to replace Yankees by Germans; for where peculiarities of landscape and race are depicted with equal skill — and some of the pages of Möllhausen are unsurpassed — the result conveys the same impression. It matters very little what nationality is ascribed to personages so long as these are the old ideals of literature, the old "heroes" dubbed with new names and titles.

Nationality after all is more political than geographical. But with Rupprius, Möllhausen, and Sealsfield the geographical and ethnological idea was predominant. Nor was it in their times that Americanism was seen to consist in many-sided social peculiarities, in character and habits, in opinions and views. Thus one fails to find such characteri-

¹ *Deutsche Literatur in 19ten Jahrhundert.* 1871. Leipzig.

zation in their books, where the passive nature of the American hero is dwelt on more than the deeds which he accomplishes; where his surroundings are commonplace and dull (for in America as well as in the Old World most surroundings are commonplace and dull); where indeed the surroundings may be those of the European without in the least detracting from the subtle distinctness of his separate nationalism. An insight into the true nature of a people might have been expected of a literary nation like the German earlier than of the Americans themselves, whose time was engrossed with practical problems. But we seek in vain for evidences of such insight from German writers. On the contrary, they have borrowed from American literature what they possess of insight, and borrowed tardily. Möllhausen is still writing his American novels of adventure, and he has both readers and disciples. The era is a very recent one, in fact, in which "American" has come to mean something besides fighting with red Indians and squabbling with ruffianly gold diggers.

The change in attitude toward American subjects is very slow in making itself felt. The novels of Cooper obtained a vogue rapidly, but a generation of writers has had time to flourish and decline since his day; yet the obscure levels of German fiction still swarm with Indians and adventurers whenever America is concerned.

Nearly all writers, meanwhile, introduced an American into their fiction, just as they still introduce if not an American, at least an Americanized German. Gutzkow treated the character in Ackermann, one of the personages of his famous *Ritter vom Geist*; Gustav Freytag, in his novels *Soll und Haben* and *Die Verlorene Handschrift*, and in Saalfeld, a character in his drama *Die Valentin*; while Spielhagen's hero, Leo, in the novels *In Reih und Glied* and *Durch Nacht zum Licht*, is also exposed to

American influences. Gutzkow, Spielhagen, and Von Moser have immortalized the Yankee spirit of enterprise in a manner that contrasts strongly with the rôle which the German, on his side, is made to play in our humorous fiction, and more in accordance with George Eliot's forceful personification Herr Klesmer, who is presented in a large and catholic way.

Yet while the recent writing about Americans is realistic, sharper, better, and more discriminating, it is curious to note that fewer of the new men who occupy themselves with American characteristics have seen the United States than was the case with the old school. Ruppius, Gerstaecker, Sealsfield, and Möllhausen all lived in America for a time, at least. Of the moderns, or realists, perhaps Paul Lindau is the only one who has ever set foot upon the new continent. The material for the portrayal of American traits is gathered, therefore, by the later school, from American contemporary literature, and from Yankee tourists and residents in the fatherland.

The theory that one must see a country if he would write accurately of its people may seem to be disturbed by this fact; but the truth is, this whole subject of national fiction has yet to be worked out. It is easy to perceive that European writers possess certain advantages in separating a few individuals from the vast, confusing, loosely knit American life, and setting them against the compact, familiar background of home characters and manners. These characters stand out in relief, as it were, and can be studied in finest nuances of shade and light. The attention is concentrated. The feelings — and this is not a minor point — remain undisturbed. Political and social prepossessions, the elements that unfit the mind most, in our day, for artistic international study, are forgotten before the spectacle of a solitary figure in his pilgrimage amidst

a landscape full of strange scenes; he is like the lion of the tale, that

"Sniffs the prostrate wanderer whom he finds in his wide waste,

But starts with instant, lowering fury in a horde's opposing face."

The German in America may have remained the indistinct literary personage we find him because of this lack of isolation. For the two cases are not interchangeable. Germany sends thousands of emigrants to America, while America sends at once but a few lonely students and a mass of restless tourists. The American author, therefore, has not, like the German, a single person or two for the subject of his studies, but a colony. Can any one predict an early change in the present condition? Is not an additional hindrance to an adequate delineation of the German in our literature to be detected in the continued absorption of the German in American life, — an absorption that is likely to arouse the political prepossessions of German writers, and so give rise to a bitter partisan literature on their side, while the absorption confuses the German outline for our own writers?

The second source from which German novelists draw material for the portrayal of American characters, namely, contemporary American fiction, was opened by German authors who were driven from their country by the severity of its military and press laws, and found refuge in America.

Hence has arisen a literature similar to that of the *émigrés* from France at the beginning of the century; except that for one Madame de Staël who penetrates a foreign society and its literary life our newspaper age scatters the criticisms of innumerable refugees; and in place of long books, Germans write of us in letters, short journalistic notices, and monthly reviews. There is greater variety in the means, however, than is to be found in the results. For just as the French came to understand

the social peculiarities of the Germans through the writings of their exiles, so did the adherents of Scott and Cooper in Germany come to understand through the "men of '48" the traditional nature of the view which they were holding of Americans; they began to substitute Bret Harte for the author of *The Last of the Mohicans*, while German writers relinquished adventures in the West and began depicting Yankees in the fatherland; and the latest novel of a high order in which Americans play a rôle concerns itself solely with the American character; the American background is left out.

In *The American Girl*, by Sophie Junglans, the heroine is of German descent, and appears alone in Germany as a boarder in the family of the widow of a German medical man. Her wardrobe fills several trunks, and is so rich in quality and variety as to excite of itself a good deal of envious respect. The widow's daughters, who have been neglected hitherto, are patronized by the society of the town, and a lieutenant of the regiment of horse stationed in the place condescends also to their circle, in order to pay court to their wealthy boarder.

Miss Webster displays an uncommon frankness and force of will from the start. She is eager for distracting entertainment; she takes painting lessons, sings with an actress who has retired from the stage, gets up picnics, rides with the lieutenant, and undertakes to dispose of the leisure time of a young assessor. She flirts with the latter, and lets the lieutenant kiss her in a garden bower where they halt during a ride. Later, on the road home, she announces her expectation of an offer of marriage; whereupon the astonished young officer declares that he finds her grit and candor superb. He had been shocked and distressed at her emancipated American manners, more out of regard for what others would think than from personal

feeling. So in his enthusiasm at having proved that the girl is really strict,—for she repulsed his warmer advances,—and has the courage to demand the conventional contract that vindicates confessions of passion, he prays her to allow him to present her to his mother. She can tell his mother of her past.

Miss Webster reflects. She answers him in monosyllables. The mention of her past brings up pictures of drinking-saloons in the West, where her father was the landlord or bar-tender. As her horse starts and rears before a drunken tramp in the road, she shudders. The face of the man is disfigured by vice, but she has recognized it as that of her father, who is wont to follow her thus from one place to another, that he may expose her or obtain fresh supplies of money. She considers it quite probable that he may at any moment knock at the door of the widow's house; yet while the young assessor, that evening, is put out of sorts by a trifle and cannot follow the moves of his chessmen, she masters her imminent dread, and concentrates her mind upon the game, with final success.

The plot of the novel is complicated, but the character of Miss Webster is clear enough. While she does not hold it to be incumbent on her to speak of the humbleness of her origin and connections, she will not disavow them should they become known. Her nature is self-reliant and independent; she is quite free from servile social hypocrisy. She allows herself a certain license in large interests, such as the attainment of worldly position; but she balances her excess in this direction by drawing a line for her own conduct well inside the conventional allowance of flattery. The servility and eavesdropping inquisitiveness of the widow and her daughters disgust her. Nor does she condescend to fabricate explanations for them, even when she notices that some of her directions, such as her order to have all

her letters put at once into her private box, excite suspicion. Her aims are of importance enough to justify the utmost bravery in their pursuit. When they shall prove impracticable, she is ready to grasp other plans with new and full energy, without spending overmuch time in regret and mortification.

Miss Webster, in short, is one of the personages that have been evolved in German literature at the same time that native American literature has been forming its Daisy Millers and Alices; she is an embodiment of the practical, active type of the American girl, as these are of the passive, sentimental, retiring type. Her appearance is quite common; indeed, there is scarcely an American heroine in German fiction who has not more or less of Miss Webster's forwardness. Even the refined Otilie in Lindau's *Mayo*, it may be remembered, makes advances to her admirer. She is frank, courageous, and sterling, the German "American girl;" but she lacks the soft immaturity of youth. Her character is mature; her will is determined; her life is concentrated upon a single aim. She does not wish to be merely like some heroines of the American variety; she is a female duplicate of the self-made man.

IV.

A greater variety of character is found among the delineations of American men, although even here the types may be reduced to two. Gutzkow, Freytag, and their followers make their Americans or Americanized Germans single men, unincumbered by a wife or family. This, too, is the case in Spielhagen's early romances; for Leo goes to America, and returns thence alone. In Paul Lindau's *Mayo*, the hero is compelled to quit the military service because of a gambling debt, and betroths himself afterward in America. But the action of the novel plays itself out with this betrothal. Mayo threatened, therefore, but did not break the standing order of the day.

This has been done thoroughly for the first time by Spielhagen in his tale *A New Pharaoh*, where a group of Americans compose the centre of the novel's action. We shall see later what their quality is. In the mean time it must be noted that Spielhagen follows the new current by representing Americans in Germany; whereas Paul Lindau fell back into the practice of the old school of Sealsfield, Gerstaecker, and Ruppius, when he transported his hero to the United States.

The first chapter of Mayo opens with a street and bachelor-lodgings scene in Berlin; the story continues, however, with narrations of life in the wild West, and closes finally in a Kansas parlor. Miss Webster makes her *début*, as we have seen, in a provincial town; Ackermann, Saalfeld, and Von Fink reside in provincial cities. Spielhagen places his Curtis family in none of these habitual literary backgrounds. He finds strong enough contrasts outside of the picturesque old haunts of the fatherland for his Americans, and boldly sets them in the middle of the new imperial capital of Berlin, and in the midst of its fashionable, ambitious society. With his surroundings Mr. Curtis offers a quite new figure *per se*, — new, that is, in German literature. The *Beautiful American Girls*, by the same author, contains the germ of the character; so also is it implied by Auerbach in *A Villa on the Rhine*, and by Freytag in *Debit and Credit*; but the full-fledged business swindler appears, massive and successful, for the first time here, and on German soil.

The romances of Gerstaecker and Ruppius swarm with American swindlers; swindle, sham, and vulgarity were the contents, too, of *Die Europa müden*. But the cultivated writers of the new school, the authors who include Americans among the phenomena of social life, and treat them as observers and students treat a chance specimen that has fallen

in their way, depict us generally as radicals. Republicanism, emancipation, reformation, renovation, innovation, — these are the marks they have found in the Yankee, the features that compose his type.

Something of this character inheres even in Freytag's heroes; for although Von Fink has probed the quicksilver bottom of American business corruption, he has also gained an insight into New World enterprise and been infected by American boldness. His engineering scheme on his Polish estate is a result of his American experiences. Mosenthal's hero is open in his acknowledgment of the source whence came the radical blood that he attempts to infuse into the sluggish social and agricultural veins of the fatherland. Gutzkow's Ackermann is a foil among foils; but his quality is meant to be typically American, and as such we have in him a practical, vigorous fellow, whose reforming theories permeate his very being, — "have hands and feet," as the phrase goes, — while the theories of his Catholic friends nestle in the brain, and those of his socialist friends in the heart. Leo, in *Durch Nacht zum Licht*, adds to his own original political revolutionism by contact with American life. He is not altered, perhaps, but he is intensified; and this essence of stimulation is the one and invariable trait which German authors of eminence assign as of one accord to the specifically American in their American or Americanized personages.

Nor has Spielhagen, one of the most eminent, left the beaten track in his latest book. Mr. Smith (Baron von Alden), a German political refugee, has found his leaning toward republicanism confirmed by his exile in the United States; and at the close of the novel he returns by choice to New York. He is a copy, therefore, of the favorite old type, — a political reformer and enthusiast.

The familiar path is trodden by a

familiar figure, but he has a new associate. And this second hero, who is a born American, turns aside from the narrow path of idealism into the broad way of financial business. We have, in a word, the types that have formed themselves in both literatures, the German and American: the type that was evolved out of the practical experiences and inner consciousness of Germans, and that which has been transposed from the pages of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, as well as from those of James and even of Howells. For Mr. Curtis is a swindling and successful Colonel Sellers; his son, the thin-blooded young man of Henry James's books; Anne Curtis, the frank, strong-minded American girl; and Mrs. Curtis, the invalid mother, is of a type familiar to us in the writings of Howells.

Frankness as a trait of American girls is made to figure conspicuously in foreign literatures, and is often shown in German fiction to have its source in a general physical and moral courage; but the American girl's purity as respects love is not conceded. American literature has stormed the fortress of Old World literary prepossessions and held up its Daisy Millers in vain; the storming effects only a partial breach. The new image is recorded but as a momentary phantom, which is likely to "materialize" into flesh of the traditional quality so soon as it is imbued with passion and assailed by temptation.

In the hands of German authors the American girl is not represented as clinging to the maiden period with zest and keen appreciation of its superior freedom; while on the other hand Daisy Miller's coquetry goes so far only because it answers to no check of inner consciousness. It is the untethered lamb that frisks in every field with silly willfulness, quite ignorant of the prevalence and the nature of lions. Miss Webster, on the contrary, and all her German sort remain undevoured only

because no king of the beasts of their ambition or imagination has crossed their paths.

The heroism of the German American girl is the familiar *ewig weibliche* literary heroism of surrender. The American example, that substitutes a self-retention for the European self-sacrifice, is not followed out, although it might be thought to have an attraction for a nation so scientific; female self-retention being after all a logical form of the universal human instinct of self-preservation. It is exaggerated into an extreme, moreover, in respect of all other objects than lovers.

One last trait that must be mentioned because of its invariable use is the American sense of superiority. It may be introduced, as by Gustav Freytag, to be put to shame; but—it is there. The Yankee or the Americanized German feels himself better, smarter, and freer than Bismarck's Prussians or the Reich's Unterthanen. The coarser the personage and the more narrow-minded, especially the more material is his view of life, the more indiscriminate are his criticisms of German peculiarities. The sickly, scholarly Ralph, in *A New Pharaoh*, shows his appreciation of German learning by making his last pilgrimage to its seat, and deprecates only certain political and social conditions, while his coarse father has a cut-and-dried theory that Germans are born stupid, and so deserve to be gulled and swindled.

On the whole, the traits that are prominent in our portraiture of ourselves are faithfully raised into relief by German fiction. The modeling touches put upon them bring forth different individuals, but their species is the same. The hero is middle-aged and material, the elderly matron invalid, and the heroine young and independent. There are no "heroines of thirty," nor are there any naïve Margarets. These prevailing types are set aside once for all whenever Americans are represented.

It is true that the self-made or the self-making girl of German literature is scarcely a substitute for the native American girl. She is apt to appear rather like an exaggeration; yet a certain resemblance cannot be denied. She is similar to our own Alices in that, if not a type of the average American

maiden, she is at least a copy of an American girl. The German representation of the American character possesses indeed the merit of originality; yet this self-made girl and the reforming energetic young hero, do they not both illustrate the effect of American examples?

Lida von Krockow.

RECENT DANTE LITERATURE.

MODERN comment upon Dante appears to share the positive and searching spirit of the century, which bases itself upon "the document" and is skeptical of all but proven facts. This temper of our time, provided it shall not mistake the means for the end, is the best augury for the art of the imminent future as well as a virtue of present criticism. It restores to humanity the personages of history, removing from them the cloak of legend with which Oblivion subtly covers great men dead. The coming generation of writers, thanks to those who now take pains to divest truth of all that is fictitious, will find themselves free to interpret with imaginative art that which is at present discussed, judged, and announced.

Two volumes concerning Dante — Professor Charles Eliot Norton's prose translation of the *Inferno*,¹ and the late Mr. Charles Sterrett Latham's version of Dante's Letters,² with relative comment — are published simultaneously, and are representative, each in its own way, of the modern criticism. Certainly there is place and office for a prose version of the *Commedia*; while at the same time it is not too much to af-

firm that Mr. Longfellow's translation in blank verse is and will remain the definitive English text. In it the original metre is retained, the system of rhyme only remitted; the flexibility and freedom of poetic construction are its prerogative; its fidelity to the diction of Dante is unsurpassable even by literal prose. No poet has, more than Longfellow, possessed the power of sweetly compelling words to his will, and of meeting halfway the spirit of alien speech. This gift availed him supremely in his work of translating the *Commedia*, where upon the limpid element of his art the divine epic "floats double, swan and shadow."

Therefore it does not appear to us that there was lacking a version of the *Commedia* in which substance should not "be sacrificed for form's sake," but instead that the value of Professor Norton's translation consists in its individual excellence, and in the quick appeal which prose, devoid of the slight barriers that verse sets before the eye rather than the mind, is able to make to the reader's intelligence. Narrative is, perhaps, more directly persuasive when it renounces the conditions and the privileges

¹ *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. I. Hell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

² *A Translation of Dante's Eleven Letters.*

With Explanatory Notes and Historical Comments. By CHARLES STERRETT LATHAM. Edited by GEORGE RICE CARPENTER, and with a Preface by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

of poetic form. An interesting testimony, however, to the intrinsic relation of blank verse with the English language is noted in the frequency with which Professor Norton's prose falls into impeccable iambic pentameters. Rhythmic or semi-rhythmic, his translation always maintains a tonality which is at once elevated and natural; the austere sweetness of the phrases is a pleasure to the intellect and to the ear. Of course, the most exacting test of a prose version occurs in certain famous passages, as the episodes of Francesca da Rimini and of Count Ugolino, the apology of Fortune, the description of the Wood of Harpies and of the Image. In these, Professor Norton has admirably succeeded in the lyric expression of pity, tender or poignant, and in music softly revolving about its theme, or in agitated swift movement, or in portentous chords like those of the opening of a Beethoven symphony.

In the comparison of the English with the Italian text, a very few points of verbal question appear: as in the inadvertence which reads, "As false sight doth the beast when it is growing dusk" (Inf. ii. 48), instead of, when it (the beast) *shies*, — the verb *ombrare* or *ad-ombrare*, to take flight, to shy. In Francesca's speech, the verse "Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte" is rendered, "Seized me for the pleasing of him so strongly," with non-recognition of the antique use of the word *piacere*: *avvenenza*, *vaghezza*, charm, comeliness. As an example of Professor Norton's felicity in obtaining an exquisite result by means of spontaneous and simple art may be cited the inscription over the infernal gateway: "Through me is the way into the woeful city; through me is the way into eternal woe; through me is the way among the lost people." In it is heard the hollow note of bells that toll for dead souls.

In the prefatory chapter Mr. Norton expounds briefly and luminously the

scheme of the *Commedia*, the great epic of the human will that seeks, in conforming itself to the Divine Will, that liberty which is law. Otherwise his comment is confined to infrequent exegetical footnotes. It is to be hoped that with this translation as a basis, he will, when the *Commedia* is completed, supplement his work with such a body of comment as his long study of Dante would make of extreme value to younger students.

Mr. Latham's work enjoys the advantage of being the first English translation and comment of the *Epistles* of Dante; therefore its contents may be noted somewhat in detail. Nor can the honorable and pathetic circumstances attendant upon its production be passed over in silence. In 1883, Mr. Latham, a student at Harvard College, full of ardor in literary and in athletic pursuits, was stricken by paralysis. Despite the chains with which disease bound him bodily, his spirit was unconquered, and only longed to prove its valor in equal competition with men who were in possession of every power. Arrangements were made by which Mr. Latham was enabled to continue his college course. Notes upon the lectures and directions for reading were regularly sent to him; the prescribed examinations were held at his bedside; and in 1888 he obtained his degree as of the class of 1884. During the previous year he had studied the works and career of Dante, and desired to compete for the Dante Prize, choosing among the subjects proposed that of the translation and comment of the *Letters*. Extracts from his correspondence with Professor Norton show Mr. Latham's nobility of character, and the energy, modesty, and talent which were his. He perceived that his physical deprivation had initiated him into the verities of life, its meaning and its uses. "When I compare myself with other men of my own age," he said, "I am confident that I

am happier than most of them, and not less well employed."

To a spirit like his, firmly trustful in the good which can be wrested from apparent evil, the companionship of Dante must have given peculiar consolation and support. "Looked at outwardly," James Russell Lowell wrote in his famous essay, "the life of Dante seems to have been an utter and disastrous failure. What its inward satisfactions must have been, we, with the *Paradiso* open before us, can form some faint conception." It was from Sorrow's self that Dante learned "how a man becomes eternal;" looking through the shadows, his nerve of vision acquired clear insight of the realities within and beyond the things of the world; in his writings are found sympathy and comfort for later scholars in the university of human experience, even for those who, like the translator of the Letters, die unaware that to them has been awarded a prize.

The work of Mr. Latham includes the eleven Epistles of Dante according to Signor Fraticelli's edition, — few indeed out of the vast number which must have been written; while even of these certain critics would diminish the accredited number. The translation by Mr. Latham is scholarly and finished, in an idiom which well represents the dignity of Dante's thought, moving somewhat heavily in its antique Roman armor of language. The comment upon the letter to Niccolò da Prato, Cardinal of Ostia, is an intelligible and well synthesized account of the strife of the Bianchi and Neri, closing with the cardinal's sojourn in Florence and the excommunication of the city. It is written in a sober, historic manner. The author seems to have wished to obtain his effect by clear outlines and just proportions, not caring to charge his palette with the brilliant contrasts of the colors of those times. In the jubilee year of 1300 all Italy was at peace. Florence reveled

in banquets and festivals; youths and damsels, richly clad in velvets, silks, and gold, with jewels, danced in the public squares; roses, violets, and lilies were strewn about; and day and night the air was filled with song and the throbbing of lutes and viols. Then amid these luxurious delights — which added an entangled undergrowth of flowerage to the *selva selvaggia* of political and moral evil — the smouldering rancors of the Cerchi and Donati broke into flame as, by the unfortunate mediation of the priors, the firebrands from Pistoia were cast into Florence. The importation of the Bianchi and Neri (factions opposed like the forces of day and night, which destructive criticism — who knows? — may some time wish to reduce to the terms of a sun-myth) involved Florence in strife, and sent Dante, with many others, into exile. Finally, Charles of Valois, invoked by the citizens and welcomed with olive-branches and the music of trumpets, held his brief misrule to the ruin of Florence, that well might have suggested to Dante his flaming city of Dis, inhabited by furies and demons.

The comment upon the letter of condolence addressed to the Counts of Romagna begins with a rapid analysis of the qualities which went to the making of the *virtù* of the Italian nobles in the Middle Ages, their tremendous illimitable vitality and individual force; then it proceeds to a summary of previously existent criticism, with a discussion as to the identity of the subject of the letter with the Alessandro da Romagna spoken of in the thirtieth canto of the *Inferno*.

The third epistle of Dante was written to Moroello Malaspina, one of the four contemporaries of that name among the great family of the Evil Thorn, which divided itself into the Flowering Thorn and the Dry, and blazoned upon a golden ground the distinctive devices of bloom and of sere stem. There is cause for controversy as to the individual addressed, and also for marvel that

Dante should have confided an episode of love to one of those men of war. (By the way, it will have been only by a momentary betrayal on the part of the pen that Mr. Latham, in this comment, writes of Dante's being prompted to *finish* the Convito.) We cannot but read between the lines of the Malaspina letter a mystic announcement of some inspired meeting with Philosophy, — a woman indeed well suited "to the principles, character, and fortunes" of Dante in unmerited exile, — some blinding vision of Paradise. Also that which, as he bids observe, he leaves unexpressed in the letter to Cino da Pistoia confirms us in the belief that the canzone and epistle to the Malaspina were intended *sopra senso*.

The letter to Cino was in answer to the question "whether the soul can pass from passion to passion." It was, the commentator Witte opines, accompanied by the canzone which forms the theme of the second book of the Convito, "Voi che intendendo il terzo ciel movete," and was meant as an indication to Cino of the affections immutable because set upon immortal things. In this canzone Dante relates to the Thrones of the third heaven (Convito ii. 6) the pangs of transition, the rending of the chrysalis from which his sad human love emerged winged. Continual comparison is suggested with the canzone of the Malaspina letter.

"Then came a thought that put the first to flight,

And swayed my being with such lordly power

That my heart trembled and my face was changed!

. . . Well in those eyes of hers
Should stand that love that killeth such
as I."

(Miss Kate Hillard's translation.)

Of this new passion Dante declares, "I say and affirm that the lady of whom

I was enamored, after my first love, was the most beautiful and most virtuous daughter of the Emperor of the Universe, to whom Pythagoras gives the name of Philosophy." (Convito ii. 16.) Viewed, then, by the light of the entire testimony of the second book of the Convito, the letters addressed to Morcello Malaspina and to Cino da Pistoia are recognized as appropriate to the recipient and worthy of the writer.

If Mr. Latham had been permitted the strength and time to complete his work, he would have grouped together under one comment the three letters regarding Henry VII. and his sojourn in Italy. In connection with the epistle to the Italian cardinals are narrated, in a strong historic manner, the election of Clement V., the removal of the Apostolic See to Avignon, and the election of John XXII. The noble and pathetic letter to the Florentine Friend would, according to Mr. Latham's design, have been illustrated by an appendix in which would have been collected and annotated the various decrees against Dante. The comment upon the letter to Can Grande — that precious guide to the understanding of the form and the manifold intent of the *Commedia* — is in some respects the most mature and characteristic portion of Mr. Latham's work. It is admirable as a biographical study of the great Lombard family, and very sensitive in the verbal appreciations by which he reaches his conclusions in regard to the hospitality received by Dante at the court of Alboino and Can Grande della Scala.

By the friendly and generous care of Professor C. E. Norton and Professor G. R. Carpenter, of the Dante Society, the volume is provided with a prefatory memorial of Mr. Latham, and with an appendix concerning the authenticity of the Letters of Dante.

RECENT POETRY.

THE season does not bring us, as it fortunately did last year, any poetry by those who have won a great place in literature, but a few volumes of verse from younger writers maintain the practice of the art and assure us of its vitality, though it must be acknowledged that, like most minor poetry, these books have rather a literary than an inspired excellence. One among them, however, leads the rest by so wide an interval that it should hardly be classed with them. It has rare qualities of style, feeling, and thought. Mr. Gilder has published several volumes hitherto, but the body of his verse is still small in amount, and possibly it seems less because of the limitation of the short swallow-flight which he imposes on himself. *Two Worlds and Other Poems*,¹ as he entitles the present work, begins with a double quatrain, and the small scale of design thus indicated is adhered to in the volume as a whole. The poetry of single thoughts has been cultivated by him with much success, and he has used the form of expression which belongs to it with a fine control of its capabilities of point and contrast, and with a refinement and polish that are of the best. Single-thought poems, however, in the form of the epigram and the quatrain are rather the byplay of the poet's mind than its serious work, and they seldom permit of sufficient elaboration to be memorable. If they are read consecutively, the effect is too much that of a string of proverbs without the saving grace which the proverb derives from being "the wisdom of many" as well as "the wit of one." In uttering maxims poetry approaches very near to prose.

"Sow thou sorrow and thou shalt reap it;
Sow thou joy and thou shalt keep it,"

¹ *Two Worlds and Other Poems*. By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. The Century Co. 1891.

which is the only instance of the two-line epigram in this volume, is too much like a fragment of verse to have a poetical value. Mr. Gilder often uses the quatrain, however, and this, it seems to us, is too brief for an habitual form. It is a unit of thought or feeling in too simple a sense; for in general the unity which is most sought for by art is a unity of related parts; and for this reason single-thought poems do not find a form fit for them until the lyric or the sonnet is reached, with an accompaniment of feeling in the one sufficiently prolonged to be changeful and allow of development, and in the other that forecast and echo of the thought which particularly characterize the sonnet. Mr. Gilder gives us few sonnets, but he compensates for the omission with several lyrics, in which a single idea or mood is expressed with ease, with flow and grace, and at times with a perfection that leaves as little to be desired as the work of Herrick, who is presumably the model that those who use this mode of verse would equal. The following lyric, for example, has in completeness that quality which for lack of more definite phrase is called felicity:—

"Ah, Time, go not so soon,
I would not thus be used, and would forego
that boon;
Turn back, swift Time, and let
Me many a year forget;
Let her be strange once more, — an unfamiliar tune,
An unimagined flower,
Not known till that mute, wondrous hour
When first we met!"

Other instances of this lyrical power, which seems to us the most distinctive trait shown in the present volume, could be given; in them Mr. Gilder carries to the most poetical expression that taste for single-thought poetry which is one of his marked literary preferences.

A second trait which has been leading in his work is sympathy with art, a disposition to see with a painter's eyes and to interpret in words what others have put into plastic form or color. This is characteristic of much verse besides his own, and allies him with the artistic school in poetry of which Rossetti is the most conspicuous example. The influence of this group upon Mr. Gilder's work has been noticeable always, and though in the present collection it is less marked, traces of it remain. The union, peculiarly shown in this school, between definite pictorial form and vague mystic suggestion, expressed by Rossetti in both the arts of which he was a master, is illustrated by Mr. Gilder's sonnet, *Love, Art, and Time*, on a picture by Low : —

"Sweet Grecian girl, who on the sun-bright wall
Tracest the outline of thy lover's shade,
While on the dial near Time's hand is laid
With silent motion, — fearest thou, then, all ?
How that one day the light shall cease to fall
On him who is thy light ; how lost, dismayed, —
By Time, and Time's pale comrade Death,
betrayed, —
Thou shalt breathe on beneath the all-shadowing pall !
Love, Art, and Time, — these are the triple powers
That rule the world, and shall for many a morrow ;
Love that beseecheth Art to conquer Time !
Bright is the picture, but, O fading flowers !
O youth that passes, love that bringeth sorrow —
Bright is the picture, sad the poet's rhyme."

This element is not so great, however, as we have been led to expect from Mr. Gilder, and it is rather in purely descriptive passages that the artistic taste shows itself ; in such a poem as *Moonlight*, or "I care not if the skies are white," which have the color effect of etchings. In each of these examples a truer method is followed than is usual with the poetic sketches of light and shadow, — the method which bids the poet end with his own art, and not confine

himself to mere pictorialness. Wordsworth pointed out the right way, though he did it without any thought of criticism, in that stanza of which the latter part is so often quoted, —

"Ah ! then, if mine had been the Painter's hand,

To express what then I saw ; and *add* the gleam,

The light that never was, on sea or land,

The consecration, and the Poet's dream," —

where the contrasted arts of painting and poetry are discriminated in a way which has its lesson for all those who are tempted to paint in verse.

Mr. Gilder, however, discloses in this volume something more than the lyrical and sonneteering impulse and the artistic prepossession with which his readers have been familiar from the first. Several of the poems not only attempt a sustained flight, but they deal with the broadest human interests in a reflective vein. Before directing attention to these, the memorial poems upon heroes of the war should be mentioned, in which fervid patriotism finds pure expression. It is proper, too, to single out the lyric *The Star in the City*, which has a unique quality in its lines descriptive of the city at nightfall, and in its identification of the poet in the throng : in fact, there is a touch of feeling in this little poem which, we think, is quite new and individual in our city verse. Doubtless it is out of life in the city that the more thoughtful poems of this volume have sprung ; those which express the philanthropic spirit, or, as we should prefer to say, the spirit of humanity, — that principle of brotherhood with men in the strife of life, which shows no sign of weakening power in its hold on the poetic mind. Of these, *The White Tsar's People*, *The Prisoner's Thought*, and *The Passing of Christ* are most notable, though the same strain is heard more or less audibly in several of the verses where it is not the main tone. Its most personal expression is in the poem called *Credo*, at the end : —

"Pure soul and tenderest of all that came
 Into this world of sorrow, hear my prayer :
 Lead me, yea, lead me deeper into life, —
 This suffering human life wherein thou liv'st
 And breathe'st still, and hold'st thy way divine.
 'T is here, O pitying Christ, where thee I seek,
 Here where the strife is fiercest ; where the
 sun
 Beats down upon the highway thronged with
 men,
 And in the raging mart. Oh, deeper lead
 My soul into the living world of souls
 Where thou dost move."

Throughout this section of the poems there is more directness, strength, and immediacy of relation with life itself than in other parts ; the literary quality, which is felt more or less in the lighter verse, here disappears, and the writer expresses himself individually, without obligation to others, whether more or less remote ; and consequently there is an obvious sincerity to his tones which becomes very winning, owing to the sense of personality that they convey. The verse, certainly, is not better than that of the love lyrics, or the sonnets, or the quatrains ; but these poems have a freshness and natural power which make them peculiarly welcome. Nevertheless they make only a part of a much-varied collection, in which passion and reflection, nature and man, the country and city, have each a share ; the presence of the poetic temperament is felt on every page, and in point of expression Mr. Gilder's art is refined and polished in a very high degree, and often strikes out form of a perfect kind. One thing only need be added : it is that these poems, as is usual in such cases, gain greatly by being collected and set one with another in a certain order. A considerable part of the whole has never been published before.

Of other volumes, none call for such attention as is due to Mr. Gilder's. The most notable, certainly, is *The Ride to the Lady and Other Poems*,¹ by Helen

¹ *The Ride to the Lady and Other Poems.*
 By HELEN GRAY CONE. Boston and New
 York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

Gray Cone. The narrative poems in this collection have much energy, the phrase is often strong and full, and the sonnets have in their number some of quite remarkable vigor of thought and handling, among which may be mentioned that addressed to Lowell on his seventieth birthday and that entitled *The Immortal Word*. Several of the longer poems are familiar to our readers through these pages, and the best of them have been warmly praised. Next to those which resemble the ballad in form *The Arrow-Maker* seems to us most individual. The following sonnet is perhaps as fresh as anything in the volume : —

"He loved her ; having felt his love begin
 With that first look, — as lover oft avers.
 He made pale flowers his pleading ministers,
 Impressed sweet music, drew the spring-
 time in
 To serve his suit ; but when he could not
 win,
 Forgot her face and those gray eyes of hers ;
 And at her name his pulse no longer stirs,
 And life goes on as though she had not
 been.

She never loved him ; but she loved Love so,
 So revered Love, that all her being shook
 At his demand whose entrance she denied.
 Her thoughts of him such tender color took
 As western skies that keep the afterglow ;
 The words he spoke were with her till she
 died."

Miss Cone's volume, however, is not characterized by the womanly sentiment which so strongly colors this sonnet, though here and there are poems which show the hand and intuition of a woman, and have in particular a certain tenderness of expression that in a man's work would be felt as a fault of taste. In general her expression has less of sentiment and grace than of action and emphasis. *The Ride to the Lady* has a motive which is strong, and it is worked out wholly on the thought of the dying man's journey, and for that reason it is not free from a certain ghastliness ; the other leading poem, *The Story of the Orient*, gains much from the humanita-

rian suggestion, which, though subordinate in the narrative, finally absorbs the thought and interest; and in the remaining poems, which do not stand out like those that have been named, there is a very even execution together with power in the thought itself.

In Miss Reese's collection, *A Handful of Lavender*,¹ the most excellent portion is that which describes in minute detail objects of nature, and especially scenes about the house and garden which appeal to the reader through old and familiar associations. The writer studies these sketches very carefully and renders them faithfully, and in the sonnets in particular she frames vignettes of landscape that are almost photographic. Possibly there are more daffodils in her verse than usually blow in our gardens, but the blackberry sprays and other favorites of the American roadside are also to be found, and she succeeds in introducing a bit of fine sky here and there with good effect. It was in such work that her verse first attracted attention, and it is not unnatural, therefore, to find this still the best; but in other parts of the collection there is more ambition, and, as was to be expected, in these later poems there is something of literary affectation. The proof is to be found in her metres, which are not simple, and in the imitativeness of the diction and the mood. In a young writer such work as this represents a period of experiment and trial; but as yet her original talent has not freed itself from the literary traditions, not altogether of the best, which she has adopted. It is as a landscape writer that she succeeds,—in minute realistic rendering of the traits of nature which she knows by heart. This is one of the provinces in which minor poetry

is often especially fortunate, and, by the modesty of its aim, avoids many dangers. Here, at least, Miss Reese is most pleasing, while in her "lily" poems, refrains, and Browningsque tragedy there is less of value.

Mr. Cawein, in his latest volume, *Days and Dreams*,² has avoided some of the graver faults of taste and the absurdities of his earlier verse, but in so doing he has lost what chiefly characterized it without developing anything new to take the place of the old. The single remarkable thing in his muse which still remains is the fluency of his words. There is no effort in his utterance, and it goes on without any sign of weariness; but, excepting verbal flow, there is nothing distinctive in his verse. The gift of language is a useless gift when one has nothing to say, and this is the trick which some bad fairy seems to have played on him.

The *Epic of Saul*³ is one of those long poems upon religious subjects which appear about once in a decade, and appeal to a certain part of the community on pious rather than on poetical grounds. The present epic describes the career of Saul as a persecutor, and finds its *dénouement* in his conversion. It has occupied, we are told, several years in the composition, and the author took the trouble to visit Palestine in order to make the work more valuable by fidelity to the actual scenes of the story. So much pains deserves reward. The study of Milton, too, is apparent in the blank verse, though the presence also of the incongruous style of Browning makes an odd mixture. It is hardly necessary to say that judgment should not be delivered in such a case on poetical grounds merely. The substance of the work is reflection upon St. Paul's character

¹ *A Handful of Lavender*. By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

² *Days and Dreams*. Poems. By MADISON

CAWEIN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

³ *The Epic of Saul*. By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1891.

blended with a fictitious narrative of his early experiences. Much thought of a religious sort is necessarily introduced, and there are, as a matter of course, minor characters, such as Stephen the Martyr and Rachel and Ruth out of the Scriptural side, and Sergius the Roman soldier out of the pagan side. The labor shown is considerable; the thought

is apposite to the subject; the characterization commits no fault in violation of sacred associations; and to many readers, doubtless, the book will be welcome, and by them it will be valued. We are bound in conscience to add that with all this it has one singular defect,—we have been unable to discover any poetry in it.

MR. JAMES'S AMERICAN ON THE LONDON STAGE.

It seemed a good deal to believe, when one was told that the least dramatic of modern story-tellers had turned one of his analytic fictions into an admirable play. But the statement was made with such apparent conviction by certain of those who had seen the "first night" of *The American* in the provinces that one could only wait impatiently for its promised promotion to the London stage. After all, nothing gives such a lift out of the mire of realism as to have a paradox proved true.

Well, Mr. James's American has got its "grade." It has, at this writing, been running a fortnight at the Opéra Comique, and is not yet threatened with displacement, which proves at least that the British public likes it fairly well. Without, then, pausing to discuss the abstract worth of such a verdict from a public whose idol, though a highly distinguished man, is probably one of the very worst actors who ever won histrionic fame, let us inquire, "in a spirit of love, my brethren," what the merits of the new play really are.

They may be summed up in one word,—the part of Christopher Newman, which is so much better played by Mr. Compton than might have been supposed possible for an Englishman that it seems quite worth while to indicate the points at which his conception

fails. Mr. Compton's make-up is faultless. He has managed in the most remarkable manner to attenuate his English frame without sacrificing an atom of its power. He has duly observed that curious distinction which causes some London tailors to advertise as a specialty "the American shoulder." His honest, clear, beardless face, at once guileless and knowing, amiable and shrewd, is that of the valiant soldier of fortune, who is also the universal brother, ready anywhere and on the slightest provocation to "hit out" for a lady in distress.

The florid politeness of Newman's amusingly unworldly manners is well caught, nor does Mr. Compton miss the touch of quaint romanticism which belongs to the type, nor a certain pathos in the fact that the audacious adventurer has upheld his fair domestic ideal and kept it spotless through all the devious ways he has had to travel in amassing the fortune which he hopes will enable him to realize it. The nasal tones of the American are overdone, but this is perhaps as indispensable for stage effect as the blackening of eyebrows and lashes. Where Mr. Compton oftenest fails is in his accents and inflections, in what the French call the *chant* of his sentences. There is a notion prevailing in England that Americans end every phrase with a rising inflection. The

slightest independent observation might show them the fallacy of this, but independent observation is a great deal to expect. The truth is that there is a certain emphatic dropping of the voice — vibrant if the organs are good, nasal if they are weak — which is much more distinctively American than the tone of everlasting inquiry. Take as an instance the really touching passage where Newman, in the midst of his manly pleadings with Claire for her love, exclaims, "I'm kind, kind, *kind*!" We all know how he would have said it, slowly and emphatically, — "*kìnd, k̀ind, KÌND*;" the pitch growing lower, the voice falling farther, at each repetition. Mr. Compton, true to inane tradition, briskly asseverates, "*kínd, kínd, kínd*," which is false and puerile. The sentiment of Newman's speech in this instance is in fact so delicate that one almost wonders at its having been left in the dialogue of the play, where the peculiar subtlety and refinement of the original have for the most part been ruthlessly, and one cannot help thinking needlessly, sacrificed to supposed histrionic effect. There is an exquisite point in the love-making of the novel, where Newman says tenderly, with reference to the mysterious dangers which seem to beset his lady's path, "Come to me and you will be *safe*. As *safe*," he adds, with a certain simple solemnity, "as in your father's arms." This is cut out, of course, and very likely it would not have appealed to the average British playgoer.

But why should the playwright or play-tinker likewise have eliminated that delightfully humorous and extremely telling passage which strikes so clearly the very keynote of the American's naïve character, where Claire's brother, Valentin de Bellegarde, is vainly endeavoring to persuade the ingenuously barbarian who loves his sister of the perfect worthlessness of the Nioche family, both father and daughter? Between amuse-

ment and exasperation, and with what doubtless seems to himself brutal frankness, the young Frenchman at last informs his friend that if Mademoiselle Nioche were to part with her virtue in furtherance of her ambition her father "would not do what Virginius did." "I don't know what Virginius did," replies the candid American, "but Monsieur Nioche would *shoot* Mademoiselle Noémie." This is inimitable provided the Nioche family must be introduced into the play at all; but the truth is they are mere excrescences there. The festive and unprincipled Noémie is a clever sketch for a gallery of modern French portraits; but she has wonderfully little to do in the galley which Newman is so manfully striving to row against the current of aristocratic prejudice; and she and her contemptible father not merely lower the tone of the piece, but confuse its action to such an extent that the wonder is how it can be intelligible to a spectator who has not previously made a close and admiring study of one of Mr. James's very best stories.

The first act, which passes in the Nioche apartment, where the girl is seen playing off her various lovers against one another and against Newman, who makes no pretense of being her lover, is tiresome and irrelevant. The scene where she is discovered perched at the top of a step-ladder in the newly decorated *salon* of the American, and seemingly domesticated there, quite justifies, upon the face of it, the crafty old Marquise in breaking off her daughter's engagement. Nor is any good reason shown on the stage why Valentin, who retains more of the charm of his original character than any of the other *dramatis personæ* except the hero, should fight a duel and die; and so the last scene of that pleasant young creature's life, one of the most profoundly tragic that Mr. James ever penned, is rendered futile and merely sensational. For the rest,

in the case both of Valentin's brother the Marquis and of the old servant Mrs. Bread, we have a colorless rendering of a colorless character, which is well enough. But the Marquise de Bellegarde is grossly and ludicrously overacted, and the greatest pity of all remains to be noted. It is that Miss Elizabeth Robins should have been led, by her unquestionable success in a very different kind of drama, to import into the chill and stately saloons of the Faubourg Saint-Germain the hysterical manners of Ibsen's morbid heroines. The fair daughter of the old French *no-blesse*, with her exquisite breeding, her gentle pride, her unquestioning piety, her unalterable grace and composure of manner, is made to struggle and sob, to flutter and writhe, and in general to comport herself so unlike Newman's angelic ideal that the conventionally "happy" ending which replaces the sombre *dénoûment* of the novel makes us feel rather sorry for him than otherwise; and we are inclined to echo the prayer of the preposterous old Marquise, who, when the lovers have departed together, shrieks twice as the curtain

falls, — emitting her words of warning with the *timbre* and *tremolo* of a copper gong: —

"May they never come back! May they n-e-e-ver co-o-me ba-ack!" As indeed why should they?

It may be admitted that the defects of this dramatization of *The American*, glaring though they be, are of a nature to show that a very much better play might have been made out of the novel, and hence, perhaps, that Mr. James may yet win a legitimate triumph in this new line of his. But whatever success may attend the present performance will unhappily be due to a sacrifice of all the distinction of the original tale, and to a substitution for the keen though quiet wit of its dialogue of such trivial catchwords as the perpetual "That's just what I want t' see" of the complacent millionaire, which figures in all the advertisements. American vulgarity is always a tolerably welcome spectacle upon the London stage, and even Mr. Compton's *American*, in some respects an excellent conception, is made quite vulgar enough to atone for many of his virtues.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Lewis Cass, by Andrew C. McLaughlin, is the twenty-second number in the American Statesmen Series (Houghton), and is a very good example of that treatment of public men which takes special account of the material in which they work. History is more than a background to this biographical study; there is a blending of the personal and the social which evinces a keen desire on the part of the biographer to see his subject in all its relations, and to give the reader the whole benefit of his collateral study. Thus the book, besides being an admirable inquiry into the character and career of a notable figure in our history, is a full, particular, and

vigorous sketch of a section and examination of conditions which made Cass a first-rate man, whereas under other conditions and in an older section he might have been a second-rate man. — The first number of *A Journal of American Ethnology and Archæology* (Houghton) contains two papers by the editor, J. Walter Fewkes, and one by Benjamin Ives Gilman. All the papers deal with the Zuñi Indians, and are further efforts to make available for students that curious museum of American antiquities which we know as Zuñi land. Probably the Zuñis themselves live and move and have their being without consciousness of their peculiar value as a sur-

vival, but never was there a more delightful surprise than when the cover was taken off this corner of America and we could all look in and see a mirror of antiquity. Mr. Gilman's paper on *Zuñi Melodies* is based upon phonographic cylinders. — About an Old New England Church, by Gerald Stanley Lee. (W. W. Knight & Co., Sharon, Conn.) The Congregational church of Sharon, Conn., celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the joint founding of church and town, a year or so ago, with religious exercises, a mild bit of masquerade in the shape of an audience antequely dressed, a dinner, speeches, singing, and an address by the young pastor. The address is preserved in this little book, and though sometimes rather conscious in its levity is a good-humored, lively running comment on manners and men in the local history, and a study in the Puritanism of a Connecticut town a century and a half ago. The offhand character of the address makes better speech than reading, but Mr. Lee may be thanked for so fresh an historical sketch. — *The History of the Middle Ages*, by Victor Duruy. Translated by E. H. and M. D. Whitney; with notes and revisions by George Burton Adams. (Holt.) A great merit of this comprehensive work is the skill with which cause and effect in human history are kept clearly in mind in the midst of many and otherwise confusing details. The author has a clear conception of the large movements in process during the Middle Ages, and he has an artist's perception of the facts which must be noted in order that the student may be able to grasp the masses into which these facts group themselves. — *History of the Jews*, by H. Graetz. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) The first volume of this work has been issued, covering the time from the earliest period to the death of Simon the Maccabee. The original work in eleven volumes has been translated, under the author's supervision, into English, and compressed so as to occupy but five volumes, although somewhat extended. It is of interest to Christian students familiar with the facts of Jewish history through the Old Testament to see how a modern Jewish historian will use the same facts, weaving them into a continuous history. The writer does not ignore the super-

natural element, but he seems disposed to treat it somewhat in the spirit of modern criticism, and the result is that Jewish history is as it were secularized and rendered less exceptional. Professor Graetz makes his early narrative a somewhat generalized one, and shows a singular absence of preciseness in the matter of dates. In speaking of the exodus from Egypt he says, "The fourth generation of the first immigrants left Egypt after a sojourn of several centuries," a sentence which carries its own contradiction. His whole method is that of a man who supposes in his readers an exact knowledge upon which he builds. — Mr. Gladstone is the subject of a volume in the series *The Queen's Prime Ministers*. (Harpers.) Mr. George W. E. Russell, who writes the book, has done a difficult task well. The personal biography is necessarily brief, because the plan of the book calls for a political biography, and because Gladstone entered public life at twenty-two, and has lived and breathed the air of Parliament ever since. Yet it would not be possible to measure his public career justly without that knowledge of his personality which explains his temperament and his ingrained tastes. Mr. Russell has provided the needful information in a succinct form, and his final chapter, in which he analyzes Mr. Gladstone's character, is eloquent in its restraint and vigor of touch. — With the Admiral of the Ocean Sea, a Narrative of the First Voyage to the Western World, drawn mainly from the Diary of Christopher Columbus, by Charles Paul Mackie. (McClurg.) Mr. Mackie attempts a half fictitious and wholly eulogistic sketch of the career of Columbus. He decorates it just so far as may be done by a slight imagination of scenes and conversation, but does not depart far from the record. The result is that the reader is somewhat uneasy, not knowing whether he is reading enlivened history or can let himself go in a story founded on fact. The author's view of Columbus is that of an advocate and stout champion. It must be said, however, that it is a somewhat conventional figure presented to the eye, and one is scarcely helped to any discriminating judgment of Columbus. — *Austin Phelps, a Memoir*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Scribners.) Mrs. Ward has been able to avail herself of an autobiographical fragment by her

father, which is extremely interesting for its disclosure of his mind in the most formative period of his life; she has also used passages from his letters and from his printed writings, but she has been compelled, nevertheless, to draw much upon her own knowledge in order to give readers some notion of an experience of physical suffering which is appalling to contemplate. This experience helps one to discern Professor Phelps's character, and if one can bring himself to go through with it he will know something of the power of human endurance.—England and the English in the Eighteenth Century, Chapters in the Social History of the Times, by William Connor Sydney. (Macmillan.) A two-volume work of some seven hundred and fifty solid pages, dealing with such subjects as the London of the time, dress and costume, amusements and pastimes, coffee houses, taverns and clubs, popular credulities, quacks, roads and traveling, health resorts, education, the literary and the political worlds, King Mob, the criminal code, and the religious world. Town life is more minutely recorded than country life, and in general the material side of human nature is most fully considered. This is not strange when one considers that it is the comfort-loving, sociable England of the eighteenth century which is under consideration. The book has a peculiar value at this time, when by a natural affinity not only literature, but art and morals are harking back to the time characterized in it.—The Sabbath in Puritan New England, by Alice Morse Earle. (Scribners.) Would not Mrs. Earle have kept closer to New England phraseology if she had said "Lord's Day"? Be this as it may, her collection of facts and incidents bearing on her subject is not only full almost to exhaustion, but set forth with an unflagging interest and a keen appreciation of the attitude which a modern reader holds to the theme, albeit her genuine regard for Puritan New England saves her from a mere flippancy of tone. Our readers have already had a taste of the work in Mrs. Earle's account of the New England Meeting-House, and may be assured that the people in the meeting-house and every stick that went into the structure are equally well treated. The book is a readable addition to our antiquarian literature.

Education and Textbooks. A new edition has been published, in five volumes, of the Life and Works of Horace Mann. (Lee & Shepard.) It is substantially the same as that issued by Mrs. Mann about twenty-five years ago, and contains the Life in one volume, with reports, addresses, passages from the Common School Journal, and miscellaneous papers in four volumes. Mr. Mann's son, George Combe Mann, a name which at once recalls an inspirer of Mr. Mann, has supervised the edition, and added a review of Horace Mann's work and writings by Félix Pécaut. The edition has much that educators and historians cannot afford to disregard, although many of the practical problems of Mann's day take a different form now.—The Complete Music Reader, for High and Normal Schools, Academies, and Seminaries, by Charles E. Whiting. (Heath.) The completeness is acquired by devoting the first fifty pages to instruction and exercises in musical notation, after which the editor has arranged a good selection of two-part, three-part, and four-part songs, anthems and choruses, hymn tunes and patriotic tunes. It is a pity that in the last are not included any of the hymns and songs which sprang from the war for the Union.—A sensible textbook by which the study of French is made to carry with it an acquaintance with the history of France is Readings from French History, edited by O. B. Super (Allyn & Bacon); ten passages being taken from Thierry, Louis Blanc, Michelet, Lamartine, Thiers, Guizot, and others. The notes are brief and pointed.

Ecclesiasticism. The Peace of the Church, by W. R. Huntington. (Scribners.) In these Bohlen Lectures, Dr. Huntington takes for his text the four points upon which the Lambeth Conference of 1888 rested their plea for church unity, namely, the Scriptures as the rule and ultimate standard of faith, the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and the Historic Episcopate "locally adapted;" each of these propositions, as carefully expressed in concise language, he justifies at some length and in a most admirable spirit. The scheme was an eirenic one, and its effect upon those who support it is to deepen and enrich their catholicity. Whether one agrees with Dr. Huntington or not, he cannot fail to be im-

pressed by the good temper and the generous mood in which he writes. The great advantage of the Lambeth plan is that it is a distinct scheme offered by two branches of the Church, and permits, therefore, practical action as well as discussion. Such a treatment as Dr. Huntington has given it will do much toward familiarizing the religious public with its provisions and making ready the way for action. — A looser, less careful book is R. Heber Newton's *Church and Creed* (Putnams), which looks, nevertheless, to the same general end ; or rather, assuming the catholicity which is Dr. Huntington's objective point, Mr. Newton, impelled by the occasion which his own deliverances have brought about, pleads for clerical freedom of thought and action. The personal equation in his case easily accounts for a certain zeal for liberty which will be regarded by some, otherwise sympathetic, as beyond discretion.

Humor. The *Albany Depot*, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) Mr. Howells's farce is the conception which a thoroughly delicate-minded man has of the petty accidents of life. The farce which holds the stage is for the most part the conception of these accidents by coarse-minded men ; but what a distance from grinning through a horse collar to this little bit of fun, in which the author, after inviting us all to join in a laugh at the expense of his refined people, turns about suddenly and through his own characters asks us what we are laughing at ! — *As We Were Saying*, by Charles Dudley Warner. (Harpers.) In collecting the brief essays contributed to the *Editor's Drawer* of *Harper's Monthly* Mr. Warner might well have erased the direct reference to the *Drawer*. His papers are too good to have this ephemeral mark upon them ; they have a literary charm and a delicacy of satire which give them the stamp of currency among pieces of genuine wit. If one likes to have satire lurk behind airy phrases, and to know the keen thrust of irony from places of ambush, let him read these papers, which, with their ease and penetration, are dabs of caustic laid upon the vanities of American manners. What could be lighter than his humorous touch ? — yet it knocks nonsense flat. One is tempted to quote freely, and it is easy to find such clever bits as this upon Christmas : "We have appropriated

the English conviviality, the German simplicity, the Roman pomp, and we have added to it an element of expense in keeping with our greatness. Is anybody beginning to feel it a burden, this sweet festival of charity and good will, and to look forward to it with apprehension ? Is the time approaching when we shall want to get somebody to play it for us, like baseball ? "

Fiction. Earlier *Stories*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) Mrs. Burnett has collected in two series certain youthful work which she contributed to *Peterson's Ladies' Magazine*, and now revises for an authorized edition, since the popularity of her later stories had led to an unauthorized publication in book form. The stories are *Kathleen Mavourneen*, *Pretty Polly Pemberton*, *Theo*, *Miss Crespigny*, and *Lindsay's Luck*. — *Donald Ross of Heimra*, by William Black. (Harpers.) Published both in cloth and paper. The charm of naturalness which attaches to so much of Mr. Black's work, a charm that is not the less because a slight veil of literary grace covers his incidents and conversations, is heightened for the reader by the ease with which the author treads his native heath. Crofters and factors and young-lady proprietors and gallant young men give him all the characters he needs for a lively and sometimes moving tale ; and if his heroine grasps her fate somewhat confidently, one may refer the boldness to the strenuous Scottish climate. — Recent issues in paper covers have been : *What's Bred in the Bone*, by Grant Allen (Benjamin R. Tucker, Boston), written apparently for a wager as well as a prize, and we doubt if the other man crowded as many improbabilities and distortions of life into the same space ; *Romain Kalbris*, translated by Mary J. Serrano from the French of Hector Malot (Harpers) ; *The Captain of Company K*, by Joseph Kirkland, author of *Zury* (Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago) ; *Monsieur Judas*, by Fergus Hume (The Waverly Co., New York), a detective conundrum ; *Tales for a Stormy Night*, being translations from the French of Tourgeneff, Balzac, Mérimée, Daudet (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati) ; *The Late Mrs. Null*, by F. R. Stockton (Scribners) ; *Color Studies and A Mexican Campaign*, by Thomas A. Janvier (Scribners) ;

Iduna and Other Stories, by George A. Hibbard (Harpers) ; *The Bachelor's Baby*, by Coyne Fletcher (Clarke & Zugalla, New York), a confused, farcical tale, with a rowdyism about the men such as women sometimes conceive.

Literature. Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends. Edited by Sidney Colvin. (Macmillan.) Mr. Colvin has omitted the letters to Fanny Brawne, which he regards as too symptomatic of cardiac disease, but otherwise has made a full and careful collection. The letters are the man, and one may well accept the series as the best biography of Keats ; for his short uneventful life contains nothing to note but the expression of a nature which matured early, and sang and wrote for very love of art and speech. How interesting the world was to Keats, and how much more interesting to him was Keats himself, with his ever fresh discoveries, his indomitable spirit breaking down all the barriers which seem to shut one in from nature and men ! The ease of Keats's soul is indicative of its greatness, and these letters bring one very close to a singer who found an instrument of some sort always in his hand. — *Familiar Quotations, a Collection of Passages, Phrases, and Proverbs traced to their Sources in Ancient and Modern Literature*, by John Bartlett. (Little, Brown & Co.) In this ninth, and the editor says final edition, new sources are drawn from in ancient writers and French literature. The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the fact that it represents a growth, a steady development, and not a mere accretion. The painstaking and accuracy of the editor are seen on every page, and the thoroughness of the work is illustrated by the three hundred pages of index which make reference to it a delight. — *Points of View*, by Agnes Repplier. (Houghton.) The nine papers in this volume have, with one exception, been printed in *The Atlantic*, and none will be so ready to get the book itself as the reader who has once read them

in the magazine. The piquancy of the writing is not a mere mannerism, but corresponds to a freshness of observation and reflection and an independence of judgment which are rare in these days, when one has usually to choose between academic order and superficial smartness. — The second volume of the new edition of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, edited by Charles G. Crump (Macmillan), continues the classical Dialogues, and proceeds with Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen. It gives fresh evidence of Mr. Crump's scrupulous care in editing.

Travel and Nature. Across Russia, from the Baltic to the Danube, by Charles Augustus Stoddard. (Scribners.) A compact narrative by a writer who has been trained in journalism to select quickly the most important points to be noticed, and has missed the note of forced jocularity which is a blemish in much journalistic narrative. Mr. Stoddard contents himself in the main with plain, matter-of-fact description, avoids everything which might border on indecorum, and wisely refrains from those inferences which a hasty traveler is apt to draw from superficial observation. The directness of his attack is noticeable and commendable. — *Our Common Birds and how to Know Them*, by John B. Grant. (Scribners.) The important feature of this little book is its sixty-four photo-engraved plates of as many birds, which, with brief accompanying notes, are intended to serve as guides to the observer in identifying the species. The photographs were taken from stuffed specimens, but these were mounted as closely as possible in the order of nature ; only the birds are thus always on the perch, and the observer is frequently obliged to see his bird on the wing. With this drawback, and with the more serious one that color is indicated only by description, the book ought to prove very serviceable in its modest way, doing for birds what Mr. Newhall's handbooks do for trees and leaves.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Two Old-Time Book-Lovers. I HAVE been amusing myself with Charles Mousellet's *Petits Mémoires Littéraires*, and bring to the Club some of his reminiscences which may possibly in others, as in me, touch a secret sensitive nerve.

Book-lovers are a race apart which has not been studied enough; they open a field of interest and amusement hitherto unexplored. Fifty years ago, among the connoisseurs of books who were to be seen most often at the publishers' shops and second-hand stalls of Paris were two agreeable and talkative elderly men, Van den Zande and François Grille. Van den Zande, who had filled a post of distinction under the government, lived at Batignolles, one of the rural suburbs, in a house with a pretty garden. He was a widower, rich, genial, given up to his worship of rare editions. It is seldom that a book-lover is not something of an author. Van den Zande had many verses on his conscience, for the most part spicy tales in rhyme such as are obsolete nowadays, which gives the date and the gauge of his talent. A thorough-going epicurean, despite his gout, Van den Zande gathered about his table every Sunday a party of his own age and tastes.

François Grille also had filled important public offices, and in the discharge of his functions he had come in contact with a great many people, and had received a quantity of letters, long and short, signed by more or less illustrious names. On his retirement he published several volumes of them, full of amusing incidents, and accompanied by sharp, malicious little notes, biographies in a dozen lines, in which there was always a salient point. Grille lived in seclusion with his family at The Pond, beyond Bougival, in the neighborhood of Paris, whence nearly his whole correspondence is dated, and Heaven alone knows how much the worthy man wrote. He came to town from time to time, where his visits were chiefly to the booksellers.

Strange to say, Van den Zande and François Grille had never forgathered either in their favorite haunts or anywhere else. Yet they wished to meet, and they had friends in common, Barbier and Quérard

among the rest. Each sent the other one of his books, and this led to an interchange of letters which resulted in a regular correspondence.

The first letters of the two book-lovers contained a mutual profession of faith, and they agreed on many points. "I have the same opinion as you as to the great Aronnet," says Van den Zande. "Everything which has been well and rightly done since '89 we owe to him. . . . Three authors are my bugbears, namely, Châteaubriand, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine." Grille makes exception in favor of Lamartine, to whom he once addressed an epistle; it was Grille's mania to write epistles to everybody. He also had the habit of sprinkling his letters with verse. Van den Zande cannot repress his astonishment at such fecundity:—

"You are a tough jousting, my dear sir: if my muse should attempt to keep up with yours she would soon be asthmatic. I do not know what your age may be, but I am sure you never think of it. As I am nearly seventy-two I needs must remember mine. . . . It will always give me pleasure to receive your letters, but I can only promise to answer them at long intervals."

We detect the apprehensions of the epicurean who feels his privacy and his indolence threatened. However, not to offend his brother-in-letters, he dedicates a lively little story to him; too lively to be included in the next edition of his tales. What temperaments the generation of Van den Zande were blessed with! A story too lively for publication at seventy-two!

François Grille rejoices over the promise of the story; he rejoices in prose and verse. Yet he had just undergone a shock in an accident to the person he held dearest,—his wife had broken her arm. It had been successfully set, and he writes, "To-day she is better, as you will see by a fable I have composed while sitting with her." Soon afterwards he speaks of a visit from their dear Quérard: "Dear Quérard was at The Pond yesterday. He is the Breton in full bloom, kind, gay, frank, everything I like best. . . . Your ears must have burned, for we talked a great deal about you. My little house pleases him, my wife charms

him, my cordiality delights him, yet he will not admit that anything surpasses your Batignolles, your table, and your attractive academy." Here Van den Zande saw his chance, and he writes: "... Why do you praise the Sunday breakfasts at Batignolles without knowing anything about them? Why will you not accede to my repeated invitations? I will drop our correspondence until I have seen you and pledged you at my own board. It strikes me that you ought to have some desire to know me by sight."

One would suppose that François Grille must yield to such amiable importunity. Not at all. He explains his theory, which is odd and of doubtful civility: he does not care to see the people he is fond of, Van den Zande no more than the rest; it suffices him to write to them. To write forever! He goes on to explain his views on this head, first in verse, then in prose. "For ten years," he says, "I corresponded frequently with M. de Fortia, M. de Reiffenberg, Peignot, and the bibliophile Laporte, and I never saw the first two; the last two I saw but once. For forty years I have had a friend at Niort whose face I never have seen and who is eighty-five years old; he writes to me weekly in prose and verse. I shall never shake him by the hand, yet I am very much attached to him, and he has a real tenderness for me. . . . I see neither Plato, Horace, Molière, nor Voltaire, yet I live with them, and they never scold because I do not visit them. I live by the heart. I have a paternal affection for Voltaire, and what do I see of him? His works and his shade!"

Van den Zande ceased to press his platonic correspondent, who, being left to himself, again reopened the fire of his inextinguishable vivacity on Batignolles. Van den Zande pulled his nightcap over his ears, but a plaint escapes him despite himself: "I have warned you already that my Dobbin cannot keep up with your Pegasus. . . . Your epistles come in showers, in floods, in cataracts!" We are forced to believe that there came a moment when he lost his patience and let his invisible comrade feel it; certain sharp words must have been exchanged, for on December 22, 1852 (note the date), Van den Zande wrote to Grille: "If the charm is broken you have done it; I have begged but one thing of

you: not to write to me every day, because I am not up to answering so many pretty letters, and I am jealous of them."

This is touching, and as the request was not exorbitant, after all, one might suppose that Grille would hasten to acquiesce. But that would show small knowledge of Grille. Grille cannot live without writing to Van den Zande, so no truce for Van den Zande. Meanwhile, on New Year's Eve the book-lover of Batignolles had an accident: on his way to take some sugar-plums to a friend's children he slipped and fell. He was lifted into a carriage, and was obliged to keep his room with his leg on a chair. It was a trifle at first, a strain of the muscles of his left calf, but he fancied himself cured too soon, and a week afterwards thought fit to preside at an anniversary dinner. He gives an account of it to his "dear metromaniac" François Grille, who had not failed to overwhelm him with condolences in every known metre for the whole eight days. Van den Zande enumerates the guests, and gives the bill of fare, on which figures a sugar-cured ham and a monstrous capon stuffed with truffles; sherry after the soup, Rhine wine after the fish, excellent Médoc, delicious Sauterne, Chambertin for which he pays five francs a bottle at first hand. At dessert he read the company verselets he had composed in the omnibus. "They all laughed, the Abbé Lavigerie louder than anybody. We wound up with Moët, and there you are."

This banquet brought on a relapse. Van den Zande's knee swelled; a blister was applied, and he took to his bed with fever. He wrote a note of fifteen lines to Grille, which he naturally supposed would be unanswerable: "My dear sir, . . . I am no longer in a condition either to write or receive letters: I entreat you to intermit our correspondence until my recovery." This was the last.

Grille turned a deaf ear; he was evidently impelled by an instinct which dominated every other feeling. Van den Zande's son-in-law was forced to interpose: "It is absolutely impossible for my father-in-law to thank you himself for your inquiries about his health. When he is well you will learn from him all the details of his illness. Then you can send him some more easy and racy verses. . . . I have none of your letters except those which

have come since the patient has been unable to receive anything himself. As soon as he is better we will collect and skewer them."

Van den Zande lingered for some weeks, but died on the 1st of April, 1853. The day previous the Abbé Lavigerie called upon him, but Van den Zande excused himself after a few courteous words. Grille survived him for some years.

To the Fall of Imātrā. — At ten o'clock the train reached Wiborg, and as there was still plenty of daylight left I rambled through the pretty straggling town until I reached the quay. Immediately opposite, on a solitary rock, rose the red walls of the picturesque old castle. I retraced my steps, and looked out in earnest for an English or French hotel, but alas! unsuccessfully. Just as I began to despair of finding one I espied a welcome signboard whereon was written "Hotel de Helsingfors." Here, then, methought, is a French hotel.

Upon entering, the place appeared to be deserted, but after repeated knocking I roused a woman servant. I expended my choicest Parisian upon her in vain; there was no answering gleam of intelligence in her stony stare. Suddenly she vanished, and after further waiting a man came forward. I addressed him in French, but he too only stared. This was not encouraging, and I tried my native tongue, but with a sinking heart.

"Can you speak English?"

"Yees."

"Well, I want to go to Imātrā, and believe there is a steamer which leaves here at six in the morning?"

"Yees."

"Then I should like to be called at five."

"Yees," and he was gone.

Still I waited in the passage, and as no further notice was taken of me I had no alternative but to knock again. After a sufficiently dignified interval the woman returned. I opened my mouth, and pointing to it made a show of eating, whereupon she nodded her sagacious head. Then I leaned back and snored, to signify that I wanted to sleep; next, looked about me as if seeking a room. Without moving a muscle of her face she bowed in response to this ridiculous pantomime, and conducted me to a room wherein was a bed; suddenly,

like a Jack-in-the-box, she disappeared. However, she was back again directly, and began to set the table with the same deliberation which characterized all her actions, and when she had done nodded and left me. I was hungry, and did justice to the supper, which consisted of little dishes of various kinds of food, among which raw fish played an important part.

The room had several long windows in it, and as they gave upon the public street, our English custom suggested that I should close the shutters or draw the curtains; but there were none, nor was there any means of fastening the door. So, taking things as I found them, I undressed, got into bed, and, tired with my journey, slept at once and soundly until the woman, without knocking, came into the room in the morning, and proceeded to clear away supper and bring in the breakfast with the utmost stolidness, while I washed and dressed.

The meal included new-laid eggs, rye bread, and coffee, and when I was done, as no one was anywhere to be seen, I went to the familiar passage and knocked vigorously. As before the woman answered the summons. Putting my hand in my pocket, I showed her money to signify my willingness to settle the score. She nodded and retired. The man then came upon the scene, and I held out to him a handful of money. He selected sundry small coins, and sent the woman to show me the boat. She led the way to the quay, paused before a small steamer, bowed, and left me. For half an hour I fastened my eyes on the vessel, and finally there came a seafaring man, who began to bail her out, for she was evidently leaky. I spoke to him and asked if the steamer were for Imātrā, but he took not the slightest notice, and, drawing an old clay pipe from his pocket, turned his back upon me and began to smoke. Time passed, I waited, the seafaring man continued to smoke, and still he and I were the only people abroad. What was to be done? Ah, a gleam of hope! Yonder, unless my eyes deceived me, was a walking polyglot dictionary, — a Russian officer. I joyfully approached him. He politely raised his cap, and I mine.

"Parlez-vous français?" I asked.

He shook his head. Then he spoke in Russian.

I shook my head.

He tried German, Italian, Finnish. No result.

"Oh!" I groaned, "what shall I do?"

"Ah," said he, "I speak leetle leetle Eengleesh."

"I want to go to Imātrā," I observed, "and don't know how to get there."

"Ah," he explained, "to Imātrā you vood and know not?"

"Just so."

"Ah, zen you mus' to ze console Eengleesh."

"Where does he live, and how can he help me?"

"Ah, zen, vat he vor eef nod to — vat you zay — haelp ees compatriot? You mus' to eem vid me."

Suiting the action to the word, the good-natured fellow trotted off, and I gladly followed.

Arrived at the consul's — a large wooden house surrounded by a flower garden — my acquaintance rang the doorbell. After many ineffectual peals, a maid with a shock of red hair showed herself at an upper window. To her the officer spoke in Finnish. She gave a short answer, and abruptly closed the window. Turning to me the officer explained: "Ze console ees een ees bed; he vil up een — I know not to zay" — here he showed me his watch and signified half an hour. "Zen you vil here be you shall zee heem." Then he took off his cap and bowed, making the significant French shrug of apology. "Mes affaires," — he smote his breast, — "not zee you more longer: pardon, adieu." And the kind fellow went off, after elaborately explaining once more half an hour by his watch.

At the appointed time I had an interview with Her Majesty's consul, and the result of it was that I went to a good hotel and posting station where the proprietor spoke English; and changing my Russian money into Finnish, I hired a *telega*, or native cart, in which I departed on the first stage of my journey. Now this conveyance was a most execrable piece of human ingenuity without springs. Perhaps it was constructed to match the streets, which were villainously paved with irregular boulders. Jolting, shaking, bumping, — these words convey no adequate idea of the motion, but I felt as if all my bones must be speedily dislocated. However, once out of the town, the muddy country ruts were a

great relief, and we joggled along over a hilly country until the end of the first stage was reached, when we drew up at a station consisting of a small cluster of wooden houses. All the inhabitants turned out to see me, and to superintend the harnessing of an immense cart-horse to another springless vehicle. A very small boy perched beside me to control the action of the great beast, and as his muscles were not matured, and the animal was fresh, we got over the ground at an astonishing rate. For the next stage I was given a tiny pony and a very large and sleepy man. As a consequence the pace grew slower and slower, and animal and driver at last sank into blissful slumber. Then, losing all patience, I woke the man, and so astonished and frightened him that he, in turn, astonished the small horse, who exerted himself to such an extent that we soon made up for lost time.

Thus I journeyed on through extremely pretty scenery, for many miles following a canal which often opened out into a series of beautiful lakes. In the farmyards were to be seen the most comical pigs, small, black, and with long manes. The land was ploughed by a primitive wooden implement having an iron point, and a striking feature of the landscape was in the fields of beautiful bright blue and scarlet flowers.

The next post-house was situated amidst the wildest scenery, and was surrounded by big pine forests. It stood on the edge of a precipitous declivity that was strewn with stones and crossed by shelves of rock. By this time I was getting very sore, and was therefore taken aback by the sight of the next vehicle, — a large four-wheeled springless cart. Before starting the people wanted to know where I wished to go; so I drew a picture of a waterfall, and wrote beneath it "Imātrā." The worst of it was that I did n't know whether I was being driven in the right direction, and as the day lengthened felt somewhat uneasy as I thought that I ought sooner to have reached my destination. Down the steep hill my new driver galloped furiously, taking all impediments in his path after the reckless manner of the Russians. The consequence was that the springless cart performed incredible feats of agility; it jolted and bumped, twisted half round, and leaped into the air in the wildest fashion. There

was no seat, and as I lay on the floor I clutched at one of the sides, but as often as I obtained a hold it was wrenched from my grasp, and I bounded from side to side and from end to end like a shuttlecock. I was sore enough before, but this was simply awful, and my breath came in such gasps that I could not yell to the maniac in front to stop. We reached the foot of the declivity, and without pausing the horse galloped up the hill beyond; fortunately the road grew less rocky, and I managed to seize the side of the cart and steady myself somewhat.

For an hour or more that demon driver rivaled the driving of Jehu, and then he looked curiously over his shoulder at my prostrate form: he evidently hesitated, and then leaving the main road, or rather track, struck aside into the forest. For another hour we wound in and out among the trees, until, reaching a clearer space, the man drew rein and again looked strangely at me over his shoulder. My previous drivers had yellow hair and blue eyes, but this fellow was quite different, being swarthy of complexion, and having black hair and, to my thinking, evil black eyes. My misgivings returned with tenfold force; night was at hand, and I knew not where I was. In this dismal forest, far from the main road, who would hear a cry for help? The silence was profound save for the moaning of the wind through the melancholy pines. I lay bruised and aching, hungry, tired, and seemingly at the man's mercy. I cannot say that all the events of my past life rose before me in a moment, but I thought of home and friends, and resolved that if my worst fears should be realized, and robbery and perhaps murder be attempted, I would at least sell my life as dearly as I could. So, deeming a bold show the best policy, I sat up, drew my large jack-knife from my pocket, and whittled at a piece of stick. Conscious that the evil black eyes were upon me my heart beat fast, but I tried to preserve an outward appearance of calmness, and as I cut whistled a merry tune. For a long time, it seemed to me, he hesitated. It was a crisis: to betray the slightest fear was to be lost, so I looked him in the face, smiled, and pointing forward with the blade of the knife said, "Imātrā, Imātrā!" To my great relief he turned, slowly gathered up

the reins, and drove onward. After an anxious half hour we again struck the road, and six miles of further traveling brought us to Imātrā hotel, a solitary house standing in its own very pretty and parklike grounds. After my long fast and open-air drive I was ravenous, and did not leave much of the plentiful supper which was soon smoking on the table.

I rose at six the next morning, so as to make the most of the long day before me. I walked somewhat stiffly, but otherwise was none the worse for the previous day's experience. On passing through the forest I was guided by the tremendous roar of the waters, and found the scene indeed worthy of my efforts to reach it. Standing warily on the steep bank, I saw, as far as sight could reach, to right and left a chasm, filled with huge gray rocks and water-worn boulders, and down the channel rushed a mighty river which issued from an unseen lake higher up. So steep was its course that the hemmed-in torrent fretted and dashed against the rocks, to rebound in huge billows upon the next impediment which shivered them into foam, the lighter spray being turned by the sunbeams into innumerable rainbows. On each bank pine-trees stretched their drenched branches over the raging flood; as the great waves leaped through the air in endless succession and variety of form, the very earth trembled with the shock. There had recently been a series of heavy rains, so that I was fortunate enough to see Imātrā at its best. For a long time I lingered by the side of this fine waterfall, trying to become familiar with the spirit of the scene, seeking to understand the language of the mighty voices, — deep calling unto deep.

Imātrā has been said to surpass Niagara, but the two can scarcely be compared, they are so different. At Niagara the river is seven hundred and forty yards wide, but is split by Goat Island into two parts, the falls being one hundred and sixty-three feet in perpendicular height. The scenery is strikingly devoid of interest, for the trees on both banks are small and the country is a dead level. Between the falls is a watermill, below them a suspension bridge, and, until quite recently, the annoyance caused by hotel touters, guides, curiosity-venders, peripatetic photographers, and cabmen well-nigh drove one crazy and greatly

detracted from the enjoyment. The Imā-trā cataract is not, I should judge, more than thirty yards wide, but the volume of water is immense. It is encompassed by beautiful woods and an extremely diversified country, unpenetrated by railway whistle, unstrewn with the ginger-beer bottles of excursionists, unviolated by the hand of the irrepressible advertiser; there are no human annoyances; in utter loneliness one can commune with nature and nature's God.

Returning to the hotel, I breakfasted on delicious fish caught that morning in the lake, and being the sole guest at this little-frequented place was made much of by the Swedish landlord. Our talk was somewhat restricted, as he spoke only his native tongue and Finnish, but pencil illustrations and a comparison of words rendered intelligible much that was said. Mine host was very proud of his travelers' signature book, in which English autographs were few and far between. I signed my name near that of Prince Louis Napoleon, and for fun appended the letters M. H. L. S. The Swede was delighted. I rose at once in his estimation, but though he wanted the "handle" explained I did not inform him that they stood merely for "Member of the Highgate Literary Society." Anxious as I was to get away, my landlord prized me too highly to let me go; my fascinations were undoing me! He looked with admiration at my watch and chain, knife, and other personal effects. I drew pictures for him with colored chalks and pencil, and wrote such rhymes as "Peter Piper" and "Round the rugged rock;" but the more I did, the more he wanted. At last I had positively to decline any further amusement and insist on the horse being harnessed. After I had got into the cart it seemed as if he would never leave off shaking my hand, and when I had fairly started he waved his cap and his arms until a bend in the road hid me from sight.

This time, with better horses, better drivers, and fewer hills (for I returned by a shorter route), I reached Wiborg by half past seven o'clock, terribly sore and with ursine hunger.

Le Cothurne — Certain gentlemen who wield *Étroit.* with much skill the stylus of theatrical criticism are wont to tell us that for all purposes of dramatic effect there must needs be a timely and reasonable

exaggeration; that the stride should be longer, the voice deeper, the gesture freer, than would be needful to produce a similar impression in social circles; that if even so potent a personality as that of the late Edwin Forrest had spoken and moved "naturally" on the stage he would have been inaudible and unintelligible (though, from his great stature, not quite invisible); that stage effect is necessarily effect produced at long range,—an impression distributed over hundreds, perhaps thousands, of spectators. What, then, becomes of the oft-repeated assertion that one must *feel* the part in order to be "natural" or "effective"? Is it not obvious on the face of it that what riflemen call "point-blank range," wherein one aims directly at the object, making no allowance for gravitation, wind, etc., refers only to very short distances?

We are told by persons experienced in theatrical art that every representation is an experiment, requiring anew the adaptation and the adjustment to new conditions, scenic or acoustic,—an experiment implying also a new audience with which the artist must bring himself into rapport. The late George Fawcett Rowe, when running a play of his own at the Park Theatre, for a hundred nights (a play in which he himself enacted the leading part), told me that, even then, each performance was an anxious effort, since, although the play ran smoothly enough, there was for him every night a "new audience to capture."

In no other art does daily practice seem so nearly a necessity of life. One may put one's chess-playing in a glass case (the phrase is Paul Morphy's); one may for a time neglect the palette, the piano, the pen; yet, on resuming when occasion offers, prove that, aside from finding one's self slightly "rusty," the "desuetude" was practically "innocuous." Not so with the Genius of the stage; that mistress must be won by daily devotion, that goddess worshiped by sacrifice diurnal. Giulia Grisi, the only Norma, when she came to this country after a thirty years' service on the lyric stage, brought with her her old manager and dramatic teacher, saying that without his daily strictures even her Norma was insecure. Again, the necessity for constant scrutiny of ever-varying effect under ever-varying conditions is shown in the case of

Madame Ristori. When she first played Marie Stuart in this country, she was in the habit of using for the religious scenes a crucifix not more than four inches in length. A few weeks' experience with our large and dimly lighted halls resulted in a substitution in the same scenes of a crucifix whose measurement approached a yard! This element of change was observable in yet more vital matters: her voice became strident and more penetrating, her step resembled the stride of the grenadier, and all her gestures showed greater breadth; for in that way only, she said, could she make herself intelligible to the larger audiences assembled in those various barnlike structures called opera houses, etc.

On first visiting a French theatre an American will be struck by its smallness. True, the edifice holds a good many people, but somehow the architectural conformation enables the eager audience to cluster about the stage, tier above tier, at no great distance therefrom. Then can one note how important is the finish of the actor, the *nuances* coming into play admirably; not a shade of expression, not a single modulation in quality of tone, failing to deliver its message. Is it strange that in France the art of acting should attain a polish unknown elsewhere, or that French artists, when removed to theatres in other lands, where what Spiritualists call the "conditions" are absent, should find themselves ill at ease, disconcerted, failing to produce intended effects, and disappointed in their audiences?

When Serjeant Talfourd's play of *Ion* was in rehearsal, the production was entrusted to the skillful hands of Macready, at once the ablest actor and most exacting manager on the British stage. He insisted upon having the "curtain scenes," or picturesque grouping at the close of an act, carefully chalked, the position of each character accurately designated, and the last few effective movements clearly indicated by chalk lines drawn upon the flooring of the stage. So patiently and so painstakingly was the piece rehearsed that the leading lady, Miss Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean), was found, before the performance, to have contracted a serious disease of the knee-joint, caused by frequently falling upon her knees during rehearsals under the tutelage of the martinet manager. Young and un-

disciplined actors, accustomed to rely upon the "beautiful spontaneities" of an artistic nature, were wont to regard Mr. Macready with something akin to terror, and to stigmatize as artificial his relentless accuracy and precision in details. There is undoubtedly something perilously fascinating about the effortless productiveness which we are accustomed to regard as genius, and which, as it vouchsafes no hint of toil, is seemingly the gift of Heaven; but I fear the more we examine the matter, the more we shall be inclined to accept the homely assurance of Wirt that "there is no excellence without great labor." Who can doubt that the unpremeditated eloquence of the "sensation preacher" would be often improved by a little thought and care of preparation, to say nothing of wearing the fetters of his country's grammar? Even the *improvisatori* of Italy are in the habit of keeping on hand a large and carefully selected stock of ready rhymes on the beauty of Italy, as on some other inevitable subjects, for use at a moment's notice. Disraeli himself, astute politician as he was, tells us with boyish candor how he used to lounge in the London parks, to muse and get up his impromptus,—he whose spontaneity was afterwards to astonish the world.

It was reserved for François Delsarte, leading the cohorts of the younger generation of French artists, to show us how, even in impulsive movements of passionate grace, beauty is but the fulfillment of law. Going back to the statuary of ancient Greece for authority as to motive, fortifying the same by earnest scrutiny and comparison of the masterpieces of the Roman and other galleries, correcting or confirming all by the traditions of the Théâtre Français and of the Conservatoire, he and his followers have formulated and laid before us a school of expression, an art of arts, so distinct, so purposeful, that, when mindful of its laws, the veriest stroller need not greatly err,—an art so critical and penetrative withal that its mere acolytes, on witnessing the untutored declamation of certain stars, might say, with the French marshal who saw the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." Evidently the cothurnus should be so laced by discipline and practice that no uncertain, no slipshod gait shall be possible to the wearer.

The Subjection of the Author to his Work.

— Who has not, in reading certain authors, observed in them a quality of which the authors were themselves unaware, — the automatic nature of much that is written ?

The author sets out to prove what is to him at the time a self-evident proposition. It may be the benefits of free trade, it may be the superiority of mind over matter. As he advances, thoughts crowd upon him, modern instances swell the tide of proof ; cran- nies of his brain hitherto unexplored yield new evidence ; by and by neglected facts and forgotten statements flock to his standard, all having a trend of their own, until he finds a motley array gathered in advocacy of what he by no means desired to show. Bret Harte once told me that in writing his earlier stories he found unexpected influences at work with him as collaborators, among which the public played an important and often an unwelcome part, especially in the selection of heroes and in what theatrical people would call the underlining of leading characters. Not only would individual creations find themselves cast for parts which must have greatly surprised them, but in time the whole story, plot and all, would take captive its creator, and bring up at a *dénoûment* far from what he had intended. For instance, in the Outcasts of Poker Flat, Jack Oakhurst was regarded as a very proper selection of reckless gambler and picturesque homicide to enact a part of "general utility ;" but obvious need compelled his maker to strip off or conceal some of the more objectionable qualities, so that the Byronic hero dies game, with martyr honors, to the slow music of an epitaph defining him as "the strongest and the weakest of the party." So keen an interest did the public take in his unblemished shirt front and his unruffled audacity that Mr. Jack Oakhurst awoke to find himself famous and almost respectable, while the puzzled author of his being was compelled, in obedience to popular clamor, to reproduce this sententious ruffian in subsequent stories. "What the public could possibly find worth reading in that Heathen Chinee," continued this literary

Saturn, "I could never make out ; it was thrown in as a sort of makeweight. I was astonished at my luck in getting it printed, — by far the worst thing I ever wrote or read." Perhaps this over-modest disclaimer did not realize the deftness, the exquisite precision, with which this little humorous squib met and rebutted the hue and cry about the Chinese question. The tumid eloquence of "Sand Lots Kearny," as well as the stilted prose of California's pedagogue, Senator Eugene Casserly, was answered, line upon line, in that quaint whimsical skit. The household word outweighed the sermon, and if, as Byron says,

"Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away,"

so did the expected tragedy melt into the afterpiece, for a decade at least, and the rhetorical senator was laughed out of court. But it is biographers more than other men, I opine, who oftenest come to scoff and remain to pray. Of course there is nothing in the practice of biography, despite its punning possibilities, which should make less of flesh and blood than formerly ; nevertheless we somehow ascribe to biographical writers a sterner purpose of historic truth than is assumed of the tellers of tales. Yet I am told by sundry of the former guild that it is extremely difficult to avoid becoming eulogists, when satire was intended. So much good is learned about a man through unguarded expressions in his private letters, so much loveliness glitters in the tender reminiscences of surviving friends, that through the kinship revealed by the "touch of nature" we are compelled to admit the truth of Moore's lines :—

"I saw in even the faults they blamed
Some gleams of future glory."

Surely it is to the credit of human nature that this experience occurs so often ; that in considering his subject the biographer finds himself as one received into the bosom of the family, and any purpose he may have had to be severely just is laid aside for a comfortable conformity with the motto, "Nil de mortuis nisi bonum."